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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

Royal Society of Literature

OF

THE UNITED KINGDOM.

SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XXV.

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REPORT
OF THE
Royal Society of Literature,
20, *HANOVER SQUARE, W.*
AND
LIST OF FELLOWS.
1904.

Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom.

Founded in 1825 by H.M. King George the Fourth.

Patron.

1901. *HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.*

COUNCIL AND OFFICERS FOR 1904-5.

President.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HALSBURY, F.R.S., LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

Vice-Presidents.

GEN. SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, R.A., G.C.B., V.C.
REV. THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, D.D.
E. W. BRABROOK, ESQ., C.B., F.S.A., V.P.A.I.
J. S. PHÉNÉ, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.
THE BARON DE WORMS, F.S.A.
JAMES CURTIS, ESQ., F.S.A.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY, F.S.A.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.
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PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.
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ERNEST KIVER, ESQ., F.R.C.O., A.R.A.M., A.PH.S.
MAJOR JAS. ALEX. LIEBMANN, F.R.G.S.
KENNETH MCKEAN, ESQ.
PHILIP H. NEWMAN, ESQ., R.B.A.
REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A.
DAVID TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.
T. CATO WORSFOLD, ESQ., F.R.HIST.S.

Officers.

Treasurer.—E. W. BRABROOK, ESQ., C.B., F.S.A.

Hon. Foreign Secretary.—ARNOLD FRANCKE, ESQ.

Secretary and Librarian.—PERCY W. AMES, ESQ., LL.D., F.S.A.

Auditors.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{R. INIGO TASKER, ESQ.} \\ \text{REV. WM. WILLIAMSON, B.A.} \end{array} \right.$

Royal Society of Literature.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

APRIL 27TH, 1904.

IN the unavoidable absence of the RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF HALSBURY, LORD HIGH CHAN-
CELLOR, E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., *Vice-
President*, took the Chair.

THE Notice convening the Meeting was read
by the Secretary. The Minutes of the Anni-
versary Meeting of 1903 were read and signed.
The following was presented as the—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

THE Council of the Royal Society of Litera-
ture have the honour to report that since the
last Anniversary Meeting, held on April 29th,

1903, there have been the following changes in, and additions to, the number of Fellows of the Society.

They have to announce the loss by death or other causes of—

THE BARON DE BUSH.

M. H. CARTER, ESQ.

REV. R. J. CRUMP.

W. C. DEVEREUX, ESQ.

W. HODGETTS, ESQ.

MISS M. V. LAKE.

CLAUDE H. LONG, ESQ.

T. WESTLAKE MORGAN, ESQ.

SIR CHARLES NICHOLSON, BT.

H. D. NUTTALL, ESQ.

On the other hand, they have much pleasure in announcing the election of—

FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, ESQ.

THOMAS BURNS, ESQ.

W. V. DITCHAM, ESQ., M.D., D.D.S.

THE REV. JAMES MARCHANT.

WALTER J. MILLER, ESQ.

ELLIOTT O'DONNELL, ESQ.

ROBT. W. RAMSEY, ESQ.

THE REV. W. T. STONESTREET, D.D., LL.D.

JOHN T. THORP, ESQ., F.R.HIST.S.

LOUIS H. VICTORY, ESQ., F.R.HIST.S.

MISS ELIZABETH WHITELEY.

THE REV. DR. C. B. BERGIN WRIGHT, M.A.

Sir Charles Nicholson, Bt., J.P., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., the Senior Vice-President of the Society, died last year in his ninety-fifth year. He was also Vice-President of the Royal Colonial Institute and of the Society of Biblical Archæology. He became M.D. Edinburgh in 1833, and practised as a physician in Australia. He was Speaker of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, 1845-56, and Chancellor of the University of Sydney, 1854-60. In the years 1856-57 he made a valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, now deposited in the museum at Sydney. He was elected a Fellow

of the Royal Society of Literature in 1857, and contributed the following papers to its “Transactions”: *On some Funereal Hieroglyphical Inscriptions at Memphis*, vol. viii; *On the Disk Worshippers of Memphis*, vol. ix.

The Council has published, under the terms of Dr. Richards' bequest, the *Chronicle of Adam of Usk*, A.D. 1377–1421. An edition was published under the Society's direction in 1876, but at that time the Chronicle was incomplete and ended with the year 1404. The missing part having been unexpectedly discovered among the papers at Belvoir Castle, and permission having been obtained from the Duke of Rutland to copy and publish the text, the entire chronicle has now been printed with translation and notes under the excellent editorship, as before, of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, K.C.B. A copy of this interesting work has been presented to each Fellow of the Society.

Another work will also be issued shortly

under the editorship of the Rev. H. G. Rose-dale, D.D., F.R.S.L., entitled *Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company*, with facsimile illustrations of MSS. and portraits.

Since the last Anniversary Meeting the following “Transactions” have been issued to the Fellows: Vol. xxiv, parts ii, iii, and iv, and vol. xxv, part i.

The Balance-sheet for 1903, showing the financial state of the Society, after being laid on the table for the information of the Fellows, is printed with this Report as follows :

Royal Society of Literature.

通

CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR 1903.

Dr.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Balance forward	By Rent and House Charges
Dividends on Investments	Salaries and Commissions
Entrance Fees	Stationery and Postages
Subscriptions	Printing...
Sale of Publications	Library
	Balance—Cash at Bank and in hand
	<u>£710</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>5</u>		<u>£710</u>	<u>7</u>	<u>5</u>

Vouchers produced.

Examined and found correct.

April 18th, 1904.

R. INIGO TASKER,
W.M. WILLIAMSON,

BALANCE-SHEET, DECEMBER 31st, 1903.

<i>Liabilities.</i>		£	s.	d.	<i>Assets.</i>		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Amount owing for Rent and Salary	...	95	0	0	By Investments—							
Entrance Fees received in 1903	...	6	6	0	£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock,		206	0	0			
Amount owing to Dr. Richards' Fund	...	59	16	7	1931							
Dr. Richards' Fund at date, viz.—					£1659 2s. 11d. Queensland 4 per							
Principal as estimated, and ac-					cent. Stock, 1924		1742	2	1			
cumulated interest, brought	£2941	8	11		£1667 7s. 7d. Victoria 4 per							
forward	78	12	8		cent. Stock, 1881		1667	7	7			
Interest received in 1903	...				£2119 10s. Canada 4 per cent.							
					Stock, 1904		2119	10	0			
										5734	19	8
Decreased Value of Investments	105	0	0		Cash at Bankers					174	4	10
					Stock of Publications (as estimated)					250	0	0
Balance, being surplus at 31st Dec., 1903	...	2915	1	7	Dr. Richards' Fund, Investments, and Cash—							
					£500 Consols		440	0	0			
					£1800 Metropolitan 3½ per cent.							
					Stock		1854	0	0			
					£200 India 3½ per cent. Stock...		206	0	0			
					Amount owing from General							
					Fund		59	16	7			
					Cash at Bankers		354	0	0			
										2913	16	7
										£9073	1	1

Examined and found correct according to Messrs. Coutts & Co.'s Statement of the Consols and Inscribed Stocks in their possession.

R. INIGO TASKER.
WM. WILLIAMSON.

April 18th, 1904.

The following Papers have been read before the Society since the last Anniversary Meeting :

I. April 29th, 1903. Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper entitled *Faith's Rosary : Sonnets on the Religions of the World*, by HERBERT BAYNES, ESQ., M.R.A.S.

II. May 27th, 1903. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Poetry in Relation to History : with Special Reference to Shakespeare's English Historical Plays*, by SAMUEL DAVEY, ESQ., F.R.S.L.

III. June 16th, 1903. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Hungarian Literature in its Relation to the History of the Magyar People*, by MRS. CH. ARTHUR GINEVER (*née* ILONA DE GYÖRY).

IV. June 24th, 1903. Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *John and Hubert Van Eyck : the Question of their Collaboration considered*, by ALFRED MARKS, ESQ.

V. November 25th, 1903. E. W. Brabrook, Esq., C.B., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on '*The Treatise on the Sublime*,' attributed

to Dionysius Cassius Longinus; its probable Date and Authorship considered, by DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., F.R.S.L.

VI. January 27th, 1904. Dr. Phené, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Letters of Charles Lamb*, by SAMUEL DAVEY, Esq., F.R.S.L.

VII. February 24th, 1904. James Curtis, Esq., F.S.A., Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *The Last Municipal Election at Pompei*, by JOSEPH OFFORD, Esq.

VIII. March 23rd, 1904. The Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, M.A., Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Vice-President, in the chair. A Paper on *Some Old Shakespeareans; from Isaac Reed's MS. Note Books*, by PROFESSOR E. DOWDEN.

The Secretary, acting also as Librarian R.S.L., has drawn up the following report of donations to the Library of the Society since the last Anniversary. These are classified under the several headings of Governments or

Societies, Home, Colonial, and Foreign ; Public Institutions, and Individual Donors.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Home.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Journal to date.

EAST INDIA ASSOCIATION.—Journal to date.

GUILDHALL, *per* Town Clerk.—Calendar of Letter-books of the City of London. Letter-book E. Edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L.

MANCHESTER GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Journal to date.

ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE. — Proceedings, Vol. XXXIV. 8°.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.—Proceedings and Transactions.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Geographical Journal to date.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Proceedings.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH.—Transactions and Proceedings to date.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON.—Proceedings to date.

——— Archaeologia. Vol. LVIII, Part ii.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHEOLOGY.—Proceedings to date.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—Calendar.

GOVERNMENTS.

Colonial.

NEW ZEALAND.—From the Registrar-General. New Zealand Official Year Book, 1903.

——— Statistics of the Colony of New Zealand, 1901 and 1902.

SOCIETIES AND PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Colonial.

CANADA, DOMINION OF.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.—Proceedings and Transactions.

——— Geological Survey, Annual Report, N.S., Vol. XII, 1899. Maps.

——— Catalogue of Canadian Birds.

——— Altitudes in the Dominion of Canada. By James White, F.R.G.S.

——— Profiles to accompany ditto.

AUSTRALIA.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—Journal and Proceedings.

NEW ZEALAND.—NEW ZEALAND INSTITUTE.—Transac-

tions and Proceedings. From Sir James Hector,
Director Colonial Museum of New Zealand.

Foreign.

BELGIUM.—SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES.—*Analecta Bollandiana.*

DENMARK.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES,
COPENHAGEN.—*Mémoires*, N.S. 1902.

ITALY.—ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, TURIN.—*Atti*,
continued to date. *Memorie*, Vol. LIII.

ITALY.—ROYAL LOMBARD INSTITUTE, MILAN.—*Rendiconti*, 8°. Ser. ii continued to date.

RUSSIA.—IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ST. PETERSBURG.—*Bulletins*.

UNITED STATES.—THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.—
*Dissertations presented to the Board of University
Studies for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.*

The Society has received the following from
individual donors :

GREEN, EMANUEL, F.S.A., F.R.S.L., *Author*.—The
Union Jack.

RUSSELL-COTES, MRS. ANNIE, F.R.S.L., *Author*.—
Westward from the Golden Gate.

The thanks of the Society are due to the respective Editors and Proprietors of the following Journals for presentation copies:—
The *Athenæum* and the *Edinburgh Review* to date.

The subscription has been continued to the New English Dictionary.

The list of names recommended by the outgoing Council as the Officers and Council for 1904–5 having been submitted to ballot, the scrutineers, Mr. Thomas Burns and Mr. William Miles, reported that the House List was unanimously adopted by the meeting. The list will be found *ante*, on the leaf facing the commencement of the Report.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS.

BY E. W. BRABROOK, ESQ., C.B., F.S.A.,
Vice-President.

THE distinguished honour has again fallen to my lot of having been nominated by our noble and learned President to occupy his place in his absence, due to the pressing affairs of State that necessarily claim the attention of the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. The words I shall address to you in that capacity on this occasion must be few, as we are all anxious to proceed to the larger room, where our visitors are already assembling to hear the lecture on Edmund Spenser by our excellent Secretary, Dr. P. W. Ames. I desire, however, not to depart from the ancient custom of our Society, which calls upon its President to review the operations of the year, to cast a chaplet of affectionate remembrance on the grave of those whom we have lost, and to say a word of en-

couragement to the Fellows in their pursuit of the aims and objects of the Society.

I must first of all congratulate the Society on the excellent papers that have been read before it during the year, not only by members of our own body, such as our Honorary Fellow, Professor Dowden, our Vice-President, Dr. Garnett, and our much esteemed member of Council, Mr. Davey, but by other persons of distinction, such as Mrs. Ginever, Mr. Herbert Baynes, Mr. Alfred Marks, and Mr. Joseph Offord. Two of these papers have dealt with problems of classical literature; two illustrate the perennial subject of the writings of Shakespeare; others relate to the history of art and the letters of Charles Lamb (the last is one of the most delightful papers ever read). The lady who was formerly Miss de Györy gave us a most illuminating description of the literature of Hungary, her native country; and from Mr. Baynes we had the rare treat of hearing a catena of original poems on the religions of the world. The volumes of our 'Transactions' in which these valuable papers are enshrined

will, I am persuaded, be frequently referred to, alike for purposes of instruction and of pleasure.

This is not all. Our members have been supplied with a copy of an historical work of great interest—the diary of a fourteenth century advocate—almost as amusing in its unconscious self-revelations as our seventeenth century Pepys. Adam of Usk was a man of affairs in the reign of Richard II, with whose accession his Chronicle begins, and in the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V—a stirring time, as Shakespeare testifies, for it has given him the text of four of his histories—a time when the responsibility of the Crown to the estates of the Kingdom and the elective character of the Crown were established—and Adam was a man who did not find himself appreciated as he thought he deserved, and was accordingly a confirmed pessimist. He thought the country was going to the dogs. His last words are: “The grievous taxation of the people being unbearable, accompanied with murmurs and with smothered curses among them from hatred

of the burden, I pray that my liege lord become not in the end a partaker, together with Julius, with Asshur, with Alexander, with Hector, with Cyrus, with Darius, with Maccabæus, of the sword of the wrath of the Lord!" This entertaining manuscript has been very ably edited by Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, to whom the work has evidently been a labour of love.

Another historical manuscript has also been prepared for issue to the members with notes throwing new light on the relations between Queen Elizabeth and the merchants trading to the Levant, from the researches of Dr. Rosedale, who has recently been elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

In my capacity of Treasurer I am able to say that the finances of the Society are in a satisfactory condition.

Early in the present year the Council exercised its right to nominate a candidate for the Nobel Prize for Literature, and has received an intimation from the Nobel Committee of the Swedish Academy that the proposal shall come

under consideration for the competition of the present year.

I now turn to our losses by death. Our venerable Vice-President, Sir Charles Nicholson, died full of years and honours. He had been connected with the Society for nearly half a century, and it is not so very long ago that he was expressing to me at the Athenæum Club his unabated interest in its welfare. There is still among us, and will continue so I hope for years to come, one who joined the Society even earlier than Sir Charles—the veteran Sir Collingwood Dickson.

Mr. Claude Long served many years on our Council and was esteemed by all who knew him. We regret the loss in him of a most kindly and courteous colleague.

The Baron de Bush had also been a member of Council, but had not taken any active part in the Society's proceedings.

In place of these departed friends, and of a few others who have withdrawn from our ranks, we have elected one lady and eleven gentlemen, who possess the qualifications

and the ability that the service of this Society demands, and who will, I trust, not fail to act upon the traditions of which this Society may justly be proud, that its members, from the moment of their election, seek to fulfil their obligation to endeavour to advance the objects of the Society. I need not remind you of many signal instances of this in the past. I need only say that so long as that is the spirit which continues to animate our members, old and new, so long will the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom continue its prosperous career in the promotion of discoveries in literature, the preservation of the purity of the language, and the advancement of sound learning.

On the motion of Mr. Philip H. Newman, seconded by Major Jas. Alex. Liebmann, thanks were unanimously accorded to Mr. Brabrook for his address and conduct in the chair.

FELLOWS OF THE SOCIETY.

The sign † indicates an Honorary Fellow. c = a Compounder.

Year of
election.

1894. †HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
1901. MARCUS ANSLOW ALABONE, Esq., L.R.C.P.E.,
L.R.C.S.E., L.F.P.S., F.R.M.S., 3, Biddulph
Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.
1899. ROBERT VICKERY ALLEN, Esq., Guilden Morden,
Royston, Hertfordshire.
1878. cPERCY WILLOUGHBY AMES, Esq., LL.D., F.S.A.,
F.C.I.S., *Secretary and Librarian*, 20, Hanover
Square, W.
1861. cTHE RIGHT HON. LORD AMHERST OF HACKNEY,
F.S.A., *Vice-President*, 8, Grosvenor Square,
W.; Diddlington Hall, Brandon, Norfolk; and
Athenæum Club.
1902. REV. HUGH JOHN DUKINFIELD ASTLEY, M.A.,
East Rudham Vicarage, King's Lynn, Norfolk.
(Hon. Edit. Sec., B.A.A.)
1903. †THE RIGHT HON. LORD AVEBURY, D.C.L., LL.D.,
F.R.S., 6, St. James's Square, S.W.; High
Elms, Down, Kent; and Athenæum Club.
1868. WILLIAM E. A. AXON, Esq., LL.D., 6, Cecil
Street, Greenheys, Manchester.

Year of
election.

1901. REV. ALBERT BAGE, Ph.B., 30, Milton Place,
Halifax.
1901. HENRY BELLYSE BAILDON, Esq., M.A., Ph.D.,
F.R.S.E., University College, Dundee.
1899. CHARLES E. BAKER, Esq., J.P., Park Hill Lodge,
Shortlands, Kent.
1904. FREDERIC WILLIAM BANKS, Esq., Beau Morice
Chambers, 2, Garden Court, Middle Temple;
87, Eccleston Square; Junior Constitutional
Club.
1903. †REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A., J.P., Rector Lew-
Trenchard, Lew-Trenchard House, N. Devon.
1872. REV. FREDERICK A. BILLING, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,
7, St. Donatt's Road, Lewisham High Road, S.E.
1899. FRANK M. BLADEN, Esq., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law,
Public Library, Sydney, N.S.W.
1869. cSIR FRANCIS GEORGE MANNINGHAM BOILEAU,
Bt., F.S.A., Ketteringham Park, Wymondham,
Norfolk.
1898. WILLIAM BOLTON, Esq., *Council*, 36, Elgin Road,
Addiscombe, Croydon.
1902. HERBERT LLEWELLYN BOOTH, Esq., 14, Prescott
Terrace, Allerton, Bradford.
1902. DR. C. W. BOTWOOD, Micklegate, York.
1902. WILLIAM A. BOWEN, Esq., LL.B., Mombasa,
British East Africa.
1865. cEDWARD WILLIAM BRABROOK, Esq., C.B., F.S.A.,
F.S.S., Vice-President of the Anthropological
Institute, *Vice-President* and *Treasurer*, Athe-
næum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

Year of
election.

1898. CHARLES ANGELL BRADFORD, Esq., F.S.A.,
4, Park Place, St. James's Street, S.W.
1902. cJOHN POTTER BRISCOE, Esq., F.R.Hist.S.,
F.L.A., City Librarian of Nottingham, Central
Free Public Library, Nottingham, 2, Forest
Grove, Colville Street.
1894. †REV. STOPFORD BROOKE, M.A., 1, Manchester
Square.
1896. ROBERT C. BUCHANAN, Esq., 5, Berkeley Terrace,
Glasgow, W.
1904. THOMAS BURNS, Esq., Council School House,
Diana Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
1862. †JOB CAUDWELL, Esq., Spencer Park, Wandsworth
Common, S.W.
1900. CAPTAIN W. BOUGHTON CHAMBERS, H.M.'s
Customs, Frere Hotel, Bombay.
1900. EDWARD BRAMWELL CLARKE, Esq., B.A.Cantab.,
Professor of English and Lecturer in French at
the Keiogijuku University, 15 and 16, Dai
Machi, Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan.
1899. †ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, Esq., M.A., 167,
St. James's Road, Croydon.
1901. MRS. ANNIE COLLES, M.J.I., 3, Seafeld Terrace,
Dalkey, Dublin.
1899. †JOHN CHURTON COLLINS, Esq., M.A., 51, Norfolk
Square, Hyde Park, W.
1899. H. MARTIN COOKE, Esq., St. Vincent's, Eastbourne.
1892. STANLEY COOPER, Esq., c/o A. D. Cooper, Esq.,
Hillcrest, Sutton, Surrey.

Year of
election.

1900. cREV. W. HARGREAVES COOPER, F.R.G.S., 2, Broomfield Road, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.
1901. cREV. FREDERICK STJOHN CORBETT, M.A., *Council*, The Rectory, St. George-in-the-East, London.
1886. cH. C. CORKE, Esq., 178, High Street, Southampton.
1903. †S. R. CROCKETT, Esq., M.A., c/o A. P. Watt and Son, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, W.C.; and Authors' Club.
1896. WILLIAM THOMAS CROSWELLER, Esq., F.Z.S., Kent Lodge, Sidcup.
1902. REV. ROBERT JOHN CRUMP, Butterson Vicarage, Leek, Staffs.
1890. cJAMES CURTIS, Esq., F.S.A., *Vice-President*, 179, Marylebone Road, N.W.
1901. HENRY CHARLES FITZGERALD DALTON, Esq., L.S.A., Cranbourne Mansions, Cranbourne Street, W.
1872. SAMUEL DAVEY, Esq., *Council*, The Trossachs, Oakdale Road, Streatham Common, S.W.
1902. REV. ROBERT OWEN DAVIES, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., Kettleburgh Rectory, Wickham Market.
1903. MISS VIOLET DEFRIES, 18, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, W.
1903. L. J. HARGREAVES DICKINSON, Esq., 6, Claremont Terrace, Claremont Park, Blackpool; and Willow Bank, Willow Park, Colne, Lancs.
1851. GENERAL SIR COLLINGWOOD DICKSON, R.A., G.C.B., V.C., *Vice-President*, 79, Claverton Street, S.W.; and United Service Club.

Year of
election.

1903. DR. WM. VOOGHT DITCHAM, M.D., D.D.S., 56, Oxford Street, East London, Cape Colony.
1903. †EDWARD DOWDEN, Esq., M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., Litt.D., Professor of English Literature, University of Dublin, Highfield House, Rathgar, co. Dublin.
1899. PROFESSOR ROMESH DUTT, C.I.E., Barrister-at-Law, Lecturer on Indian History, University College, London.
1902. T. MULLETT ELLIS, Esq., Creek House, Shepperton-on-Thames.
1900. MRS. C. ELLA EVE, 125, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.
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 1876. GENERAL COUNT PALMA DI CESNOLA.
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 1879. CAVALIER DOTT. ATTILIO HORTIS, Trieste.
 1896. H.E. TAKAAKI KATO, Envoy Extraordinary and
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THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB.

BY SAMUEL DAVEY, F.R.S.L.

[Read January 27th, 1904.]

AMONG the famous letter writers in our own country, we should place Charles Lamb as one of the first. Although he is better known as an essayist, his letters are not inferior to his essays, which are amongst the *deliciæ* and *facetiæ* of our literature. He possessed the friendship of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Hazlitt, Hood, and other literary men of his time, with whom he frequently corresponded, and in these letters he has told the story of his life, from a very early period, until within a few days of his death. We think that there is no literary biography in our language, except Goldsmith's, which is so interesting. Like Hood, Lamb could present his infirmities and failings in a ludicrous light, in a half-frolicsome royster-doyster mood, filling his pages with strange conceits and whimsies, sly satire; and, withal, there was in him a sprightly humour that acted as a kind of anæsthetic for the pains of life, which otherwise would have been too great for him to have borne. Before referring to Lamb's unique correspondence it is necessary to know something of his domestic troubles and afflictions, and of the awful tragedy which overshadowed his early and later life.

In early life Lamb was himself confined in a lunatic asylum. In one of his letters to Coleridge,

dated May 27th, 1796, he cheerily describes his experiences, which confirm the truth of Dryden's lines :

“There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.”

He says :

“My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad I was; and many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume if all were told.”

In another letter a little later he writes :

“At some future time I will amuse you with an account as full as my memory will permit of the strange turn my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy, for while it lasted I had many, many hours of true happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad ! All now seems to me vapid, comparatively so.”

A few months after this letter was written there occurred in Lamb's family one of those dreadful tragedies which, in one revolving sun, wrecks a household and blasts the happiness of a lifetime. This calamity Lamb describes in a letter also addressed to Coleridge, dated September 27th, 1796 :

“My dearest Friend,—White, or some of my friends or the public papers, by this time may have informed you of the terrible calamities that have fallen on our family. I will only give you the outlines:—My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the

knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a madhouse, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses ; I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris, of the Bluecoat School, has been very kind to us, and we have no other friend, but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is gone and done with. With me ‘the former things are passed away,’ and I have something more to do than to feel. God Almighty have us all in His keeping.”

A few days afterwards he again writes to Coleridge, after telling him that “my poor, dear, dearest sister, the unhappy and the unconscious instrument of the Almighty’s judgments on our house, is restored to her senses” :

“God be praised, Coleridge ; wonderful as it is to tell, I have never once been otherwise than collected and calm ; even on the dreadful day, and in the midst of the terrible scene, I preserved a tranquillity which bystanders may have construed into indifference—a tranquillity not of despair. Is it folly or sin in me to say that it was a religious principle that most supported me ? I allow much to other favourable circumstances. I felt that I had something else to do than regret. On that first evening my aunt was lying insensible—to all appearance like one dying ; my father with his poor forehead plastered over from a wound he had received from a daughter, dearly loved by him, and who loved him no less dearly ; my mother a dead and murdered corpse in the next room ; yet was I wonderfully supported. I closed not my eyes in sleep that night, but lay without terrors and without despair. I have lost no sleep since.”

After a few months' confinement his sister was discharged from the asylum on the condition that her brother should take charge of her. Lamb undertook to be her guardian, and thus at the age of twenty-one he had to abandon all ideas of love and marriage that he might devote himself to his sister. Lamb's father survived his wife's tragic death nearly three years; he was quite imbecile, and Lamb had charge of him as well, whom he described as—

“A palsy-stricken, childish, old, old man,
A semblance most forlorn of what he was.”

In truth, he had to sorrow not only for the dead, but the living also, which is the worst sorrow. After the father's death his sister, who had been living apart from her brother in lodgings, was restored to him, and they lived a life of “dual loneliness” until his death. Lamb, in one of his letters, described her “as perpetually on the brink of madness.” So sudden were these attacks that whenever they travelled together it was necessary to take a strait-waistcoat with them, which his sister packed herself. Once Lamb told a friend when referring to his domestic trials, “What a hard heart mine must be that these blows cannot break it!” He could say with the poet, like many other sufferers:

“In my lonely first despair, it
Seemed that I could never bear it,
Yet I have borne it until now;
But do not, do not ask me how.”

We are apt to look for more than human nature in our men of genius, and if it were not for their frailties they would be worshipped.

As we record Lamb's self-sacrifice and noble devotion, his unselfish and lovable character, we turn the picture of his many infirmities to the wall and repeat with Wordsworth, "O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived." He was proud of the name of Lamb, and in one of his sonnets he wrote :

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name."

There is no English writer who is so universally loved. Even Thackeray, who was no flatterer, after pressing a letter of Lamb's to his forehead, called him "St. Charles." This terrible tragedy, which carried with it sorrow enough for a lifetime, made Charles Lamb what he was—a unique being. Without the knowledge of this awful calamity his life and writings would have been unintelligible.

The history of a man is in his character. What an example Lamb has set to some of our modern pessimists, who, unacquainted with any real sorrow, cultivate misery for the market, and prate about the joy of grief and the luxury of woe ! Surely there are natural tears and real misery enough without manufacturing more. Might not the words of the old ballad be true of Lamb, as of many who are suffering from real sorrow ?

"And werena my heart licht I wad doe."

Dante places in his lowest hell those who in life were miserable without a cause, who never truly lived. Lamb well described himself in the character of Old Burton, "as a man often assailed by deepest

melancholy, and at other times much given to laughing and jesting, as is the way with melancholy men.”

In Lamb’s letters, as in his essays, are to be found his happiest conceits, touched with the cross-lights of humour and pathos; we cannot separate the writer from the man, with his eccentricities, personalities, and picturesque quaintness of style and expression. Even his satire is Lamb-like, and never wounds or offends.

As Hood said of Lamb’s face, so of his mind, it was “none of those willow-pattern ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries, but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware, one to the set—unique, antique, quaint. No one who had once seen could pretend not to know it again. In short, his face was as original as his figure, his figure as his character, his character as his writings, his writings the most original of the age.”

Lamb had one of the most curious minds ever deposited in a human brain, full of strange conceits, whims, and fancies. He once described himself as “a bundle of prejudices made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies.” Can we wonder, therefore, at those rough bosses, odd excrescences, and gnarled nodosities of character, and oddities of thought and manner; those felicitous absurdities called nonsense mixed up with harmless fun and melancholy that leaves no pang? Few like Lamb could talk or write “first-rate nonsense,” which is the real essence of mirth, and must not be confounded with some of the comic imbecilities of these later days. Humour has been well called the sad heart’s sunshine, for it lightens up our everyday

life, which without it would be dark and dismal indeed.

As the poet sees everything through a kind of glory, so the humorist sees life and its varieties through the sunshine of his genial spirit. "He that hath not a dram of folly in his mixture," says Lamb, "hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Perhaps some of the best examples of Lamb's wit are those which came out from his brain by jerking contact with other minds, and as a rule repartee is one of the best forms of wit. Though Lamb was shy before strangers, among his friends he would stammer out his puns like minute-guns, or open upon them a small battery of cynical epigrams. If he had a philosopher at table he would carry on an argument with laughter, against all the rules of common sense, slyly interposing paradoxes which would seem to convert logic into nonsense and nonsense into logic.

Every Englishman, says Novalis, is an island, and that may be the reason why so few literary reputations, like fairies, cannot cross running water. Lamb's writings are essentially English, and few except where the English tongue is spoken can properly appreciate their delightful strangeness. He wrote plainly, and did not put much water into his ink. He is one of the most readable and quotable of our writers. He is not like some of our great authors whose works are read by few, but who are known chiefly through the immortality of quotation. Lamb never looked at things with a squinting, evil eye. He saw the funny side and the odd ways of life. There was nothing

modern about him; he “could not,” as he wrote, “conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession.” His manners lagged behind his years. He was too much of the boy-man. “I cannot make these present times present to me. I read histories of the past, and live in them.” In fact, he believed there was nothing new but the old. So he loved old ways, old friends to trust, old authors to read, old wines to drink, the ancient haunts and time-worn nooks—

“Where visions of a vanished past
Bring back in all its mellow glow
The golden age of long ago.”

Yet, withal, Lamb kept a child’s heart until the last; and strange to say, no one could imagine him ever being young. Perhaps he was an illustration of the proverb quoted by Cicero, *Mature fias senex, si diu velis esse senex*: if you would be young when you are old, you must be old when you are young.

It was our good fortune to know one of Lamb’s dearest friends, a sister of Emma Isola, the adopted daughter of Lamb. Miss Isola had stayed for weeks at his house when a girl, and she said of him that though a man he did not put away childish things, for, like a great schoolboy, he was full of romps and fun and practical jokes, yet subject at times to periods of great depression. And here I might digress for a moment in order, I hope, to clear up a mystery which has surrounded Charles Lamb’s life. In an early letter from Lamb to Coleridge, 1796, part of which I have quoted before, in describing his insanity, he says:

“Coleridge, it may convince you of my regards for you when I tell you my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on *another person*, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy.”

I think I have found a clue to the other person mentioned in the above letter—the Anna of his first love, “the fair-haired maid” of his early sonnets. Her name was Mary Sumner, who lived for a time with her two aunts in Hertfordshire, and afterwards in Islington; both places Lamb described as the scenes of his early love. From her granddaughter, Mrs. Marianne Johnson, I have learned the following particulars:—Mary Sumner was born July 16th, 1775, the same year as Charles Lamb. Lamb proposed marriage to her and was rejected; he was very nervous, and stammered so much that he could not get through his proposal, and she did not treat his offer seriously, but her refusal of him did not break off her friendship. Mary Sumner, in December, 1798, married Captain John Emperor Willson, R.N., and she continued her visits to Lamb and his sister after her marriage. On one of these visits, Mary Lamb took her eldest child in her arms and rushed to the window and asked if she should throw him out; fortunately Mrs. Willson was very calm, and did not try in any way to get the child, but only said something to the effect “that she thought it would be better not.” Mrs. Willson (*née* Mary Sumner) died in 1857, and was buried at Bishop’s Stortford, her native town. Was Mrs. Willson the Alice W—n of Lamb’s Essays?

That is a question I cannot discuss in this short paper.

In Charles Lamb's time letter writing reached its perihelion. The penny post, telegrams, cheap newspapers, the facilitating intercommunication by railways, and the carelessness of the hurrying age, have done much to impair the value and interest of epistolary correspondence. Charles Lamb, like other good letter writers, had plenty of leisure. His daily routine at the East India Office was a good school of discipline for him. It formed early habits of punctuality and method, and kept him from the vicious habit of idleness to which he was prone. Nearly all his best letters were written at the East India House, but they were well thought out before. His letters are as terse, crisp, and piquant as his essays, with the addition of a rollicking audacity of expression and exuberant fun not to be found in his more finished writings. Yet many of his letters are not inferior to his essays, and some of his essays might be classed as letters.

Lamb was one of the best of our critics, in spite of his prejudices, idiosyncrasies, and whimsicalities, for he had that fine geniality without which, says Coleridge, there can be no true criticism. His knowledge of modern English literature might have been somewhat limited. The surest test of a man's critical power is in his judgment of contemporaries. Lamb was one of the first to recognise the merits of the Lake School of poets, at a time when those authors were derided in all the moods and tenses of the critical grammar. Yet apparently Lamb had but little

sympathy with some of the most famous of his contemporaries, such as Scott, Byron, Keats, Shelley; but although Lamb's range of thought might not have been very extensive, he always understood *what* he criticised. He was a stranger to those petty jealousies which too often sour the intercourse of men of letters. He was "tolerant of everything except intolerance."

In his early letters to Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth he showed great independent critical insight as well as broad human sympathies almost unknown to his generation. In these letters Lamb exhibited his great appreciation of the old dramatists, and of the forgotten poets of the sixteenth century, whom he resuscitated in his "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." Swinburne said that he was "the most supremely competent judge and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we ever had." He knew how to praise as well as to blame, and he tried to *see* before he attempted to *oversee* an author. Although a desultory and voracious reader, he was an intellectual epicure who "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book." He loved the company of those honest fellows in leathern jackets, his "tattered veterans" and "midnight darlings," as he called his well-thumbed volumes. He knew the "topography of all the blots and dog's-ears." Unlike many so-called book lovers, he knew more about the inside than the outside of a book. The modern book hunter with his inch rule and measure would have despised him, for that sapient patron of literature would have said, "He knows about books!"

Nothing—nothing at all, unless perhaps about their insides.”

Lamb was more tolerant of other people's infirmities than of his own. He could say with Jaques, “I will rail only against myself, against whom I know most ill.” When some one asked him if he did not hate a certain person, he exclaimed, “How could I hate him? Don't I know him? I never could hate anyone I knew.” He could *truly* say, “'Tis death to me to be at enmity; I hate it, and desire all good men's love;” but at the same time he “could not like all people alike.”

Lamb, as his letters and essays show, was as great an epicure in his eating as he was in his reading, and he considered cookery as one of the fine arts. To him eating and drinking were mental as well as physical enjoyments, for he ate with his brains as well as with his mouth. When invited to dine with his friends he liked to know, as Swift did, the bill of the company as well as the bill of fare, for good company makes good food, and there is no sauce like brain sauce. Montaigne said of certain people, “They do not eat, but only swallow.” Lamb has shown the difference between eating and swallowing, as between an epicure and a glutton. Some of the most amusing of Lamb's letters are those written to his friends acknowledging presents of game, brawn, pig, and other delicacies. For their exquisite drollery they are worthy of the author of “A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.” Was there ever such a pig in reality which came up to the taste and delicious aroma of Charles Lamb's roast pig?

“That young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ* . . . whose fat is not fat, but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child pig’s yet pure food—the lean but a kind of animal manna,—or rather, fat and lean so blended and running into each other that both together make but one ambrosian result of common substance.”

In this dissertation there is something more than the pig on which Lamb feasted, for his wit, humour, and poetical taste no doubt stimulated and enhanced the delicacy of the palate; and here he showed the superiority of the enjoyments of the thinking over the mere eating man. Such are the pleasures of the mind over an edacious animalism. There is a story told of an American lady who, when she first heard the singing of the skylark, exclaimed, “Thou didst not sing so sweet a song as Shelley sang to me.” So much for the delectable pleasures of the imagination over reality.

We are only beginning to understand how great a part our food plays in the history of our lives as well as in the history of the world. It has been said that half the suicides, murders, heresies, false philosophies, and apostasies that have stained the annals of our race have had their origin remotely in a disordered stomach or liver, from the mal-assimilation of food; and that all diseases enter by the mouth. Sydney Smith says, “Old friendships are destroyed by toasted cheese, and hard salted meat has led to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the body produce corresponding sensations in the mind, and a great

scene of wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel of indigestible misguided food. Of such infinite consequence to happiness is it to study the body." A hungry man is an angry man, and an empty stomach has no conscience. "He had not dined," says Shakspeare of Coriolanus, and Menenius ascribes the hero's failure to the disordered state of his stomach :

"He had not dined ;
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pont upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuffed
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts."

"Let me have men about me that are fat," says Cæsar, "sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. . . . Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look. . . . Such men are dangerous."

It was a saying of Aristotle that the man who had many friends had none. Although Lamb had many acquaintances he had but few friends, and these few he kept through life, and they were part of his existence. There can be no love without sorrow, and the death of any of his friends took away part of himself, and he had to endure that loneliness of heart which he called the worst solitude. He could not tolerate the ordinary cruel, stereotyped forms of condolence which under the mask of friendship are often sent without any heart to the bereaved. When his old friend Norris died, he wrote in one of his letters to Crabb Robinson :

"In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I

can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now."

What deep feeling and pathos are contained in these last words! In the same letter he gives the following whimsical reminiscence of his old friend :

"There was a pride of literature about him, from being amongst books [he was a librarian], and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him very diverting airs of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that, 'In these old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling,' and seemed to console himself in the reflection."

He anticipated Artemus Ward's remark upon Chaucer, "He couldn't spell."

One of Lamb's lifelong friends was Coleridge, whom he survived only a few months. Coleridge, just before his death, inscribed the following lines in a copy of one of his early poems, "This lime-tree bower my prison," which referred to Lamb as "my gentle-hearted Charles":

"Ch. & Mary Lamb
dear to my heart, yea
as it were my heart
S T C Æ 63 1834
1797
1834

37 years."

“The golden thread which tied their hearts together was never broken.” After Coleridge’s death Lamb was constantly exclaiming to himself and friends, “Coleridge is dead.” In a letter which he wrote soon after his friend’s decease, he said :

“When I heard of the death of Coleridge it was without grief. He seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world—that he had a *hunger* for *eternity*. I grieved that I could not grieve.”

Charles Lamb was born in a crowd, and he was of the “streets streety.” London was the centre of his affections, his Mecca. In his early time poets and painters did not trouble nature much, and Lamb was not “romance bit about nature.” In early life he had taken trips into Hertfordshire. In 1800 he visited Coleridge at Stowey, and was introduced to Wordsworth. In 1802 he stayed with Coleridge in Cumberland, and was at first frightened at the sight of mountains, “great dumb monsters all couchant and asleep.” To his imagination they seemed to come at night to his window and stare at him. Now and then “he whiled away a few idle weeks at one or other of the universities.”

Although not in his letters, we cannot refrain quoting from his essay on “Oxford in the Vacation,” on the Bodleian Library. He says :

“What a place to be in is an old library ! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as

soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the fruit bloom of those scintial apples which grew amid the happy orchard."

In 1822 he was persuaded to go to Paris, but he always felt the journey dreary which did not end at home. He preferred his lodgings in Russell Street, Covent Garden, "delightfully situated between two great theatres," to any rural paradise. In a letter to his friend Robert Lloyd, in 1801, he had written :

"A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces justling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to a man than the shepherd driving his 'silly sheep' to the fold."

He would not have exchanged "London by lamp-light for all the glories of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, nor No. 4, Inner Temple Lane by *Punch*-light for Melrose by moonlight." He certainly would not have agreed with Shelley that "Hell is a city much like London." He could even write in praise of the London fogs. He says :

"In a well-mix'd metropolitan fog there is something substantial and satisfying—you can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like breathing water, as we may fancy the fishes do. . . . And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent waterproof one, which no rain ever penetrated. No; I maintain that a real London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you can help it. Many spurious imitations of the above are abroad, such as Scotch mists and the like, which are no less deleterious than disagreeable."

Lamb used to tease and poke fun at Wordsworth

about his lakes and mountains. In one of his letters to that poet in 1801, before he had seen a mountain, he says :

“Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don’t much care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead Nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles, life awake, if you awake. at all hours of the night, the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soup from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me, without the power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you ; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must have I been doing all my life not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes ?

“My attachments are all local, purely local. I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) for groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge) wherever I have moved, old chairs, old tables, streets, squares where I have sunned myself, my old school—these are my mistresses. Have I not enough without your mountains ? I do not

envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind, and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me from disuse have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city."

That Lamb was not always serious in the disparaging tone in which he was apt to speak and write of the charms of scenery was well known. In the 'Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott' there is a curious letter from Lamb, at a much later date, to the author of 'Waverley,' in which he humorously justifies himself for having expressed his contempt for mountain scenery, etc.:

"It is not likely that I shall ever find myself in Scotland, but, should the event ever happen, I should be proud to pay my respects to you in your own land. My disparagement of heaths and Highlands—if I said any such thing in half-earnest—you must put down as a piece of the old Vulpine policy. I must make the most of the spot I am chained to, and console myself for my flat destiny as well as I am able. I know very well our molehills are not mountains, but I must cocker them up and make them look as big and as handsome as I can, that we may both be satisfied."

In 1823 Lamb removed to a cottage in Islington, near the New River. Here he spent some of the

happiest years of his life. He was near his friends, who often came to visit him, who went with him in his walks and rambles round the district, which was surrounded by parks, green lanes, and villages now all swept away. Even then he lamented the encroachments of what he called "horrid bricks and mortar," which—

"Turned our pleasure fields and valleys
Into squalid courts and alleys."

Alas! how many of the most beautiful spots around London have disappeared! Well might a little girl, when her teacher was telling her of the beauties of the Garden of Eden, exclaim, "But I suppose it is all built over now."

Unfortunately, in 1827 Lamb was advised for his sister's health as well as his own to move farther into the country. He took up his abode first in Enfield, and afterwards removed to Edmonton. This change was a great mistake, as it afterwards proved. He was far from his "old bosom cronies," and the "old familiar faces," most of whom were "gone before to that unknown silent shore." As he could find no rest in idleness, he moped, pined, and longed for the old town life, with its humming crowds, late hours, and hot suppers. These lonely hours tired him to death. Instead of enjoying the superfelicity of talking, through disuse his voice became like one of Dante's ghosts, hoarse with long silence. Yet London had become unfamiliar to him, and in the old houses, the souls he loved had gone from them. In a letter to Bernard Barton, 1829, he writes, after spending ten days in town:

“ But town, with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone, and in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I passed houses and places empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about anybody. The bodies I cared for are in graves or dispersed. My old clubs, that lived so long and flourished so steadily, are crumbled away.”

He reminds us of the picture of the forlorn man in Holmes's poem of ‘The Last Leaf:’

“ But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone.”

In a letter to Wordsworth, 1830, he says :

“ In dreams I am in Fleet Market ; but I wake and cry to sleep again. What have I gained by health ? Intolerable dulness. What by early hours and moderate meals ? A total blank. O never let the lying poets be believed who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets, or think they mean it not of a country village, or a little teasing image of a town.”

He would have agreed with Tennyson that “ God made the country and man made the town, and the devil made the country town.”

One of the great troubles that afflicted Lamb was moving. In a letter to Manning, 1809, he says :

“ We move to No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, where I mean to live and die ; for I have such horror of moving that I would not take a benefice from the King if it was not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is com-

prised in that word ‘moving’! Such a heap of nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging-boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it was to save your soul. They’d keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap, go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogs-head, though the first had nothing but small beer in it and the second reeked claret.”

In one of his letters to Tom Hood, September, 1827, when removing from Colebrook Row to Enfield, he says :

“You may find some of our flesh sticking to the door-posts. To change habitations is to die to them; and in my time I have died seven deaths.”

While Charles Lamb had to endure great sorrows and afflictions through the whole of his life, they did not prevent his giving great comfort and consolations to his friends in their distresses, though he could not always follow his own teaching. Like all men, he had his ideal of life, but no man lives up to his ideal. The best of men are only men at best, and to form a proper estimate of mankind you must not expect too much from them. The following letter was written to Robert Lloyd in answer to a very desponding one received from his friend in 1798 :

“My dear Robert,—One passage in your letter a little displeased me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which

Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that 'this world to you seems drained of all its sweets.' At first I had hoped you only meant to insinuate the high price of sugar, but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, and country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements, have all sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you. You possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. . . . You may extract honey from everything; do not go a-gathering after gall. The bees are wiser in their generation than the race of sonnet writers and complainers, . . . who can see no joys but what are past, and fill people's heads with notions of the unsatisfying nature of earthly comforts. I assure you I find this world a very pretty place," etc.

There is a humorous letter addressed to Bernard Barton, November 22nd, 1823. The poet, we suppose, had complained of his liver, and Lamb gives him this consolation :

"You are too much apprehensive of your complaint : I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow (you partly know him), who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all *that part*, congratulated himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two.

"The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can, as ignorant as the world was before Galen, of the inner construction of the animal man ; not to be conscious of a midriff ; to hold kidneys (save those of sheep and swine) to be an agreeable fiction ; not to know whereabouts the gall grows ; to account the

circulation of the blood an idle whimsey of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like bad humours. Those medical gentries choose each his favourite part; one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refer to that, whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all, use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tampering with hard terms of art—viscosity, scirrhusity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of tailors, think how long the Lord Chancellor sits, think of the brooding hen."

Not only could Lamb console his friends in their troubles, pains, and distresses, but he could distil the essence of his own sorrows and troubles into mirth and laughter, but it was not a heartless laughter which left a sting or pang behind. In a letter to Bernard Barton, 1824, he says :

"Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare—a 'whoreson lethargy,' Falstaff calls it—an indisposition to do anything, or to be anything—a total deadness and distaste, a suspension of vitality—an indifference to locality—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events—a mind stupor—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot and my excuse. . . . O for a vigorous fit of gout, cholic, toothache—an earwig in my auditory, a fly in my visual organs! Pain is life—the sharper, the more evidence of life; but this apathy, this Death! Did

you ever have an obstinate cold—a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Again, in writing to Wordsworth he says, "My bedfellows are cough and cramp. We sleep three in a bed."

That Lamb tried to make light of his own disappointments and failures is shown in a letter to Manning in 1808, where he describes how he went to Drury Lane to see his own farce under the strange title of *Mr. H—*. How when it was acted the first night, he joined himself in the hisses of the pit when it was damned, and he thus described this madhouse of noises which greeted his own farce:

"How they hissed! It was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes, like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hiss'd me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favourite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of Aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labours of their fellow-creatures, who are desirous to please them! Heaven be pleased to make the breath stink and teeth rot out of them all therefore

make them a reproach, and all that pass by them to loll out their tongues at them. Blind months! as Milton somewhere calls them."

In some of his letters to Manning there is almost a mad frolicsome humour. When his friend was thinking of going to China in 1803, he wrote him a letter full of delicious banter, of which we give a few disjointed extracts. He says:

"For God's sake don't think any more of 'Independent Tartary;' what are you to do among such Ethiopians? I tremble for your Christianity. They will certainly circumcise you. Some say they are cannibals; and then, conceive a Tartar-fellow *eating* my friend, and adding the *cool malignity* of mustard and vinegar! The Tartars really are a cool, insipid, smouchy set; you'll be sadly moped (if you are not eaten) among them. Read no books of voyages (they are nothing but lies), only now and then a romance to keep the fancy *under*. . . . Have a care, my dear friend, of Anthropolophagi; their stomachs are always craving. 'Tis terrible to be weighed out at five-pence a pound; to sit at a table not as a guest, but as a meat. Talk with some minister. Why not your father?

"God dispose all for the best, I have discharged my duty."

In the following letter to Manning, dated October 16th, 1800, Lamb writes in his happiest vein:

"I wish you had made London in your way. There is an exhibition quite uncommon in Europe, which could not have escaped *your genius*—a live rattlesnake, ten feet in length, and the thickness of a big leg. I went to see it last night by candle-light. We were ushered into a room very little bigger than ours at Pentonville. A man and woman and four boys live in this room, joint tenants with nine snakes, most of them such as no remedy has been

discovered for their bite. We walked into the middle, which is formed by a half-moon of wired boxes, all mansions of *snakes*—whip-snakes, thunder-snakes, pig-nose snakes, American vipers, and *this monster*. He lies curled up in folds. Immediately a stranger entered (for he is used to the family, and sees them play at cards) he set up a rattle like a watchman's in London, or near as loud, and reared up a head, from the midst of these folds, like a toad, then shook his head, and showed every sign a snake can show of irritation. I had the foolish curiosity to strike the wires with my finger, and the devil flew at me with his toad mouth wide open; the inside of his mouth is quite white. I had got my finger away, nor could he well have bit me with his big mouth, which would have been certain death in five minutes. But it frightened me so much, that I did not recover my voice for a minute's space. I forgot, in my fear, that he was secured. You would have forgot too, for 'tis incredible how such a monster can be confined in small gauzy-looking wires. I dreamed of snakes in the night. I wish to heaven you could see it. He absolutely swelled with passion to the bigness of a large thigh. I could not retreat without infringing on another box; and just behind, a little devil, not an inch from my back, had got his nose out, with some difficulty and pain, quite through the bars! He was soon taught better manners. All the snakes were curious, and objects of terror; but this monster, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up the impression of the rest. He opened his cursed mouth, when he made at me, as wide as his head was broad. I hallooed out quite loud, and felt pains all over my body with the fright."

It is interesting to note throughout Lamb's letters how little he thought of literary fame or cared for it. He had none of that ambition which an old writer once compared to a crocodile, that continues to grow to the end of life. He wrote

some of his best essays in order to earn money, and in his lifetime his writings, when published, with one or two exceptions, were unremunerative; and yet his genius was recognised by some of the best authors and critics of his time. Shelley was one of the first to notice the great literary merit of Lamb's writings. In a letter to Leigh Hunt, September 3rd, 1810, referring to a parcel of books which he had received, he says :

“With it came, too, Lamb's Works. I have looked at none of the other books yet. What a lovely thing is his ‘*Rosamund Gray*’! How much knowledge of the sweetest and deepest parts of our nature in it! When I think of such a mind as Lamb's—when I see how unnoticed remain things of such exquisite and complete perfection, what should I hope for myself, if I had not higher objects in view than fame?”

That Hazlitt, one of the finest critics of his age, formed very early a high estimate of Lamb's character and genius, is shown in his “*Spirit of the Age, or Contemporary Portraits*,” and also in his essays “*On the Conversation of Authors*” and “*Of Persons one would have wished to have seen*.” Though Hazlitt was one of those proud spirits who build for themselves desolate places, he kept up his friendship of long standing with Lamb to the last.

Macaulay, writing in 1840, after making some severe strictures in the ‘*Edinburgh Review*’ on Lamb's “*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*,” etc., says, “We do not wish to represent him unfairly, for we admire his genius, we love the kind nature which appears in all his writings, and we cherish his

memory as much as if we had known him personally."

No doubt the popularity of Lamb was greatly enhanced by the publication of his letters, etc., by Talford in 1837, followed in 1848 by the "Final Memorials," soon after Mary Lamb's death, which told the story (that could not be given to the world in her lifetime) of Lamb's lifelong martyrdom, of his patient sacrifice, self-submission, and devotion to his sister during her frequent attacks of madness. We are sorry that time will not allow us to record this life's tragedy through his letters. For some time before his death his sister gradually grew worse, and he lived almost alone, although in the same house with her. In two of the last letters to his friends Wordsworth and Miss Fryer, where he mentions his sister, he has told in a few words the tale of his heart-breaking misery. In 1833, writing of his sister, he says, "I see little of her; alas! too often I hear her." And again:

"When she is not violent her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of the world. Her heart is obscured, not buried; it breaks out occasionally, and one can discern a strong mind struggling with the billows that have gone over it. I could be nowhere happier than under the same roof with her. Her memory is unnaturally strong; and from ages past, if we may so call the earliest records of our poor life, she fetches thousands of names and things that never would have dawned upon me again, and thousands from the ten years she lived before me. . . . For twelve hours incessantly she will pour out, without intermission, all her past life, forgetting nothing, . . . sense and nonsense; truth and errors huddled together; a medley between inspiration and possession."

His sister once said, "Our love for each other has been the torment of our lives." According to their own confession there were times when with difficulty they could live together, and yet there never was a time when they could have lived apart from each other, except in her periods of insanity.

It is impossible in our short space to give a fair selection from the vast correspondence of Charles Lamb, who has been called the prince of letter writers, so as to form a proper estimate of the value to our readers. He has already taken his place as an essayist and critic among the classic authors of his country.

Swinburne says, "For subtle and simple humour, for tender and cordial wit, Lamb's essays and letters have never been approached; as a critic, Coleridge alone has ever equalled or excelled him in delicacy and strength of insight, and Coleridge has excelled or equalled him only when writing on Shakespeare. Of Shakespeare's contemporaries Lamb was as much the better judge as he was the steadier, the deeper, and the more appreciative student. A wise enthusiasm gave only the sharper insight to his love, the keener edge to his judgment; and the rare composition of all such highest qualities as we find scattered or confused in others raised criticism in his case to the level of creation, and made his lightest word more weighty than all the labouring wisdom of any judge less gracious, any reader less inspired than Charles Lamb."

APPENDICES.

No. I.

It has been my good fortune to give two or three of Lamb's unpublished letters to the world, one a very valuable letter to his friend James Kenney, the dramatist, which was first published in my periodical, 'The Archivist,' and I have not seen it printed elsewhere :

“Londres, October, 1816.

“DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with infinite regret I inform you that the pleasing privilege of receiving letters, by which I have for these twenty years gratified my friends and abused the liberality of the Company trading to the Orient, is now at an end. A cruel edict of the Directors has swept it away altogether. The devil sweep away their patronage also. Rascals who think nothing of sponging upon their employers for their Venison and Turtle and Burgundy five days in a week, to the tune of five thousand pounds in a year, now find out that the profits of trade will not allow the innocent communication of thought between their underlings and their friends in distant provinces to proceed untaxed, thus withering up the heart of friendship and making the news of a friend's good health worse than indifferent, as tidings to be deprecated as bringing with it ungracious expenses. Adieu, gentle correspondence, kindly conveyance of soul, interchange of love, of opinions, of puns and what not ! Henceforth a friend that does not stand in visible or

palpable distance to me, is nothing to me. They have not left to the bosom of friendship even that cheap intercourse of sentiment the twopenny medium. The upshot is, you must not direct any more letters through me. To me you may annually, or biennially, transmit a brief account of your goings on a single sheet, from which after I have deducted as much as the postage comes to, the remainder will be pure pleasure. But no more of those pretty commissions and counter commissions, orders and revoking of orders, obscure messages and obscurer explanations, by which the intellects of Marshall and Fanny used to be kept in a pleasing perplexity, at the moderate rate of six or seven shillings a week. In short, you must use me no longer as a go-between. Henceforth I write up NO THOROUGHFARE.

“Well, and how far is Saint Valery from Paris; and do you get wine and walnuts tolerable; and the vintage, does it suffer from the wet? I take it, the wine of this season will be all wine and water; and have you any plays and green rooms, and Fanny Kellies to chat with of an evening; and is the air purer than the old gravel pits, and the bread so much whiter, as they say? Lord, what things you see that travel! I dare say the people are all French wherever you go. What an overwhelming effect that must have! I have stood one of ’em at a time, but two I generally found overpowering, I used to cut and run; but, then, in their own vineyards may be they are endurable enough. They say marmosets in Senegambia are so pleasant as the day’s long, jumping and chattering in the orange twigs; but transport ’em, one by one, over here into England, they turn into monkeys, some with tails, some without, and are obliged to be kept in cages.

“I suppose you know we’ve left the Temple *pro tempore*. By the way, this conduct has caused strange surmises in a good lady of our acquaintance. She lately sent for a young gentleman of the India House, who lives opposite her at Monroe’s, the flute shop in Skinner Street, Snow Hill—I mention no name, you shall never get out of me what lady

I mean,—on purpose to ask all he knew about us. I had previously introduced him to her whist-table, her inquiries embraced every possible thing that could be known of me, how I stood in the India House, what was the amount of my salary, what it was likely to be hereafter, whether I was thought to be clever in business, why I had taken country lodgings, why at Kingsland in particular, had I friends in that road, was anybody expected to visit me, did I wish for visitors, would an unexpected call be gratifying or not, would it be better if she sent beforehand, did anybody come to see me, wasn't there a gentleman of the name of Morgan, did he know him, didn't he come to see me, did he know how Mr. Morgan lived, she never could make out how they were maintained, was it true that he lived out of the profits of a linendraper's shop in Bishopsgate Street (there she was a little right, and a little wrong—M. is a gentleman tobacconist); in short, she multiplied demands upon him till my friend, who is neither over-modest nor nervous, declared he quite shuddered, after laying as bare to her curiosity as an anatomy he trembled to think what she would ask next, my pursuits, inclinations, aversions, attachments (some, my dear friends, of a most delicate nature), she lugged 'em out of him, or would had he been privy to them, as you pluck a horse-bean from its iron stem, not as such tender rosebuds should be pulled. The fact is I am come to Kingsland, and that is the real truth of the matter, and nobody but yourselves should have extorted such a confession from me. I suppose you have seen by the Papers that Manning is arrived in England. He expressed some mortifications at not finding Mrs. Kenney in England. He looks a good deal sunburnt, and is got a little reserved, but I hope it will wear off. You will see by the Papers also that Daws is knighted. He has been painting the Princess of Coborg and her husband. This is all the news I could think of. Write *to* us, but not *by* us, for I have near ten correspondents of this latter description, and one or other comes pouring in every day, till my purse strings

and heart strings crack. Bad habits are not broken at once. I am sure you will excuse the apparent indelicacy of mentioning this, but dear is my shirt, but dearer is my skin, and it's too late when the steed is stole to shut the door.—Well, and does Lonisa grow a fine girl, is she likely to have her mother's complexion, and does Tom polish in French air—Henry I mean—and Kenney is not so fidgety, and You sit down sometimes for a quiet half-hour or so, and all is comfortable, no bills (that you call writs) nor anything else (that you are equally sure to miscall) to annoy you. *Vive la gaite de cœur et la bell pastime, vive la beau France et revive ma cher Empreur.*—C. Lamb.—Address, Mr. Kenney, St. Valery sur Somme, France.”

No. II.

The following letter was first published in ‘The Archivist.’ It is addressed to Miss James, his sister Mary’s old and faithful nurse, who lived at 20, Upper Charles Street, Goswell Street Road :

“We have just got your letter. I think Mother Reynolds will go on quietly, Mrs. Scrimshaw having kittened. The name of the late Laureat was Henry James Pye, and when his 1st Birthday Ode came out, which was very poor, somebody being asked his opinion of it, said :

And when the Pye was open’d
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King !

Pye was brother to old Major Pye, and father to Mrs. Arnold, and uncle to a General Pye, all friends of

Miss Kelly. Pye succeeded Thos. Warton, Warton succeeded Wm. Whitehead, Whitehead succeeded Colley Cibber, Cibber succeeded Eusden, Eusden succeeded Thos. Shadwell, Shadwell succeeded Dryden, Dryden succeeded Davenant, Davenant God knows whom. There never was a Rogers a Poet Laureat; there is an old living Poet of that name, a Banker as you know, Author of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ where Moxon goes to breakfast in a fine house in the Green Park, but he was never Laureat. Southey is the present one, and for anything I know or care, Moxon may succeed him. We have a copy of ‘Xmas’ for you, so you may give your own to Mary as soon as you please. We think you need not have exhibited your mountain shyness before M. B. He is neither shy himself, nor patronizes it in others.—So with many thanks, good-bye. Emma comes on Thursday, C. L.

“The Poet Laureat whom Davenant succeeded was Rare ‘Ben Jonson,’ who I believe was the first regular Laureat with the appointment of £100 a year and a Butt of Sack or Canary—so add that to my little list.—C. L.”

No. III.

There is another interesting letter which came into my possession, which is not published in his works. It is addressed to Moxon—it is undated.

“Dear M—,—As I see no blood-marks on the Green Lanes Road, I conclude you got in safe skins home. Have you thought of inquiring Miss Wilson’s change of abode? Of the 2 copies of my drama, I want one sent to Wordsworth, together with a copy of Hone’s ‘Table Book,’ for which I shall be your debtor till we meet. Perhaps

Longman will take charge of this parcel. The other is for Coleridge at Mr. Gilman's Grove, Highgate, which may be sent, or if you have a curiosity to see him you will make an errand with it to him, and tell him we mean very soon to come and see him, if the Gilmans can give or get us a bed. I am ashamed to be so troublesome. Pray let Hood see the 'Eclectic Review'—a rogue. The 2nd part of the Blackwood's you can make waste paper of.—Yours truly, C. L."

THE LAST MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT POMPEI.

BY JOSEPH OFFORD, M.S.B.A.

[Read February 24th, 1904.]

ABOUT 420 B.C. the Greco-Oscan city of Pompei was taken by the Samnites, a warlike people who adopted the language and culture of the Oscan inhabitants. These Samnite-Oscan citizens and their descendants created, under Greek influence, the civilisation to which we owe the finest monuments that have been preserved in the buried city; and the decorative style of art, so far as it is peculiar to Pompei, is the result of their mingled culture. Subsequent to the third Samnite war, the city fell, 291 B.C., under the political domination of Rome, but it was not completely placed beneath the Roman yoke until the time of Sulla, B.C. 80. Under the republic and early empire it had become an important town, possessing some 30,000 inhabitants, when it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake in A.D. 63. Rebuilt by the energy of its citizens, it was only just completely restored, to be again, after sixteen years, destroyed by the great eruption of Vesuvius.

Some remembrance of the volcanic danger must have been preserved in the part of Campania around

Vesuvius, for Vitruvius in his ‘History of Architecture,’ ii, 6, says, “It is stated that in former times the heat increased so under Mount Vesuvius and became so great that fire was vomited forth over the fields all around.”*

A confirmation of this has been one of the most interesting discoveries in Italy of the present century. During archæological excavations on the eastern slope of Vesuvius last year there were found the remains of an elegant Roman villa of the time of Augustus. It was some feet below the surface of the soil, covered by long cultivated fields. It is not, however, below even a thin layer of ashes or lava, showing that, as was stated at the time, the eruption which destroyed Herculaneum, Pompei, and Stabiae, did not injure places to the east of the mountain. But the newest and most important information these researches present is that by further digging below the villa it was ascertained that one and a half metres beneath the ground, on which it had been erected, there was a stratum of ashes, under which again are prehistoric tombs. This layer of ashes therefore is the record of an eruption centuries before that of A.D. 79, and one whose destructive effects were distributed in the opposite direction. This confirms the statement of antiquaries that the Sarno Valley possesses remains of ancient villages destroyed in very early times by a volcanic eruption.

The visitor who saunters along the narrow streets and lanes, or courts, of Pompei, now after 1800

* The note inserted by Vitruvius, without any mention of the catastrophe of A.D. 79, is an indirect proof, but decisive one, of his work having been written in the early years of Vespasian.

years available to the pedestrian, notices upon the walls and pillars, between the doors and windows of private and public dwellings and edifices, numerous Latin inscriptions in cursive writing placed about six feet above the pavement.

If he patiently decipher them for himself, a matter requiring considerable scholarship, or study their contents in the work of some learned author who has enlarged upon them, he will discover that almost all these texts are electioneering advertisements connected with various municipal offices of the city.

Thus in the volume of the ‘*Corpus Inscriptionem Latinorum*,’ published as long ago as 1871, out of 1450 Pompeian texts, about 1350 are of political import. If we omit the “Bankers’ receipt tablets” from records since edited, subsequent finds present to us the same proportion of political texts.

These electioneering “*graffiti*” do not, however, all connect themselves with the elections shortly preceding the volcanic catastrophe, or those which would have been held had it not taken place, but relate to several elections; and some 10 per cent. of them, written in larger letters and ruder script than the others, date from the time of Augustus, or perhaps earlier, indicating that this means of electioneering was, as we know from the classics, common for a considerable period.* These older texts, however, only reveal themselves in cases where the whitewash, or stucco, flaking off from the tufa

* One of the earliest of these electoral inscriptions is that in ‘*Cor. Ins. Lat.*’ iv, No. 36, N . BARCHA . II . V . V . BO . VFITAV . BEIS . VENVS POMP . SACRA . N(umerium) Barcha(m) II v(irum) v(irum) B(onum) o(ro) v(os) f(aciatis)ita v(o)beis Venus Pomp(eiana) sacra [sancta propitia sit].

brick walls, discloses them beneath. Though the city of Rome may have had an "Official Journal" engrossed by literary slaves, in which electoral notices were published, a small town such as Pompei could not be so favoured.* The cheap process of modern printing was then undreamt of, and circularising unknown; so the advice to voters and claims of the various candidates were inscribed upon the house-walls of their clients, supporters, and friends.

After the election some doubtless would be white-washed over, whilst others upon the residences of shopkeepers and tenants of a competitor would purposely be suffered to remain, to remind the patron or owner of the loyalty of their occupants.

How long some such were unobliterated it is difficult to define, because at Pompei almost all the inscriptions preserved, except the very few old ones alluded to, date from the year 63 A.D. to that of the eruption, and the majority from an election held only a few months before. The reason why they abruptly terminate in 63 A.D. is that in that year the terrible earthquake destroyed or damaged well nigh all the city, therefore the edifices covered up by Vesuvius in the final disaster are either entirely new or renovated.† When we consider that the list

* Tacitus says the daily "Acta" were much read at Rome, especially at meal times, and Dion Cassius tells us Livia took care that a list of her morning callers should be published in the "Annals."

† For the rebuilding of Pompei, doubtless after the earthquake, the ancient inscribed sepulchral stela from the cemetery outside the Porta Marina appear to have been utilised, for the following text was found in 1898, upon a stone that had been used for building material :

"P. Maccius L(uci) f(ilius) L(ucio) Maccio Papi filio patri Spellae

of these electoral inscriptions amounts to about 1500, connected with more than a hundred candidates, that only half of the town is as yet disinterred, and that those preserved relate to so short a period, some idea may be formed of the popularity of this method of canvassing. No citizen could promenade Pompei without becoming familiar with the names of those seeking, or who had previously sought, municipal honours, and as the coveted title and office of Decurion—that is to say, membership of the Communal Committee, of which there were a hundred members—was most likely to be attained by previous service in municipal matters, the names of all the Decurions were common property, the attention of citizens having from time to time been called to them by electoral manifestoes.

Like the numerous “Municipia” and “Colonia” of the Empire, Pompei possessed civic autonomy; but whilst, usually, there were three Collegia of Magistrates, each with dual chief functionaries, Pompei had but two, the Aediles and the Duumvirs.*

In all municipia there used also to be two Quaestors, or Treasurers of the city’s funds. At Pompei these

ovi f(iliae) matri Epidae A(uli) f(iliae) uxori . T Maccius Velasianus, et P. Maccius Mamianus Fubzanus h(eredes) reposuerunt de suo.”

The name Fubzanus, probably of Oscan origin, is curious, and the whole inscription is cut in very archaic style.

* Mr. Eustace Neville Rolfe, B.A., in his book upon Pompei, 3rd edition, 1899, says:

“The duty of the Aediles was to act as borough magistrates and police commissioners; they also superintended the supply of provisions to the public and the market arrangements, and were responsible for the conduct of all public games. They had further to see that temples and public buildings were kept in proper order, and private houses whose condition was dangerous were put in proper repair. Their powers were very considerable, and they were able to enforce their orders by prosecution and fine. Thus in time of

financial offices seem to have been fulfilled by the *Duumvirs*. Dr. Mau, the greatest living authority upon Pompei, says that in the earlier Samnite period there was one *Quaestor*. The city being governed by a judicial assembly—*Kombennion*, *coventus*—presided over by a *Medixtructicus* and beneath him the *Quaestor* and two *Aediles*.*

The franchise was open to all burgesses, and practically universal, but the decision did not rest with the enumeration of individual votes, but by the voting cast by each tribe or electoral bureau, corresponding to the territorial sub-divisions of the city. That is to say, the majority of *curia* votes carried the candidates.

At Rome the municipal magistrates were elected, not by the populace, but the Senate. If Pompei had been governed in the same manner, her officers would have been elected by the *Decurions*, or their municipal senate, but this was not the case. Light is thrown upon this subject by two inscriptions, proving that Domitian in A.D. 82—84, presented privileges to two Spanish towns, *Salpensa* and *Malaga*, permitting their citizens to elect their own

scarcity the *Aedile* could at once punish any individual who was hoarding his corn in hopes of a rise in price and cause the hoard to be issued to the public. The main object which the *Aedile* always kept in view was by splendid entertainments to secure votes for higher offices of state. Under him worked the *Duumviri*."

It is doubtful whether this is precisely accurate; we hardly know how much of these duties were delegated to the *Aedile* and *Duumvirs* by the *Decurions*, and how far they appertained to the *Duumvirs* as much as to the *Aediles*. The latter seemed to have possessed the power of issuing warrants to arrest criminals, or perhaps of doing so without that formality. M. Gusman says they too were responsible for the good drainage of the city.

* *Mediss tovtiks*, chief administrative officer.

magistrates, and this was precisely the Pompeian plan.

The nature of the Pompeian electoral "*graffiti*" proves this, for the majority ask the average citizen (not the Decurions) "oro vos faciates;" that is, "I request you to nominate so-and-so as Duumvir or Aedile." * Further still, we have inscriptions stating that such and such a person had nominated or would vote for a candidate, published of course with the object of inducing others to do likewise. There are records of the exercise of the franchise by persons of such humble positions that they could not have been Decurions.

For instance, one is a Designatore; that is, a "steward," or "usher," who maintained order among the spectators at the theatre, and who possibly led the "claque" at suitable moments, and who certainly would not have been acceptable or eligible for a seat on the Municipal Council.

Finally, we have a text stating that "Paquius Proculus had been unanimously elected by the *inhabitants* of Pompei as Duumvir."

In passing it should be noted that two words are used in the invitations to electors, "Rogare" and "Facere." Their *precise* differentiation is somewhat difficult, but there can be no doubt the first

* From the Roman Conquest by Sulla to the commencement of the Empire the title of Aedile seems to have been dropped or avoided, because it would remind the citizens of the autonomy when independent, and in munimental texts they appear as "duumviri v. a. sacr. p. proc." This almost certainly is the abbreviation of "duumviri viis, aedibus sacris publicis procurandis." Duumvirs in charge of the streets, temples, and public religious festivals. But "Aediles" occur in this period once or twice in electoral graffiti, showing it was in verbal use, and the term soon returned again to official acceptance.

was the correct word to use before a candidate's nomination, and official presentation or "*professio nominis*," and was intended not only to secure him nomination votes, but also to induce him to stand; whilst "*faceo*" was the appropriate term subsequent to the declaration list of the candidates, and was an urgent recommendation to electors to proceed to the poll. The signification of the two words cannot be precisely similar, because both occur in one commendatory inscription. Thus 'Cor. Ins. Lat.,' iv, 699, says: "C Julium Polybium Aed-Licinius Romanus Rogat et Facit." It follows from the above facts that inscriptions relating to the same candidature which have the verb *rogare*, are slightly anterior to those using *facere*. A person who claims to have been the first to advocate a candidate therefore must necessarily use *rogare*. Accordingly we have this text: M HILCONIVM PRISCVM AED. PRIMVS ROGAT PROCVLVS. One text uses *volunt*, as synonymous with *rogant*; and once *rogare* is replaced by *cupere*.

Like our civic terms in Britain, Pompeian municipal elections were annual, taking place in March, the officials for the past year rendering their accounts and vacating their posts on the last day of the succeeding June, the new members taking over affairs on July 1st.

The posts which had to be filled were four, two *Duumvirs* and two *Aediles*, who were for some purposes united into a "*Collegium*" of four, and in the inscriptions promulgating municipal ordinances are sometimes entitled the "*IVviri*."

The destruction of Pompei occurred upon August 23rd and 24th, so the four magistrates had been in office

nearly eight weeks, and elected five months before. The texts prove to us that at the fated city's final election eleven candidates contested the seats, seven for Aedileship and four for the Duumvirate.* This contest has produced in the moiety of the city excavated about 750 *graffiti* for this last election, making approximately 1500 manifestoes for the whole city of from 12,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, including slaves. So the event was not productive of very intense civic excitement. Though both Duumvirs and Aediles assumed office upon July 1st, they were not elected upon the same date in March, but the Aediles were voted for first, then the Duumvirs. Every fifth year the contests for the latter posts became keener, because quinquennially the Duumvirs revised the list of Decurions, or 100 civic councillors; and in those years it was customary, in order to obtain experienced men solely, to elect as Duumvirs only those who had adorned that office previously. As they could not have originally become Duumvirs without previously serving as Aediles, these quinquennial Duumvirs were the wisest of all the city's magistrates.

If the electoral franchise was wide, it was not so

* Until an inscription found in 1902, adding M. Samellius Modestus to the candidates for Aedile for A.D. 79, it was thought the number that year was only ten for the two offices. The new text associates Modestus with C. Helvius Sabinus, who we know was a candidate for Aedile in A.D. 79. It reads, "CN. HELVIVM. SABINVM. ET. M. SAMELLIVM. MODESTVM. Aediles Dignum Re Publica Ora Vos Faciatis." The other text reads, "M. Samellium Modestum Aedilis viis aedibus sacris publiciis procurandis vicini rogant" (see 'Revue Archéologique,' 1902, p. 446). This view is confirmed by another inscription, No. 1169 of the Pompei Texts, which associates Samellius to be voted for jointly with L. Albucius for the dual Aedileship, and Albucius we know ran for the post in A.D. 79.

facile to possess the necessary qualifications for candidature. The intending member had to be twenty-five years of age at least,* must not be a freed man, and in some cities (we are not sure whether this was a Pompeian rule) must not be the son of such. He had to be possessed of a fortune of 100,000 sesterces at the least, or about £800. Sometimes a city selected the Emperor as their representative on their council, as a proof of their loyalty, and perhaps in hope of favours it might cause to be bestowed; it being quite understood he could not personally serve, but was, if elected, to be represented by a prefect he would select to act on his behalf. In both A.D. 34 and 40, Caligula was a Duumvir of Pompei, and the duties of the office were carried out in his name by a prefect.

As a thankoffering for the honour received it was also necessary to promise a sum legally fixed, which, for fear of accidents and in anticipation of success, had to be deposited before entering upon office, to be given to the public games fund, or for some work of civic utility.

No pecuniary emolument attached to office, and no limit was placed upon the amount the holders thereof might spend during their term. Consequently only wealthy men coveted the posts, as a rule, and many vied with each other in the generosity, or prodigality, of their expenditure, each and all endeavouring to transmit their name to posterity;

* There were exceptions. 'Corpus Ins. Lat.' x, 846 tells us N. Popidius Celsinus, although aged six, was by the Municipal Senate accorded the Decurionship, because at his expense he rebuilt the temple of Isis after the earthquake.

or, for the sake of popular acclamation, perhaps with the hope of attracting the notice of the Imperial authorities at the capital, endeavoured to become famous by their benefactions. The magnificent monuments and edifices of Roman cities testify to the benevolence of their citizens, whilst classic authors and innumerable inscriptions describe the fêtes, gladiatorial combats, and immense donations bestowed.

These extravagances brought their own nemesis in preventing, very probably, the worthier citizens from desiring municipal honours. Thus in some cases a scarcity of candidates occurred; then persons were nominated against their protests, and compelled to serve.*

In A.D. 79, at Pompei and elsewhere, however, this evil does not seem to have occurred, and the difficulty feared was the multiplicity of candidates in provincial cities. Thus corruption of the electorate had to be guarded against, and for this purpose severe electoral laws were promulgated. For two years before becoming candidates they were forbidden to distribute donations to the people or to give public festivals, and were even prohibited from entertaining more than nine persons at a private banquet. If a candidate or one of his clients, practically his "election agent," infringed these regulations, the fine was 5000 sesterces, about £40. Needless to say these enactments were not adhered

* Dr. Mau says a nominated candidate had the right to himself nominate a second candidate for the same vacancy, and that second candidate could suggest a third; but how the final adjudication of the post to one of them was decided he does not state.

to by wealthy men—the penalty was paltry to them if enforced, and few, if any, cared to incur their influential enmity by causing it to be inflicted.

Though nominally the elections were supposed to be carried by the efforts of the several arrondissements, or wards (*curia*),* and individual efforts on the part of clients and friends of the candidates, the really decisive influence appears to have laid with the “*Hetaeriae*,” or associations of all descriptions, “*Collegia*,” or clubs and guilds. The *Hetaeriae*, or secret brotherhoods, were severely prescribed by law, but, notwithstanding, flourished everywhere, playing a great part in all provincial city life, and even the all-powerful Caesars dreaded their influence. The *Collegia* did not so strictly fall beneath the ban of the law, but were carefully watched.

Both *Hetaeriae* and *Collegia*, Tacitus tells us, were particularly rampant at Pompei, and in A.D. 59, after the gladiatorial games, the rivalry between them and those of the neighbouring town of Nuceria gave rise to a sanguinary combat at Pompei. All the latter’s associations were abolished or dissolved for ten years, new ones forbidden, and even to apply for authorisation was a crime.

Probably they flourished in private; at all events, twenty years after, at the date of the eruption, they, whether illicit or not, were in full force and apparently ran the electoral machine—a sort of Tammany *régime* not unknown to modern history.

* A suburb might, like an association, run a candidate on its own account, as a district; for a text says, “The inhabitants of the Pagus Campanus ask for the election of Marcus Epidius Sabinus as Aedile.”

Among the guild corporations, or "Sodalicia," there were the wood-workers, "lignari;" the fruit-sellers, "pomari;" the vendors of chickens, pigeons, and other birds, "gallenari;" the fishers, "piscicapi;" the perfumers, "unguentari;" barbers, "tonsores;" tavern-keepers, "caupones;" dyers, and others.

Probably by pre-arrangement a guild would run one candidate only,* out of trade interest. That is to say, for each office; for at the same election the lignari ran Cuspius Pansa for Aedile and Holconius Priscus for Duumvir; inscriptions inform us for the A.D. 79 election, which personages the tonsos, unguentari, caupones, and dyers favoured. Perhaps, however, some of the notices were not written up by the Sodalicia to direct their members whom to vote for, but were an appeal from the candidate, most likely a member of the guild whose suffrages he craved. The texts are short, such as "Caupones facere," "Unguentari facere," and so on, and may be read as originating from either cause. The Collegia and Hetaeriae, clubs, exercised more direct and presumably powerful pressure. Many of these bodies were recruited among the lower ranks and evil members of society, and enrolment involved abject obedience. Some of course were athletic or convivial affairs, such as the ball-players, "piticrepi;" the "*bon viveurs*," or late drinkers; the long sleepers (or late risers), "universi dormientes;" the little thieves, "furunculi."

The late (or deep) drinkers had their head-quarters in the street of the Augustales, near the Forum, at a

* The electoral appeals make this a point in their phraseology, "Lignares Universi" (rogant).

“tavern” kept by one Edon ; and we can still read over his shop door, “ Here you can have a drink for one ‘ as ’ ” (about three farthings), “ he who pays two shall have a better draught. What will you pay to drink some Falernian ? ” *

EDONE . DICIT
 ASSIBVS . HIC
 BIBITVR . DIPVNDIVM
 SIDIDERIS . MELIORA
 BIBES . QVANTVM
 SIDIDERIS . VINA . F.
 FALERNA . BIB.

Two houses further on, at No. 13, a candidate is lauded by the thieves’ club, and a little beyond by the “ prolonged sleepers.” It will be obvious that though these collections of gentry were diverse in title they might all be classed as “ *bon vivants*.” It is all in the nature of things that late drinkers should be sound sleepers, and that these birds of the night should congregate near the thieves.

It is evident that this worthy trio of Hetaeriae found a patriot fitted to represent their exquisite civic sensibilities, and pre-eminent virtues, in one M. Cerrinius Vatia, who, strangely enough, was also recommended by the Lictors Society, the very corporate embodiment of justice. Perhaps he reckoned the vices of the one were palliated by the virtues of the others. But whether he would really

* The value of maturing wine by age was well appreciated by the Pompeians. An amphora of wine found at Pompei is dated in the consulship of G. Cornelius Lentulus and Marcus Asinius Agrippa, fifty years before the city’s destruction.

have proved an acquisition to the municipal magisterial bench is open to grave doubt.*

The association of the inebriates with the *Ladrones* seems sometimes to have led to disastrous results, for a tavern-keeper, one Varus, announcing the stealing of a wine flagon, offered a reward of sixty-five sesterces for its restoration, and double that amount for the arrest of the thief: "*Urna vinaria periit de taberna sei eam quis retulerit dabuntur H.S. lxxv sei furem qui abduxerit dabitur duplum a Vario.*"

It would appear that a candidate of the late sleepers had been elected an Aedile on some occasion, for a certain Macerior, who should have been a member of the fraternity, wrote a graffito as follows:—"Macerior requests the Aedile to prevent the people from making a noise in the streets, disturbing the good folks who are asleep."

A much more legitimate political influence was that of the *Gens*, or tribal family, who as a rule naturally voted for a member of their own tribe, and the notices recommended this tie as a reason for exercising the franchise in the person's favour. Cn Helvius Sabinus was candidate of the *Helvia gens*. More powerful than it was the great *Popidia gens*, whose lineage was of high antiquity. An A. V. Popidius had been Quaestor when the portico in front of the Basilica was built, whilst Pompei was still an Oscan city before it became a Roman Colonia. A magnificent mansion, owned at the date of the

* Dr. Mau has recently suggested these texts representing a candidate as favoured by the thieves, or dissipated members of society, were really imaginary inscriptions intended to injure the aspirant referred to.

eruption by N. Popidius Priscus, had so long been the property of the family that it contained an Oscan inscription in one of the small inner apartments that must have escaped destruction at the earthquake.

The most important Gens was that of the Holconii, whose members are mentioned in scores of inscriptions, as will be shown in enumerating the candidates of the A.D. 79 election.

Quite another valuable electoral interest was that of the religious sects, or votaries of the various deities.

The favourite god of Pompei had been Venus, and her fervent followers, the "*Veneri*," were numerous in the city. It had even been called "*Colonia Veneria Cornelia Pompeianorum*," but in the first century of our era the Roman Pantheon had been invaded by the gods of Egypt, just as in the previous one the deities of Greece and Syria had been acclimatised in Italy, and Isis vied with Venus in the votaries adhering to her cult. Her sanctuary was near the theatre, and her adorers were united in an association named "*Isiaci*." Her worship was novel, a recommendation to the satiated sensuality of many so-called religions of Southern Italy.* To the effete Pompeians, as to the Romans, it proffered many celestial felicities without requiring much earthly morality, to infer the facts as mildly as possible, and, needless to add, its members were numerous. Its mysteries, founded upon Egyptian

* The physical joy of life was all in all to these gay citizens. An inscription thus sets forth their view of earthly felicity. "*Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit*;" and a second sums up the question thus, "*Quisquis amat valeat, pereat qui parcit amare*."

myths whose original meaning was lost, had the advantage of being incomprehensible. The cult of the Lotus and similar effeminicities resembled certain aesthetic vagaries of modern so-called culture.

The Isiaci recommended plumping for Cuspius Pansa and Helvius Sabinus, "CN . HELVIVM . SABINVM . AED . ISIACI . VNIVERSI . ROG. . . ." The Veneri, Popidius Secundus for Aedile and Ceius Secundus for Duumvir. But the Veneri went further than mere human advocaey, alleging that the goddess herself recommended the candidate "VENVS . CASELLIVM . AED."

If divine patronage from Aphrodite and the "Spouse of Osiris" was valuable, the influence of the fair sex, whose conversation and charms were present and actual, potently contributed to success. Ladies, although they had no votes, entered into the struggle with energy, and their appeals to electors went straight to the point, using naïve arguments calculated to go home to the hearts of their readers. Statia and Petronia fancy Casellius and Albucius, so add, "May we in perpetuity find such citizens in our colony." Their reason for advocating Casellius may be that of the following inscription:—"Casellius should prove an excellent Aedile, for he will give such magnificent games."* However regrettable,

* The orchestra of the smaller, or comic, theatre was magnificently paved with coloured marbles. An inscription in bronze letters informs us that Marcus Oculatius Verus defrayed the cost, as a gift to the city, instead of (pro Indis) giving public games, on his accession to office as Duumvir. The neighbouring city of Herculaneum has preserved for us an inscription directing the officers of the Collegium of the Libertini there, named from Jupiter Compagus, to expend their funds upon improvements of public benefit and utility

truth compels the statement that some of the political ladies were of more than doubtful reputation. One of them who begs suffrages for her friend kept a little drinking shop in Consularis Street, and the names of others intimate to students they were freed-women. Hence perhaps a lady of high position, hesitating to proclaim her name, says, "His darling ('animula') advises Claudius." This gentleman probably was Ti Clandius Verus; if so, his final title is omitted, so that close friends or residents in the district would detect the person intended, and perhaps recognise the lady, whilst others not know either. Nothing we can yet trace in Pompeian inscriptions reveals the lady to us.

Frequently husband and wife united their names in a recommendation, indicating a conjugal unanimity in political matters as pattern for citizens of later times. A candidate, Sabinus, twice receives this dual advocacy, from a certain Thalamus and Recepta, and from Rufinus and Parthenope. The latter couple were persons of note.

Lest it be thought that all interests possible of enlistment in the cause of civic patriotism have been exhausted, we now turn to the utilisation of the muses. The very latest text disinterred of electoral

rather than upon games. It is known as the "Lex Pagana of Herculaneum."

"Pagus Herculaneus scivit a(d) X Terminalia, conlegium, seive magistrei Iovei Compagei(smt), ut ei in porticum paganam reficiendam pecuniam consumerent ex lege pagana, arbitrato Cn Laetori. Cn. f magistrei pagei, utique ei conlegio, seive magistri sunt Iovei Compagei, locus in teatro esset tam quasei sei ludos fecissent. 'Cor. Ins. Lat.' i. 571, and x. 3772.

import is the product of a poet, and depends also upon artistic effort, for in flamboyant red letters, upon a house in the fifth Regio that belonged to Lucretius Fronto, a supporter of his indites the following verse :

“SI . PVDOR . IN . VITA . QVICQVAM . PRODESSE . PVTATVR
LVCRETIVS . HIC . FRONTO . DIGNVS . HONORE . BENE . EST.”

The muse of this political poet was not quite perfect in the pentameter, but the “hic,” which interrupts the rhythm, is not to be regretted, because it decides for us the ownership of the mansion upon which it is inscribed.

A curious verse in the Pompei volume of the ‘Corpus’ Dr. Lanciani terms a centipede rather than a hexameter: “A Vettium Caprasium Felicem* aedilem Balbe rogamus.” But there was a poet at Pompei, for the following lines were found there:—
“Alliget hic auras si quis obiurgat amantes. Et vetat assiduas, currere fontis aquas.”

“Whoever has a mind
To hinder lover’s ways;
Let him go zephyrs bind,
Or running waters stay.”

* In 1898, in the 9th Regio, Insula III, some stucco fell off a building revealing a new inscription relating to Vettius Caprasius Felix, almost certainly not the A. C. Felix who had been Duumvir in A.D. 74, for the Aedileship was always a preliminary office to the Duumvirate, and the new text is a recommendation for Aedileship. Moreover, it is written in red, a sign of antiquity at Pompei. It reads :

“A . VETTIVM . CAPRASIVM . FELICEM . AED(ilem) V(iis) A(edibus) SACR(is) P(ublicis) P(rocurandis) VICINI ROGANT.”

The amplification here is that of M. Willems. Avellini would read, “Urbi annonae solemnibus publice procurandis;” and Henzen, “Viis annonae sacris publicis procurandis.”

If every conceivable weapon was thus used in the contests, no wonder Cicero wrote, "It was easier to become a Senator of Rome than a Decurion at Pompei."*

These electioneering addresses were not only advantageous to the candidates, but an advertisement for their writers, just as, with an eye to business, the printer places his name at the corner of modern bills. Many of the scribes appear to have been artists by profession, and doubtless stooped to write these notices because it was such lucrative work.† Two of these writers were "flag painters" named *Florus* and *Fructus*. One, if we may judge by his name of *Protopogenes*, was one of those many Greek art workers who came from *Hellas* to Italy, seeking commissions from wealthy Roman patrons. Some scribes possessed such reputation that for an election they secured more

* The paucity of Pompeian poets prompted the utilisation of Roman ones. Thus we have a hexameter each of *Propertius* and *Ovid* united thus with emendations suiting the special occasions :

"*Candida me docuit nigras odisse puellas.*

Odero si potero : Sed non invitus amabo."

(See *Eleg. I.* 1—5. and *Amor. III.* 11—15.)

A singular instance of the adaptation of two couplets from the same authors of similar meaning to each other, and the uniting them together, occurs in a Pompeian graffito. The first is from *Ovid* (*Amor. I.* viii, 77) ; the second from *Propertius* (*Eleg. IV.* v, 47) :

"*Surda sit oranti tua janna, laxa ferenti :*

Audiat exclusi verba receptus amans.

Janitor ad dantis vigilet : si pulsat inanis,

Surdus in obductam somniet usque seram."

† One writer, who tells us, in the inscription in which he records his name, that he wrote it by moonlight, was *Aemilius Celer*, and we happen to be able to identify his residence, for upon a house, in the north-eastern part of the ninth region, is written, "*Aemilius Celer, hic habitat.*"

commands than they were capable of carrying out, and so obtained assistance from fellow-artists. Such a person, one Infantio, appears to have been overwhelmed with scribal commissions for the last contest, for he tells us, "The announcements beneath are delineated by Infantio, with the assistance of Florus, Fructus, and Sabinus, here and at other places."

The rest of the text is an appeal for Cerrinius Vatia, all of whose notices are beautifully written, probably at special expense.

Finally in this connection, sometimes the whitewasher, or preparer, of the stucco has his name added by the writer "*Scriptus Issus Dealbatore Onesimo.*" *

The arrangements for deciding a tie between candidates were curious. A married one defeated a single man; if both were married, he with children conquered one without them; if both had families, the largest family man won; if by extraordinary coincidence they were equal upon all these points, it was settled by lot.

As in later times, "undue influence" may have been exercised; for instance, an employer of labour, a certain Saturninus, recommends Cuspius Pansa, in

* Generally an elector in these notices is advised, or advises, only one candidate out of the four to be elected. Frequently, however, two are referred to, sometimes three, as in a text where Casellius and Albucius are selected for Aediles with Holeonius for Duumvir. For the final election no list for all four has been found; though for that of A.D. 77 such a one is extant, and also for a few others.

SVETTIVM CVM . EPIDIO

II VIR . I . D . O . V . F . DIG . SVNT

HERENNIVM ET VERVM

AED . O . V . F .

his own name and those of all his apprentices.* He was an artist in bronzes, and some of the beautiful ornaments in Pansa's Villa may have come from his workshop.

The workmen or apprentices of Helvius Sabinus appear to have voluntarily advocated the claims of their employer upon voters, for upon a column in front of the Basilica they wrote, "Sabinum Aed. Discentes Rogant" ('Cor. In. Lat.' iv, 673). There, however, was much electoral freedom. Thus the rich young auctioneers, commission agents, and bankers, Quintus and Sextus Jucundus, favoured for Decurion the candidature of Holconius, or certainly one of them did so; but the neighbours, although probably supported as tradesmen by the brothers, did not hesitate to write up at their door a request for them to vote for another candidate, whom further inscriptions all around in their district lauded. Naturally, great importance would be attached to the advocacy of any personage connected with the Imperial Court at Rome. Dr. Mau has brought together three notices stating that Suedius Clemens favoured the election of Epidius Sabinus as Duumvir. These statements were eminently calculated to influence voters, because Suedius Clemens was the Commissioner sent from Rome by Vespasian to decide upon the dispute as to the ownership of certain plots of land; and had adjudicated in favour of the restitution to the city of some areas claimed

* C . CVSPIVM . PANSAM

AED . D . R . (P) O . V . F . SATURNINVS

CVM . DISCENTES . ROG .

('Corpus Inscip. Latin.' iv, 20, 275).

by private persons. The inscription informs us:—
“Ex autoritate imp. Caesaris Vespasiani Aug. loca publica a privatis possessa. T Suedius Clemens tribunus causis cognitis et mensuris factis rei publicae Pompeianorum restituit.

Great and wealthy families carried much local weight. In the south of the city the two Secundi had numerous supporters because of the influence upon his neighbours of a certain L. Caecilius Capella, who lived in the Amphitheatre Road; and other collections of texts by districts reveal similar valuable connections for candidates with their affluent friends and relatives.*

Pompei had originally been an Oscan city, and there appears to have been a clannish spirit among the old Oscan families almost to the last, for in an electoral recommendation for one of the earlier contests the backer of the candidate spells his name in Oscan style, from right to left; the latter form an interesting proof of the primal derivation of writing in Italy from a Semitic alphabet.†

The more frequented a shop or dwelling was likely to be, the greater its suitability for electoral notices. Thus the house of Titus Genealis Infantio,

* That power and riches in these cases were sometimes united with gracious demeanour may be inferred from a text which condemns one Rufus, who proudly promenaded with a staff, whilst members of the great Vibii family, notwithstanding their wealth and grandeur, it says, never appeared in public with staff or sceptre.

† There are some six Oscan inscriptions at Pompei, which owing to our inadequate knowledge of the language have given rise to much discussion. They are considered by Herr Degering to be directions to Oscan troops to proceed to certain points of the fortifications. Dr. Mau contests this view, and thinks they refer to places in the market. All are written from right to left.

a baker and pastrycook whose confections apparently were celebrated, was particularly utilised for inscriptions. The majority of them, however, concern a single candidate, Vatia.

Sometimes peculiar reasons are suggested for voting. One reads, "Proculus vote for Sabinus, he will vote for you (Sabinum aedilem, Procule, fac, et ille te faciet)." Another, much more proper, relating to an earlier election, promises the candidate "Will safeguard the public funds (Hic aerarium conservabit)." Some others are very concise, just a call to duty, perhaps written on the eve of the poll. "Ubonius vigila," or "Attalus you're asleep, Suellius is awake." In the notices preserved from early times the praise of the candidate is most modest, the two letters V. B., for *virum bonum*, being all that is added. As a specimen this may be given, "Publium Furium duumvirum virum bonum oro vos facite." In the later texts, the initial letters D. R. P. for "Dignum re publica," "worthy of public office," appear as a favorite formula of panegyric.

Next door to Jucundus the Banker lived Marcus Vesonius Primus, who appears to have been a most enthusiastic local politician, to judge by the number of electoral advices he inscribed on his mansion. He evidently entertained high opinions of several personages craving municipal honours. He says of Gnaeus Helvius—"Vesonius Primus urges his election as aedile; a man worthy of public office." Of Gavins Rufus, he requests his election as duumvir, "A man serviceable to public interests, do elect him, I beg of you."

Again, "Primus, the Fuller, asks the election of

Lucius Ceius Secundus as Duumvir, with judiciary authority." Also, "Primus and his household are working for the election of Gnaeus Helvius Sabinus as aedile." So the interests in local politics were quite a family affair. As the election day approached the appeal increased in urgency, and such terms are used as: *fac facias, fave, or officium comoda*.

A pleasing phase in the contest is the total absence of accusations and damaging imputations against the competitors, so regrettable a feature of the modern press on such occasions.* It is legitimate to suppose the career of several of the persons seeking suffrages at Pompei was not free from blame, and their lapses from strict integrity must have been no secret to many, and suspected by more; but no use of such information is made in these numerous texts upon the walls. Another feature of them upon which we must congratulate the Pompeians is that the ardent and excitable advertisements for the Aedileship candidates contrast strikingly with the calm appeals to vote for the Duumvirate. The latter were the dispensers of justice, and the candidates appear to have abstained from all personal calls upon their supporters by means of these inscriptional appeals, and it would seem that the citizens aimed at placing the election

* Unless Dr. Mau is correct in thinking the notices of support for the disreputable Hetaeriae have this basis, but if his view is correct they were more probably inscribed in jest than malice. A non-complimentary remark as to persons neglecting to vote for a candidate is to be noted.

of judges upon a higher plane than the ordinary contest for municipal office.

The total number of candidates referred to in these inscriptions is about 120. This number is less than the total quantity of requests for candidates, because some of these notices apply to the same personages when they put up for the Aedileship and subsequently for the Duumvirate.

In case this account of municipal matters at Pompei has evoked sufficient interest to make readers desire to know the names of those who contested the election in the spring of that year of which many a citizen never saw the end, their names are here given. It should be borne in mind that the Pompeians, like the Romans in the earlier period, possessed three names—a praenomen, nomen gentilicium, and cognomen. The second was the tribal-gens, family title. Generally the praenomen and gentilicium descended from parent to son. The first seven posed for the Aedileship, the last four for the Duumvirate. They were as follows:—M. Cassellius Marcellus, M. Cerrius Vatia, L. Popidius Secundus, C. Cuspius Pansa, C. Helvius Sabinus, L. Albucius Celsus, M. Sammellius Modestus, M. Holconius Priscus, L. Ceius Secundus, C. Gavius Rufus, and C. Calventius Sittius Magnus.*

Of these, the member of the most illustrious Pompeian family was M. Holconius Priscus. The inscriptions of the city for generations inform us of

* Of these, Cuspius Pansa was advocated in a notice by the goldsmiths' guild, orifices, and the muleteers, muliones; Ceius Secundus by the fullers, Holconius Priscus by the fruit-sellers, Marcellus by the cartwrights. *lignarii plostrarii*. The wood-sellers, *lignarii*, were for Holconius.

the patriotism and generosity of his race. Under Augustus a Holconius* had been five times Duumvir, and quinquennial one twice, and received from the Decurion Council the title of "Patron of the Colony." He was also Flamen of Augustus. His brother, again, was also a Duumvir and quinquennial and "Priest of the deified Augustus" under Tiberius. These two brothers built the great Theatre.

A lady of this family had been public priestess, and other members of it occupied the chief municipal and imperial offices at various times.

We can, from information we possess as to Roman electoral law, picture to ourselves the final contest at Pompei in the spring of A.D. 79. The President of the Comices, who was the oldest Duumvir, had written up in the Forum, upon three successive market days, the list of candidates—on this occasion the eleven personages just enumerated. The six Curia on the decisive day, having been duly notified, assembled in the Forum in different enclosures separated by planks or barriers. The magistrate selected as presiding officer read over the list, and had there been a deficiency of candidates, he could have nominated others to make up the number.

Each voter received a tablet upon which to write the name of the candidate he voted for. At a signal they formed in line and proceeded to the election hall or booth (by a narrow boarded passage) for their Curia.† They deposited their tablet in an

* The only public statue erected in honour of a citizen yet discovered is of this Holconius Rufus. It was placed near the Stabian baths.

† The titles of three of the electoral districts, or Curia, appear in inscriptions. The Forenses, doubtless near the Forum; the Salini-

urn (Cista). The proceeding was superintended by an inspector, selected generally from one of the other Curia. To this single civic inspector each candidate was permitted to add another if he wished. All the inspectors, whether nominated by the "Municipal College of Four" or by the candidates, took a solemn oath to behave honourably, and truthfully to register the votes. The numbers first counted, and entered in the provided records for each curia, then, the figures produced by the Curia majorities determined, the President proclaimed the result.

As M. P. Willems, a high authority upon Roman Public Law, has said, "The decisive factor in all these elections was the personal popularity of the candidate in his commune, produced by his liberalities: the services he had rendered to the numerous and powerful corporations, and alliances with important families and tribes, who secured many votes from their ranks and friends."

We as yet know not the names of the victorious candidates at the last election held in the sunny city

enses, which was between the Herculaneum and seashore gates; and the Campanienses, probably near the Nola Gate. It is thought there were at least three others. The city's municipal buildings were at the south end of the Forum, and were all erected after the earthquake. There are three halls: that on the left for the Duumvirs, the centre one, much the most highly decorated, a Council or Judgment Hall, that on the right for the Aediles' office. The central room was for the Decurions. The Hall of the Aediles was never quite completed. The Decurion Council room had a recess in the rear as shrine for the city's Lares and Penates. These latter almost certainly would have been members of the Imperial Family, such as Titus, Vespasian, and Domitian; but their statues were not in their places when the chambers were excavated.

nestling on the slopes of Vesuvius. A careful calculation of the number of notices appertaining to each might give a very accurate intimation as to who they were. Such a test, however, is not necessary when any day may produce a freshly found inscription revealing the complete list to us.

It is to the tardy excavations carried on by the Italian Government rather than to actuarial calculations, which, perhaps because of some unknown factor, might after all be erroneous, that we must look to complete this very imperfect record of the Last Municipal Election at Pompei.*

As these notes are concerned with the last Pompeian election the appointment of a *Praefectus juri dicundo* is not discussed, though such had occasionally held office there. He was an extraordinary official chosen by the Decurions to take the place of the *Duumvirs*; if there was some indecisive result in the election, or perhaps when vacancies arose, or some urgent necessity appeared an adequate reason to the City Fathers to take this course, and place someone of whose virtue or talents they approved into somewhat the position of Municipal Dictator. Dr. Seyffert considers these prefects to have been personages elected by the townships themselves, but unless the municipal Decurions can properly be considered to have possessed a mandate to act as an electoral college for the city, this scarcely appears to be a correct term to apply. One of the Pansa family we know had this honour conferred

* All students of Pompeian affairs should consult Herr Friedreich Furehheim's '*Bibliografia de Pompei, Ercolano e Stabia*,' which describes over 500 works.

upon him; for in the inscription under his statue niche at the Amphitheatre, it is said that Gaius Cuspius Pansa was “Prefect according to the law of Petronius,” that is, appointed to exercise the functions of the two Duumvirs when no valid election for them had taken place.



ISAAC REED, ESQ.

After an original painting by Romney.

SOME OLD SHAKESPEARIANS.

(FROM REED'S MS. NOTE-BOOKS)

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.,
LITT.D., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read March 23rd, 1904.]

IN that common fosse where are buried so many respectable bones of eighteenth-century men of letters, Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes,' may be found a notice of Isaac Reed, editor of the 'Variorum Shakespeare,' 1803, of Dodsley's 'Old Plays,' and many other volumes, a notice dictated by Nichols from what he described as "a bed of pain and anguish," being his "last tribute of respect to so exemplary a character." He speaks of the pleasant gatherings of eighteenth-century Shakespearians in the autumn of several successive years at Cambridge, where the author of the 'Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare,' Dr. Farmer, the Master of Emmanuel College, made the parlour a centre of hospitality. "At that period," says Nichols, "the Theatricals of Stirbitch Fair had powerful patronage in the Combination Room of Emmanuel, where the routine of performance was regularly settled, and where the charms of the bottle were early deserted for the pleasures of the sock and buskin. In the boxes of this little theatre Dr. Farmer was the *Arbiter*

Elegantiarum, and presided with as much dignity and unaffected ease as within the walls of his own College. He was regularly surrounded by a large party of congenial friends and able critics; among whom Mr. Reed and Mr. Steevens were constantly to be found." Steevens, though as quarrelous as a weasel, had, the biographer goes on to say, an inviolable attachment to Reed. Two other persons stood within the same charmed circle, safe from his capriciousness of temper—the Master of Emmanuel and Tyrwhitt, the editor of the ‘*Canterbury Tales*.’

If we could join the party in the Combination Room and the parlour we might happen to hear some interesting talk before the charms of the bottle had been superseded by those more classical ones of sock and buskin. Well, in a poor, imperfect way we can be eavesdroppers. At the sale of Isaac Reed’s great library in 1807 his old friend, James Bindley, was the successful bidder for a miscellaneous lot, which included certain manuscript note-books, memoranda, adversaria. Bindley was himself a mighty hunter after books and engravings, with which and with the reading of the proof-sheets of Nichols’s ‘*Literary Anecdotes*’ he beguiled the leisure remaining to him after the performance of his duties as Commissioner of the Stamp Office. His broad face smiles in an engraving by Basire from opposite the title-page of the fourth volume of the ‘*Literary Illustrations*,’ and to him the entire collection of ‘*Anecdotes*’ is dedicated. Thirty-one of these note-books in the handwriting of Isaac Reed are now in my possession, and I am not aware that any use has been made of them since they passed

into James Bindley's hands in December, 1807. One series is devoted to diaries of the visits to Cambridge in successive years from 1782 to 1795, from which we can ascertain in a general way how the days went by. Two years after the latter date Dr. Farmer died.

According to the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Isaac Reed was born on January 1st, 1741—42. He himself enters under the date January 12th, 1801: "My birthday, æt. 59." The earliest of the note-books before me is of the date 1762, when Reed had just passed his twentieth birthday. He seems not to have kept a regular diary, but rather to have recorded whatever marked a day as in some degree illustrious. And among the red-letter days of all his life, those on which he visited the theatre, the Sundays on which he listened to some eminent preacher, and, as he became known to other distinguished men, those days on which he met contemporary scholars and artists and actors were, in the word of Dickens, the "reddest-lettered." But there were now and again other things to be recorded. The entry for July 10th, 1762, is the following:—"This whole day I was at Guildhall. Heard the Tryal of the Cock Lane Ghost, which began at 9 in the morning and continued to $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 in the evening, when the Revd. Mr. Moore, Mr. James Parsons, his wife, and Frazier were found guilty." He goes of course to see the lions at the Tower, and pays a visit to "Bethlem"; when May arrives he is punctual in securing an early view of the Artistic Exhibition in Spring Gardens and that in Pall Mall; he hears the famous and often-repeated

“Lecture on Heads”; sees Astley’s equestrian performances and Lunardi’s ascent in the air balloon; witnesses at Sadler’s Wells the dancing of Grimaldi; attends the trial of Mr. Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall; is present in the Abbey at the Handel Jubilee; takes part in thanksgiving services and public rejoicings for the King’s recovery; listens to debates in the House of Lords and the House of Commons (Can any one tell me offhand what was “Mr. Glyn’s motion” and what became of it?); listens to other debates at the Robin Hood Society on such grave questions as “Whether Human Reason alone is capable of conducting us through all the Moral Duties of Life?” and “Is Good Friday a Day of Joy or Sorrow?” He gazes at the procession of convicted criminals on their way from Newgate to execution; and on one quite crimson-lettered day—it was the 1st August, 1770—he writes at night:—“Went with Bailey to see the execution of Jn^o. Stretton at Tyburn. After, to Westm^r Abbey. Even^g at H. M. (Haymarket). Saw the ‘Lame Lover and Midas.’”

On Sunday mornings, afternoons, and evenings Isaac Reed was still on pleasure bent—or pleasure, let us say, united with profit. He was liberal in his ecclesiastical sympathies. Dr. Porteus, Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, Bishop Warburton, but more frequently than any of these Archbishop Secker found in him an attentive listener. Perhaps Dr. Dodd, forger and divine, with whom Reed had some personal relations, was his favourite Anglican preacher. But the Rev. Dr. Fordyce, an acquaintance of Johnson, a poet as well as an eloquent

preacher, often drew him to a Presbyterian church; at a Methodist Meeting House he heard a fervent Anglican divine, Mr. Romaine, discourse; once at least he attended a silent meeting of Friends; and once he dared to enter what he terms "a Popish Chappel."

Six days as against one, however, gave the stage heavy odds against the pulpit, and, indeed, "exemplary character" as Nichols calls him, and as in fact Reed was, with his advancing years theatrical performances and the round of dining-out with distinguished friends leave scanty space for his record of Sunday services and sermons. The names of every distinguished actor and actress, and those of many who never rose above subordinate parts, appear upon his manuscript pages. Garrick, Sheridan, Barry, Woodward, Foote, Weston, Shuter, Young, Kemble, Henderson, Macklin, Wilkinson, Bannister, Palmer, Cibber, Pritchard, Bellamy, Pope, Abington, Baddeley, Siddons, and among vocalists Catley, Linley, the "Messiah Singers," the "Spirituale Singers," and many others appear and reappear. Among Reed's "first nights" of the performance of pieces which are still a part of literature were January 29th, 1768, when 'The Good-natured Man' was given at Covent Garden, and Goldsmith wept and swore that he would never write again, for the success was not quite unqualified; and March 15th five years later, when Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds were present to applaud 'She Stoops to Conquer.' That year, the last complete year of Goldsmith's life—"that absurd creature, Goldsmith," he is styled by Reed,—was one of

triumph; his new play was presented at the Haymarket as well as at Covent Garden, and at the latter theatre 'The Good-natured Man' soon followed upon 'She Stoops to Conquer.'* Again, on May 8th, 1777, Reed was a spectator when, on a first night, 'The School for Scandal' had its dazzling victory. With Garrick in all his leading parts Reed was well acquainted, and on June 10th, 1776, he saw the great actor, as Don Felix, take his farewell of the stage. Somewhat later he breakfasts and dines with Mr. Garrick. The 'Biographia Dramatica' of 1762, founded on Baker's 'Companion to the Playhouse,' had evidently an editor qualified by theatrical tastes and experience in Isaac Reed; he collected materials for an enlarged edition, but that which appeared in 1812, some years after his death, was the work of Stephen Jones.

The early hours of the eighteenth century gave ample time for after-dinner talk before the playhouse opened. Through the booksellers and publishers, Newberry and Nichols, Dodsley and Dilly, through the actors Macklin and Henderson, and at Enfield through Richard Gough, the antiquary, Reed made his entry into society. That was a pleasant gathering on March 23rd, 1788, at Mr. Malone's, when he dined with Johnson's friend Bennet Langton, Dr. Farmer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Kemble; and that again, on Shakespeare's birthday, two years later, when Alderman Boydell was the host. In that year, 1790, the artistic alderman was elected Lord Mayor, and his

* I assume that Reed's entries as to plays and theatres may be trusted.

Shakespeare Gallery was receiving many additions; among the guests at dinner were West, and Sandby and Sir Joshua. Again two years, and Reed was one of the mourners at Sir Joshua's funeral at St. Paul's. With George Steevens he seems to have become intimate about 1777; the first mention of Farmer in the manuscript jottings occurs, I think, in the spring of 1782. When the Master of Emmanuel College came up to town he would often dine with Reed and accompany him to the theatre. Their passion for old books was a bond of friendship, not a ground for rivalry. On March 18th, 1791, they went together to see "Madame D'Éon's library"—Madame D'Éon being the famous epicene Chevalier.* Both were welcome guests at Steevens' house, the "Upper Flask," at Hampstead. On August 17th, 1790, occurs an entry of interest: "Went with Mr. Steevens to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, to search for the body of Milton. Found what was supposed to [be] him."† On January 22nd, 1800, Steevens died. Reed attended the funeral of his friend at Poplar Chapel. The clergyman of Poplar, the clergyman of Hampstead, an apothecary, a Mr. Nettleship, and "Little Meen," as Steevens used to call him, a poet, a prebendary, and classical scholar, together with Reed himself, were present. In his note of the event Reed adds the aspiration "*requiescat in pace*," which had a special propriety in the case of one who while he lived could not

* Mlle. D'Éon, in the catalogue of the library, is "*Chevalière*," and a preface gives a narrative of her "very extraordinary case," as the title calls it.

† For an account of the exhumation see 'N. and Q.,' 7th series, ix, 361—364.

easily keep the peace. Six months later he went (June 12th) "to Poplar Chapel with Mr. Flaxman, the Statuary, Mr. Long and Mr. Braithwaite, to fix on a place for Mr. Steevens's monument." The monument—a bas-relief portrait—was the work of Flaxman. The entry for September 20th of that year indicates for Reed the beginning of the end: "From this day to Christmas Day confined with a paralytick affection, which during the greater part of the time incapacitated me from assisting myself even in the slightest manner." He recovered, however, resumed his dinings-out, and before the end arrived did much work, as is evidenced by the 'Variorum Shakespeare' of 1803.

In summer and early autumn Reed sometimes went for short excursions abroad—now to St. Omer and Dunkirk, now to Ghent and Bruges and Brussels, and once to Holland. More frequently his holiday was spent in his own country. He was an early follower of the poet Gray—the interval was only three years—in visiting the English lakes. Sometimes Tunbridge Wells or Bath contented him. In 1796, on his way to Bath, he stopped at Reading, and records that he bought some books from Mrs. Smart, widow of the unhappy poet whose 'Song to David' has been so enthusiastically praised by Robert Browning and Dante Rossetti. In the biography of Sheridan by Mr. Fraser Rae, it is stated that Sheridan's verses entitled 'Clio's Protest, or the Picture Varnished,' were written as an answer to 'The Bath Picture,' by Mr. Miles Peter Andrews, a minor dramatist to whom Gifford deals hard measure in 'The Baviad.' Mr. Fraser Rae has probably excel-

lent evidence for his statement, but it may be worth putting on record the gossip heard at Bath by Reed. "Palmer and Oliver talking of a Captain Rice, who had been a poet and insane, Palmer mentioned a poetical piece by him called 'The Picture,' which was followed by another by Mr. Sheridan called 'The Picture Varnished.' Query, Where is the last to be found?" In answer to the query it may be said that Sheridan's verses, which include the well-known lines—

"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's damned hard reading,"

may be found in the first volume of 'The New Foundling Hospital for Wit.'

With Bath in the eighteenth century we are all familiar. We are not so intimately acquainted with the health resorts of Derbyshire. In the autumn of 1766 Isaac Reed stayed at Matlock and Buxton, and he gives a detailed account of all the wonders of the Peak. He speaks with an eighteenth-century townsman's feeling of the awful mountains among which Matlock is lodged: "The Prospect, though confined, is the most romantick imaginable, the Mountains on all sides being so extreemly lofty that they at once strike the Imagination with horror and delight." The residence and bath-house is carefully described. "This Place," he goes on, "is conducted in a different manner from any other place of Publick Entertainment, it belonging to Eight Gentlemen in the County, who about the year 1746 took a Lease of it, and have ever since managed it by their Servants. The Expenses are small, no more than

8d. being paid for breakfast, 1s. for Dinner, 6d. for Supper, and nothing being demanded on account of Lodging, and the Attendance and Accommodation [being] both good this may be considered as the cheapest Place of Publick Resort as well as that at which you may reside with the most Ease and Satisfaction." In the Long Room, at dinner and supper, "all the Company compose one Family, the Gentlemen sitting at one side of the Table, and the Ladies opposite to them on the other." Half way up the ascent, on the other side of the Derwent, across which a ferry conveyed parties of twelve or sixteen, was a resting place where they might "drink Tea," and if "attended by Musick," enjoy a more composite pleasure. "The Sound of Musick among these Rocks," says Reed, "is beyond Expression charming."

The description of Buxton is less attractive: "From the miserable appearance of Buxton it could hardly be supposed that it would [be] chosen as a place of Residence by any Persons except those who are drawn thither by Motives of Health. Yet in the Summer Season I am informed it is much frequented as a Place of Entertainment. It is situate in the midst of a very barren desert Country, the buildings (except the Inns) are despicably mean, and there appears nothing to recommend it as a Place of Diversion."

Reed's autumnal visits to Emmanuel College seem to have begun in the year 1782. The first of the diaries appropriated to a memorial of these visits is named by the writer "A Specimen of a History of a Man's importance to Himself;" later note-books are

headed "More Proofs of a Man's Importance to Himself," and "Self Importance." On the evening before starting for Cambridge Reed ordinarily made his way by coach or on foot from his rooms in Staple Inn to the house of George Steevens at Hampstead. "I left Staple Inn," he writes (September 13th, 1790) "at 11 o'clock, and at Middle Row met with Boswell, who told me Malone would finish his edition of Shakespeare in a fortnight. Then went to the Shakespeare Gallery"—he means that of Alderman Boydell—"to meet Mr. Steevens, with whom and with Mr. Dodsley I remained some time in conversation. Walked with Mr. Steevens to Hampstead. Dined and Slept there." The sheets of Boydell's Shakespeare, which Steevens revised, followed Reed to Cambridge, and had the benefit of his proof-reading. A scholar's wardrobe, conveyed to the "Upper Flask" and meant for display at the university, was not extensive; the most important items in Reed's list of 1793 are "1 suit of Black Cloaths, 7 Ruffled Shirts, 6 Stocks, 1 Wig," with his shaving box and razors. On one occasion, however, an addition had to be made at Cambridge of "black buckles for the mourning for the Duke of Cumberland." Next morning the friends would start early, either in a chaise or the Cambridge Fly, and on the way would breakfast at Epping, or Ware, or Wade's Mill. They were usually in the rooms at Emmanuel College, assigned to each of them, by the afternoon. Reed, unlike his learned and lazy host, the Master, was an early riser. About six o'clock he was commonly out of bed, and, before breakfast in his rooms, walked, if the morning was fine, in the

Fellows' Garden. A second breakfast about ten o'clock with Dr. Farmer was not infrequent. Then followed visits to colleges, hours in the libraries, calls at Deighton's shop or at those of other book-sellers, with the inevitable purchase of books or pamphlets. Dinner, unless invitations took Mr. Reed and Mr. Steevens elsewhere, was in Hall or at the Master's table. And by and by they drank tea and played cards, at which last Reed seems to have been highly favoured by fortune, for he records his winnings on one occasion of five shillings, and on another of four. "Concluded in the parlour," commonly brings to an end the record of each day.

Sturbridge Fair, or, as one finds it both in print and manuscript, Stirbitch Fair enlivened Cambridge and its neighbourhood in September. Reed was seldom absent when each year the civic and university authorities on the 18th of that month proclaimed the fair. On the completion of the ceremony he and the Master would dine in the proctor's booth, or, entering some other hospitable booth, would mix with London tradesmen in eating oysters. Nor was the Puritanic casuistry of "Zeal-of-the-land Busy" needed, as in Jonson's play of 'Bartholomew Fair,' to justify the eating of pig in the tents of the wicked. Here is the record of Tuesday, October 1st, 1782. It may, however, be observed first that Homer, who is mentioned and who consorted much with Reed, was not the author of the 'Iliad'—though the place was classic ground,—but another gentleman of the same name, a friend of Dr. Parr, and a Fellow of Emmanuel, who edited the 'Heroides of Ovid' and many other Latin works. "Breakfast at Jude's, and

then went to the Fair with Wilcox, Homer and Steevens. We were met by the Master and Mr. Nichols there," Mr. Nichols, of the 'Anecdotes,' had come down from town, "and adjourned to a Booth to eat Pork. Dined in the College Hall, and in the afternoon went with the Master and Mr. Nichols to the Theatre. Saw 'As You Like It,' and 'Tom Thumb.' Supped in the Parlour. This day has been a more than ordinary pleasant one."

Exactly a week after the fair had been proclaimed came the great day, the 25th, being Horse Fair day. Steevens and Reed, like the author of 'Venus and Adonis,' on whom they commented, were not without an eye for the points of a horse. In 1789 Reed, in company with Grosvenor Bedford, visited Ely, and called on the historian of the cathedral, James Bentham, then over eighty years of age, whom they found a "very hearty and lively" old gentleman. He showed them over the cathedral "with great intelligence and good nature," and Reed climbed "almost as high as the Lanthorn." But perhaps his enjoyment was as great when Mr. Page drove him in his chaise to Tattersall's "to see the famous horse Highflier, for which the Duke of Bedford had offered 10,000 guineas. Great as this sum is, the wonder diminishes," Reed goes on, "when I heard that he had actually produced 4,700 guineas to his owner last year, and would more the next. He is 15 years old, a stately beast, playful, who suffered himself to be led about, biting a stick in the servant's hand, and handled by us all." Twice on one of the Sturbridge Horse Fair days Reed was drawn to inspect the show, and in 1793 he and Steevens were

companions in paying a visit to the wild beasts of a travelling menagerie. Somewhat later in the day they would attend a drum, and finally, "conclude in the Parlour."

There were other important days besides September 25th. Reed seems to have regarded it as a pleasure or a duty to be present in St. Mary's at the *Concio ad Clerum* delivered by Dr. Kipling, of St. John's. It was a pleasure which many persons found it possible to deny themselves. Dr. Kipling's voice had not the vast resonance of that of a younger namesake. But he gave its origin to a word. I learn from the 'Dictionary of National Biography' that the errors of his edition of the 'Codex Bezae' and the bad Latinity of the preface were so conspicuous that in the slang of the university a "Kiplingism" came to be synonymous with a grammatical blunder. Yet he delivered successive *Conciones* and became Dean of Peterborough. In 1787 exactly nine persons listened to his *Concio*, but among the nine were Farmer, Reed, and Tyrwhitt, with another person soon to become illustrious, or at least notorious, William Frend, whose prosecution for publishing his pamphlet 'Peace and Union recommended to the Associated Bodies of Republicans and Anti-Republicans' was promoted by Kipling, while on Frend's side stood the whole body of undergraduates, and among them one was dangerously prominent, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In 1793, the year of Frend's prosecution, Dr. Kipling's Latin discourse was attended only by the Vice-Chancellor and the beadles.

In the following autumn, that of 1794, this same

undergraduate, S. T. Coleridge, was the subject of conversation among the dons who dined on October 8th with Mr. Masters at Landbeech. One of the company was the head of his College—Jesus College,—Dr. Pearce, who, Coleridge told his brother, behaved “with great asperity,” when, on April 12th of that year, he was admonished before the Fellows. In fact, Pearce seems to have made every effort to reclaim Coleridge from what he regarded as the error of his ways. It was the time of the early alliance between Southey and Coleridge—the days of golden dreams of the *Susquehanna* and *Aspheterism*. Coleridge had cut short a discussion with his friendly monitor by assuring him that he quite misconceived the position, “he was neither Jacobin nor Democrat, but a Pantisocrat.” Isaac Reed’s report of the talk at Mr. Masters’s is as follows; and no correction of its errors in a few details need here be made: “In the afternoon Dr. Pearce gave us the following account of Mr. Coleridge, who had just published a drama called ‘*The Fall of Robespierre*.’ He is one of three sons of a Devonshire clergyman; his brother, an usher at Newcome’s school, Hackney. He has imbibed the wild democratic opinions floating about at present concerning religion and politicks. He is a disciple of Godwin, the author of two quarto volumes on the foundations of religion and politicks, and like him has entertained a foolish notion that the life of man might be protracted to any length. He is an enemy to all establishments of religion, and conceives there should be no publick worship. He is also of opinion that every one should learn some mechanic art, and has accordingly put himself

an apprentice to a carpenter. He is going to America. Dr. P. said that he (C.) was in town lately, and having no money to carry him to Cambridge, he wrote a poem, an elegy, he thought, and sent it to Perry, the Editor of 'The Morning Chronicle,' offering his correspondence to the paper, and desiring the return of a guinea, which he received.* He asserts that his play was written in 8 hours. Dr. P. speaks of him as a very ingenious young man, bating these extravagant and foolish notions which he entertains." 'The Fall of Robespierre,' it will be remembered, was partly the work of Southey; the first act alone was written by Coleridge, and it runs to no more than 274 lines. Southey's two acts were written, he says, "as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse."

Four days after the opening of the Sturbridge Horse Fair came a day of collegiate importance—that in commemoration of the founder. The attendance at the service and sermon in the Chapel was always considerably smaller than that of the diners at a later function in the Hall. In the year of the talk respecting Coleridge, the congregation, as Reed notes, was "larger than usual, being at least 14 persons." Even on that distinguished day the dinner did not necessarily forbid a visit to the theatre. Although Sturbridge Fair had begun to decline, dramatic companies of merit arrived from London or from Norwich. In 1789 a new theatre, as large, according to a newspaper of that

* See J. Dykes Campbell's note on the "Elegy, imitated from Akenside," which first appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle,' Sept. 23rd, 1794.

date, as the Haymarket, was opened, and on September 28th Reed had the pleasure of seeing, as Miss Hardcastle in 'She stoops to Conquer,' Miss Elizabeth Brunton, whom in Coleridge's early verses Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, claims as *her* Brunton, leaving her sister Ann, afterwards Mrs. Merry, to the Tragic Muse. The newspaper from which I have quoted goes on to inform the public that "three of the great Shakespearians, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Reed are here, and seldom miss a night; and to the honour of the actors let it be recorded that these gentlemen are liberal in their commendation." The fourth great Shakespearian, Mr. Malone, came and went, but was not a regular visitor at Emmanuel in Sturbridge Fair time. Steevens had on slight grounds found a grievance against him. The Master, however, was dear to Malone, and is described by Reed as "sitting," in 1788, "for his picture," which was to be the possession of Malone. In 1790 Steevens was suddenly summoned away from Emmanuel College by the death of an old lady, which involved him in business; but he did not forget his friends at Cambridge, and a haunch of venison, in good time for the feast of the Founder's Day, arrived from the absentee. On Reed's earliest visit one of his first proceedings was to view the old apartments of his friend Steevens at King's College. From one of the windows he transcribed four lines which show Steevens, who, like Reed himself, was wedded only to his library, in the unexpected character of a lover—

“’Tis hard, my Betsy, but the gods are kind,
And for the just have future joys designed,
That lovers when they part may ease their pain
With pleasing hopes of meeting once again.”

If these are his own verses they are more amiable than some others that came from his satirical pen.

On a morning of early October during several successive years the Master’s fishpond was dragged for a pike, and Reed duly records the weight of each year’s take—eight pounds, ten pounds, and, in 1792, “twelve and a half pounds.” The diversion of the eminent scholars on a morning of 1795 was that of determining bets as to “the possibility of a person going to several parts of the College blindfold.” On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Masters produced a pint bottle of malt liquor brewed in the year 1688, “on the occasion of the birth of a Mr. Simpson, formerly [*i. e.* before Reed’s time] one of the beadles. It had little taste of malt liquor, rather of wine. It had not lost its strength.” Such incidents as these formed interludes in the almost unceasing round of examining old books, copying manuscripts, and adding new acquisitions to the overflowing library gathered in the rooms at Staple Inn.

During Reed’s visit to Emmanuel of the year 1786, at a dinner given by the Master of Christ’s College, Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, was among the guests. He had held from 1764 to 1771 the Professorship of Chemistry at Cambridge. Early in 1765 Dr. Johnson, with his friend Topham Beauclerk, visited the university. Boswell’s account of this visit is chiefly drawn from a letter of Dr. John

Sharp quoted in 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' a letter reprinted in full by that indefatigable Johnsonian, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, in his annotated edition of Boswell. I have not looked into Watson's 'Anecdotes' to ascertain whether he there notices the proceedings of Johnson on this occasion, and shall be content to quote a passage from Reed's manuscript: "Dr. Watson mentioned Dr. Johnson's visit to Cambridge and his behaviour to himself. On his coming to the Laboratory of the Chymistry Professor, Dr. Watson asked him if he should shew some experiments of curiosity as for Ladies or such as were more calculated for Philosophers. A rough answer ensued, and a process was exhibited with which the Dr. expressed himself both satisfied and surprized, and wondered he had not been able to do it himself. In the evening Dr. Farmer, whose guest he was, had invited Dr. Watson, Dr. Lort and some others to spend the evening with him. Dr. Johnson after supper took up a Candle and left the company for two hours to themselves, and went into the Library. On his return the Company were about to depart. Dr. Watson observed, however, that he uttered one sentence for which he excused all his rudeness, as it was strong and forcible, and deserved to be remembered as well as his other Bon Mots. Speaking of the addiction of Country Squires to Rural Sports and Diversions in preference to other pursuits, he said—"Sir, I have found out the reason of it, and the reason is that they feel the vacuity which is within them less when they are in motion than when they are at rest.'"* It may be added

* Croker, in his edition of 'Boswell,' records this utterance in nearly

that during two hours of the evening on which this conversation took place Mr. Isaac Reed and the Bishop of Clonfert endeavoured to forget the vacuity that was in them over a game of cards. In 1783, some time after Johnson's stroke of palsy, he was visited by Murphy, who found the Doctor engaged in reading Watson's 'Chymistry': "Articulating with difficulty, he said, 'From this book he who knows nothing may learn a great deal, and he who knows will be pleased to find his knowledge recalled to his mind in a manner highly pleasing.'"

The evidence for a gruesome story about the body of Laurence Sterne has been questioned. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has exhibited that evidence, and though the following, from Reed's diary of October 12th, 1787, adds nothing to what has been related, it is perhaps worth quoting as a piece of testimony: "After breakfast went with the Master, Professor Harwood [Professor of Anatomy] and Malone to see the Anatomy Schools. . . . Concluded the day with the family [of] Dr. Harwood. Present Dr. Farmer, Mr. Masters, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Wilcox, Mr. Malone, Dr. Harwood and myself. In the course of the evening Dr. Farmer said that he was informed by Dr. Collignon, deceased, that the body of Mr. Sterne had been sent down to Cambridge and was anatomized. It was stolen from the burying-ground beyond Tyburn, where it was interred, and was recognized by several persons who knew him. I remember Becket the Bookseller once told me that he and, I think, another were the only persons who attended

the same words. He says that Johnson was "tired by his previous exertions, and would not talk."

the Funeral. Mr. Stevenson Hall [*i. e.* John Hall-Stevenson], the Author of ‘Crazy Tales’ was applied to, but refused to attend or give himself the least concern about his deceased friend’s body.” When this story was related by Dr. Farmer, twenty years and upwards had passed since the publication of ‘Tristram Shandy.’ Farmer had been guilty of what George Eliot called the most gratuitous form of folly—a prophecy. “However much it may be talked about at present,” said he, speaking of Sterne’s great piece of fantasy and humour, “in the course of twenty years, should anyone wish to refer to it, he will be obliged to go to an antiquary.”

A yet more gruesome story is related of a contemporary of Sterne, and to this incident that invaluable treasury the ‘Dictionary of National Biography,’ which devotes a couple of columns to Robert Butts, Bishop successively of Norwich and Ely, makes no allusion. Before transcribing my citation from Reed, it may be worth while to note that the date of Farmer’s birth as given in the ‘Dictionary’ and the date given by Farmer himself, as recorded by Reed, are not in agreement. The ‘Dictionary,’ following Nichols’s ‘Anecdotes,’ gives the date, August 28th, 1735. On Tuesday, October 5th, 1790, Reed enters in his diary: “Dr. Farmer said this evening he was born 4th May, 1735.” “Dined in the Hall,” the diarist writes on October 11th, 1790. “The conversation turning on Bishop Butts, Mr. Cory said he had heard from Mr. Masters that that Prelate had been buried before he was dead, and Mr. Hardy had been told to the same effect by Mrs. Owen, the Bishop’s daughter. The fact seems

to have been as follows: The bishop had the Gout, and was in the habit of taking laudanum. By a mistake a greater quantity was administered than was intended, and he to appearance died. The body was delivered to the undertaker, put into the Coffin, and closed up. On the night preceding the funeral a person who slept in the adjoining Room thought she heard a noise and persisted in her assertion; the coffin was opened, the body found turned on its face and the elbows bruised." A pompous inscription glorified the bishop's monument in Ely Cathedral, but, according to Cole, his chief merit was that of "hallooing at elections."*

Another note-book of Reed's contains "Anecdotes of Celebrated Persons," including an account of Horace Walpole's relations with the poet Chatterton, as communicated by Walpole to Reed in a conversation of February, 1777; Glover's reminiscences of the author of 'The Spleen'; Lord Mansfield's anecdotes of Pope, and various odds and ends of which the greater part have in some form found their way into print. From one of these records it is pleasant to learn that Steevens—Johnson had called him "mischievous," but would not allow that he was "malignant"—was admitted to see the Doctor while he was still suffering from the stroke of palsy of June, 1783, and that Johnson confided to him the same details of his composing in Latin verse a prayer that his understanding might be spared which appear in the well-known letter to Mrs. Thrale.

* The 'Dictionary of National Biography' makes the bishop over sixty years old when he married his second wife, whose age was twenty-three. His age was in fact fifty-one.

Possibly it may add something to what is known to mention that Dodsley told Reed that Sterne received the sum of £250 for the first two volumes of ‘Tristram Shandy,’ for which Dodsley himself, before they were printed at York, had—as is known—refused to give fifty pounds. In the copy of the poem ‘The Sick Monkey’ in the Bodleian Library is a manuscript note by Reed stating that he had learnt from Garrick that he was the author of this attack upon himself. But perhaps the following—with which I shall end—may give somewhat fuller information than the Bodleian note: “26 Febr'y, 1777. I received from Mr. Garrick a Poem I had lent him entitled ‘The Sick Monkey, A Fable,’ Quarto, 1765, and which he informed me he was the Author of himself. The occasion of writing it was this. Being at Paris studying la Fontaine he wrote this imitation of that author and sent it to Mr. Colman in order to be ready to publish as soon as he arrived. The imposition succeeded, and his friends were very angry at this supposed attack upon him, which they spoke of to him as equally cruel and indecent, The Design to it was by Gravelot.”

The sale catalogue of Reed’s library, in which his portrait appears, in an “advertisement,” speaks of the number, the accuracy, and the interest of the notes which he prefixed to many of his books. It adds a character of the collector of the books which is written without extravagant eulogy. It speaks of his generous communication of his knowledge to his fellow scholars. “He was, indeed,” says the writer, “a most friendly man; endeared to all who

knew him by his unassuming manners, his instructive conversation, and his honest heart. He was stern, and justly stern, only when he detected in others the violation of truth, and observed sophistry assuming the place of argument. With an independent spirit he displayed also a truly modest and retired disposition; surrounded with books and content with a very moderate income, to him, as Prospero says, 'his library was dukedom large enough.'” The sale of his library kept collectors on the watch during thirty-nine days.

EDMUND SPENSER.

BY PERCY W. AMES, LL.D., F.S.A., SECRETARY R.S.L.

[Read April 27th, 1904.]

To the question "What is a great poet?" a French poet gave the answer "A passage through which the wind blows." We cannot agree with that definition, whether it means divine inspiration or only that he is the product of his times. A poet is more than a transmitter of current thought; more than the resultant of the forces of his age, or than its mere focussing reflector. Those impressions which build up human experience become in the plexus of the poet a vast field of creation, combination and projection. Ordinarily these impressions and their transformations repose in the labyrinths of the mind at the best like faithfully kept archives of our intellectual and emotional past, but in the great poet they are always alive and alert, and at times of exaltation pour themselves forth in a copious flood. Why do we continue to direct attention to the great masters whose supremacy is assured, and to works recognised as imperishable? There comes a period of life to each of us when, as Sainte-Beuve says, "there is no keener pleasure than to study and deepen the things we know, to relish what we taste, just as when you behold again and again the people

you love: purest delight of the mature mind and taste. You stand by your friends, by those who have been proved by a long connection. Old wine, old books, old friends.”

Edmund Spenser, the second of the bright beacons that mark the various epochs of English poetry, has been called the poet's poet, not merely because he is the most poetical of poets but because he has trained more poets in their art than any other English writer.

Being the first great poet after Chancer and often compared to him by his contemporaries, the two are inevitably associated in our minds. We note their similarities and differences, and endeavour as we read them to apportion to each kind of greatness its superiority and influence. Chancer was of the active, dramatic, and objective genius; Spenser of the contemplative, philosophical, and subjective. Of sources of information about them there are two, one external and circumstantial, the less valuable, and the other their writings. It may be well at the outset to indicate published sources of information about Spenser, before attempting to sketch his life and works.

The earliest biographical notice of the poet is extremely brief, and was written in Latin by Camden in 1606 in a general notice of the monuments in Westminster Abbey: “Edmund Spenser, of London, unmistakably the first of the English poets of our age, as his poems prove, written under the smiles of the Muses, and with an enduring genius. He died prematurely in the year of salvation 1598, and is buried near Geoffrey Chancer, who was the first

most happily to set forth poetry in English writing, and on him were written these epitaphs :

Here nigh to Chaucer Spenser lies ; to whom
In genius next he was, as now in tomb.

Here nigh to Chaucer, Spenser, stands thy hearse,
Still nearer standst thou to him in thy verse.
Whilst thou didst live, lived English poetry ;
Now thou art dead, it fears that it shall die."

Translated by John W. Hales.

In this year also was published 'A Discourse of Civill Life, containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie,' by Lodovick Bryskett. In the very interesting introduction to this pamphlet there is a pleasant picture of a party of friends, all distinguished Englishmen in the Irish service, among whom was Spenser, met together at a cottage near Dublin. Professor Hales puts the date of this meeting in or about the year 1582, but Dean Church has pointed out that Dr. Long, primate of Armagh, who was present and so described, was only appointed in the summer of 1584 ; but leaving the question of the precise time of the notable gathering, its real interest lies in the recorded statement of Spenser of his purpose in writing "The Faerie Queene," and in the evidence afforded of the high esteem in which he was held by those present. In the month of April, 1619, Wm. Drummond, also a poet, entertained Ben Jonson at Hawthornden, and made notes of his guest's conversations. "Spenser's stanzas pleased him not. . . . He told that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little

child burnt, he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King Street; he refused twenty pieces sent him by my Lord Essex, and said he was sure he had no time to spend them." In Camden's 'History of Queen Elizabeth,' published in 1628, that distinguished antiquary says with reference to Spenser, ". . . by a fate which follows poets, he always wrestled with poverty." In 1633 Sir James Ware published Spenser's prose work on the 'State of Ireland,' and prefaced it by a eulogistic reference to the poet. In Fuller's 'Worthies of England,' published in 1662, he says:—"There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil, her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the Queen's money) alledged that was too much, 'Then give him,' quoth the Queen, 'what is reason;' to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward, whereupon he presented this petition in a small piece of paper to the Queen in her progress:

'I was promis'd on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.'

"Hereupon the Queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer), for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended unto him." In 1750 Spenser's works were published

with a Life of the poet by Hughes, and in the following year Dr. Birch prefixed a Life of Spenser to his edition of "The Faerie Queene." In 1774 Charles Smith, in his 'Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Cork,' gives a description of Kilcolman, "the residence of the immortal Spenser." At that time the castle was almost level with the ground. In 1805 Todd issued an edition of Spenser's works in eight volumes, and in 1845 appeared Professor Craik's valuable work in three volumes entitled 'Spenser and his Poetry.' From 1882 to 1884 appeared in ten volumes the Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart's edition, and this brings us down to the period of the cheapest and also the best, the Aldine edition with Life by Collier, and the Globe edition with Memoir by Prof. John W. Hales, and Dean Church's 'Spenser' in the 'English Men of Letters.' In 1867 the Spenser Society was founded, and has contributed to the study by printing *inter alia* the works of Spenser's contemporaries, Heywood, Taylor, Wither, Drayton and others. Among works not specially devoted to Spenser, but containing valuable references and criticisms, may be mentioned Hallam's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe'; Henry Morley's 'First Sketch of English Literature'; and Dr. Morell's 'English Literature'; and particularly 'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise,' par H. Taine, Tome premier.

Edmund Spenser was born in London, in East Smithfield, in 1552. We know nothing of his father, but his claim to belong to a noble family, the Spencers of Althorpe, was apparently admitted. He refers to these details in the "Prothalamion."

“At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
 That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of auncient fame.”

From one of his later sonnets we learn that his mother bore the famous name of Elizabeth, the name also of his wife.

“Most happy letters! fram’d by skilfull trade,
 With which that happy name was first desynd,
 The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
 With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From mother’s womb deriv’d by dew descent:
 The second is my soveraigne Queene most kind,
 That honour and large richesse to me lent:
 The third, my love, my lifes last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was raysted;
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
 Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.”

From a curious MS. published in 1877 it was discovered that Spenser was one of those benefited by a bountiful London citizen, Robert Nowell, and that he was sent as one of the earliest pupils to the newly-founded Merchant Taylors’ School in Suffolk Lane, under Dr. Richard Mulcaster. At the age of seventeen he entered Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, as a sizar. In the same year, 1569, we find traces of his earliest literary associations. S. John van der Noodt, a refugee from Brabant, published a curious compilation entitled, ‘A Theatre wherein be repre-

sented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the Voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God.' This formidable production finds itself mentioned in a literary lecture because it contained translations of six of the Visions of Petrarch and some other pieces which, as it transpired later, was the earliest published work of Edmund Spenser. Two interesting friendships were formed at Cambridge; one with Edward Kirke, also a sizar at Pembroke. This is the E. K. who wrote the epistle and the Glosse which accompanied the anonymous "Shepherd's Calender," and he wins the respect and liking of all lovers of Spenser by his high and confident estimate of the genius of his friend at the outset of his poetical career. "But I dout not," he writes, "so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best." "Kiste" refers to Chaucer's "Uncouth, unkiste." Kirke not only shows his splendid insight by putting Spenser side by side with Chaucer, "the loadstar of our language"; he further reveals himself as a conspicuous champion of the English language at a time when it was the fashion to treat it with little respect. "In my opinion," he says, "it is one special prayse of many, whych are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben longtyme out of use, and almost cleane

disherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both." The other friend, and to whom E. K.'s epistle is addressed, was Gabriel Harvey, who, after being a Fellow of Pembroke, became a lecturer on rhetoric at Trinity Hall. This faithful friend, who was undoubtedly attached to Spenser and genuinely interested in him, had for a short time an unfortunate influence on his style. It was one of the graces of Spenser's character to have a warm admiration for his friends, and this led him to sympathise with their literary views even if his finer judgment forced him later to abandon them. The classical enthusiasm of Harvey and the prevailing pedantry and affectations were in favour of the foolish attempt to put English poetry in a classical dress. Philip Sidney, Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville also wished to fit English words to the rules of the classical hexameter of six dactyls and spondees. Judging from the extraordinary results of Spenser's own endeavours, we need not wonder at Thomas Nash's scornful criticism of Harvey's fantastic feats in this direction. He accuses him "of having writ verse in all kinds, as in form of a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, a pair of spectacles, a two-handed sword, a poynado, a colossus, a pyramid, a painter's easel, a market-cross, a trumpet, an anchor, a pair of pot-hooks." Professor Hales says, "The language seemed to groan and shriek at the agonies and contortions to which it was subjected." Gabriel Harvey was the eldest of four sons of a

prosperous rope-maker at Saffron Walden. In July, 1878, Queen Elizabeth visited Audley End, which is near Saffron Walden, and Harvey wrote a series of Latin poems entitled "*Gratulationes Waldenses*," celebrating persons and events of the Royal visit. The Queen is reported in one of these to have said to Leicester, "Tell me, is it settled that you send this man to Italy and France?" "It is," said he. "That's well," she replied, "for already he has an Italian face. . . . I should hardly have taken him for an Englishman." This refers to Harvey's dark complexion which Nash, in that spiteful spirit in which he and Greene conducted literary quarrels, compared to rancid bacon. The steady affection and honour in which Spenser continued to hold him mark a friendship which was a credit and glory to both. In 1586 Spenser addressed this sonnet to him :

"To the Right Worshipful, my singular good Friend,
M. Gabriel Harvey, Doctor of the Laws.

"Harvey, the happy above happiest men
I read; that, sitting like a looker on
Of this world's stage, dost note with critic pen
The sharp dislikes of each condition;
And, as one careless of suspicion,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great;
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat;
But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat,
Like a great lord of peerless liberty;
Lifting the good up to high honour's seat,
And the evil damning ever more to die;
For life and death is in thy doomful writing;
So thy renown lives ever by enditing.

"Your devoted friend, during life,
"EDMUND SPENSER."

After taking his Master's degree in 1576 Spenser left Cambridge, and proceeded to the North, somewhere on the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and here the London-bred scholar came in contact with the rude speech and manners of rough country life, which, like a true son of genius, he rapidly assimilated and used to give local colour to his first important work. A sorrow was experienced here which affected him nearly all his life and gave a special direction to his creative powers. This was an unrequited intense affection for a young lady whom he made famous under the title of "Rosalind, the Widow's daughter of the Glen." "A feigned name," says Kirke, "which being well ordered will bewray the very name of hys love and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth," but ingenious attempts to solve the anagram have not succeeded in identifying the lady. She evidently appreciated Spenser's powers although she rejected him as a lover. Harvey wrote: "Gentle Mistress Rosalind once reported him to have all the intelligences at commandment; and at another christened him her *Signior Pegaso*." This fair unknown was then the means of stirring and exciting in the susceptible young poet the wondrous passion of love, in which element his imagination thereafter moulded its most beautiful and characteristic creations.

Spenser's earliest work, "The Shepheard's Calendar," was written about this time, that is, during that somewhat obscure interval between his quitting Cambridge and reappearing in London. It was published anonymously at the end of 1579, though the verses inscribing it to Sir Philip Sidney are

signed *Inmerito*, which had already been used as Spenser's pen-name. The title was common and well known as given to an often reprinted "medley of astrology and homely receipts," the Moore's Almanack of the time. In Spenser's work the idea was to adapt a pastoral to every month of the year, but the poet did not consistently observe the season. In this favourite species of composition it was customary to make the shepherds talk in the language of courtiers, but Spenser made the dialogue in appropriate rude speech. This method evidently appeared to Philip Sidney as a doubtful novelty. "That same framing of his style in an old rustic language I dare not allow," he says, "sith neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Samazar in Italian did affect it." The later splendours of "The Faerie Queene" completely eclipse the earlier and lesser work which, to borrow the gay phrase of Madame de Sévigné, was only as "a breakfast for the sun"; but we can understand and sympathise with its warm welcome by men of taste, for nothing of equal excellence had appeared for a hundred and eighty years. Neither the subjects treated nor the system of composition is attractive, but it was at once perceived that these pastorals had the swing, the command, the opulent resource of the real poet, whose thought and language flowed without effort in an ample stream. There was a refinement as well as vigour, and the rich imagination was expressed in a sweet music which lifted the poem to a height that had never been reached since Chaucer's time, and as the language of the earlier poet had already become unfamiliar, to the majority of readers

“The Shepheard’s Calender” would appear as an altogether new and delightful experience. Although these twelve Aeglogues * were begun in the North of England they were completed in the South, probably at Penshurst, the home of Philip Sidney. To this “noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chevalrie,” “one of the very diamonds of Her Majesty’s Court,” Spenser became known through the good offices of his friend Harvey, and so began another deeply interesting friendship in the life of our poet. The magnetic attraction which Sidney seems to have possessed over and above his multifarious gifts and accomplishments, which gave a fire and a sweetness to his enthusiasms and courtesies, seems to have been felt by all. This is how William the Silent spoke of him in a message to the Queen, when Sidney was only twenty-four years of age. “He had had much experience, had seen various times and things and persons, but he protested that Her Majesty had in Mr. Philip Sidney one of the ripest and greatest statesmen that he knew of in all Europe. If Her Majesty would but try the young man, the Prince would stake his own credit upon the issue of his friend’s employment about any business, either with the allies or with the enemies of England.”

Spenser thus refers to him in “The Ruines of Time,” addressed to the Countess of Pembroke, Sidney’s sister :

* From the “Generall Argument of the whole Booke” we read : “They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Aeglogai*, as it were *αἶγών*, or *αἶγονόμων λογοι*, that is Goteheards tales.”

“It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
 Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
 Safe in the bosome of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

* * * *

Most gentle spirite, breathed from above
 Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
 Appeared in their native propertis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his
 With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
 Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite, full of power divine
 And influence of all celestially grace,
 Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime,
 Fled back too soone unto his native place;
 Too soone for all that did his love embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

* * * *

O noble spirite! live there ever blessed,
 The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy;
 Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
 With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds annoy!
 But, where thou dost that happines enjoy,
 Bid me, O! bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.”

Spenser's high admiration for him is shown in numberless ways, and in addition to odes and elegies which had Sidney specially for subject, he had him in mind when he pictured the Kingly Warrior in

whom was to be summed up in a magnificent unity the diversified graces of other men. Sidney appears to have gained for him the good will and patronage of his uncle the Earl of Leicester: "The worthy whom she (*i. e.* faire Eliza) loveth best, That first the White Bear to the stake did bring." It was this patronage that brought Spenser his few steps of advancement and fortune, and which intensified the jealous dislike of Burghley, who was no lover of poets. The different places and circumstances in which "The Shepheard's Calender" was composed no doubt are accountable to some extent for its diverse features and subjects. Books i, vi, and xii treat specially of his own disappointment in love; ii, viii, and x are of a more general character, having old age, a poetry combat (a delectable controversie), and the "perfect paterne of a Poete" for their subjects; iii deals with love matters; iv celebrates "fayre Elisa, Queene of shepherdes all"; v, vii, and ix discuss Protestant and Catholic, Anglican and Puritan questions; xi is an elegy upon the "death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido." Occasionally Spenser appears as the reformer, as he mentions various wrongs that needed righting, and condemns luxury and self-seeking among the higher clergy.

"To kerke the narre, from God more farre,
Has been an old-say'd sawe,
And he that strives to touch a starre,
Oft stumbles at a strawe."

In the character of "Thomalin" he draws lessons from one *Algrind*, in which name the syllables are

transposed of Grindal the Archbishop, who was then under the Queen's heavy displeasure for acts heartily approved by Spenser, who had the manly courage to risk the danger of expressing sympathy for him in his disgrace. "The Shepheard's Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall December 5th, 1579. Spenser had already begun "The Faerie Queene," and had submitted it to Harvey for his judgment and advice. He had also sent him about the same time "Nine Comedies," and it was evident, as Dean Church says, "He was standing at the parting of the ways. The allegory with all its tempting associations and machinery, with its ingenuities and pictures, and boundless license to vagueness and to fancy, was on one side; and on the other, the drama, with its *prima facie* and superficially prosaic aspects, and its kinship to what was customary and commonplace and unromantic in human life." It is evident that Gabriel Harvey thought highly of the comedies, which unfortunately are hopelessly lost, and, at this time, he had little appreciation of "The Faerie Queene." In April, 1580, he wrote, "To be plain, I am void of all judgment, if your 'Nine Comedies' come not nearer Ariosto's comedies than that Elvish Queen doth to his Orlando Furioso, which notwithstanding you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters." Harvey then proceeds to argue in favour of the dramatic way, and concludes as follows:—"But I will not stand greatly with you in your own matters. If so be 'The Faerie Queene' be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin run

away with the garland from Apollo: mark what I say, and yet I will not say that I thought, but there is an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some angel put you in a better mind." But, as we know, what Harvey considered as the better mind did not come, and Spenser found his greatest powers in the direction wherein had already set the current of his inward thoughts and fancies. Now, however, Spenser was to undergo a remarkable change of scene and experience. In 1580 Lord Grey of Wilton, the newly-appointed Lord-Deputy, took the "new poet," as he was called, to Ireland with him as his Secretary. And then as Dean Church effectively says, "The Cambridge student, the follower of country life in Lancashire or Kent, the scholar discussing with Philip Sidney and corresponding with Gabriel Harvey about classical metres and English rimes; the shepherd poet, Colin Clout, delicately fashioning his innocent pastorals, his love complaints, or his dexterous panegyrics or satires; the courtier, aspiring to shine in the train of Leicester before the eyes of the great Queen,—found himself transplanted into a wild and turbulent savagery, where the elements of civil society hardly existed, and which had the fatal power of drawing into its own evil and lawless ways the English who came into contact with it." We may be sure Spenser was not corrupted or perverted in any way by it. He continued faithful to his ideal; but it greatly enlarged his experience; it brought him into contact with new types of character; it showed him real and actual warfare between the living knights from Gloriana's realm, and the rebel Irish

with irregular Spanish and Italian allies; and to Spenser there was no shadow of doubt that the English represented single-hearted devotion to truth and order, religion and good government, and that their enemies on the contrary were the embodiments of vices and falsehoods, and treacherous cruelty. In that dreadful time there was no thought of conciliation or any other policy than that of ruthless repression. It was amid such conditions that "The Faerie Queene" was continued. He "could never have seen in England such a strong and perfect image of the allegory itself—with the wild wanderings of its personages, its daily chances of battle and danger, its hairbreadth escapes, its strange encounters, its prevailing anarchy and violence, its normal absence of order and law—as he had continually and customarily before him in Ireland." (*Ibid.*) There are many indications that Spenser was not happy in Ireland. He writes pathetically of England, contrasting it with his own troubled and indeed awful surroundings:

"No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
 No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
 No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
 No nightly bordrags nor no hue and cries;
 The shepheards there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
 No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger."

Lord Grey's short administration is characterised by all the horrors of the prevailing ferocious policy, and it is not surprising that he had many adverse critics in England, and left an abhorred name in

Ireland, but this is by no means inconsistent with the possession of a noble and high-minded personal character. "The good Lord Grey," says Spenser, "was most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; always known to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from sternness, far from unrighteousness." Spenser's characteristic loyalty is further illustrated by his indignant outburst in his 'Present State of Ireland' against the detractors of the Lord-Deputy, who was then dead, when "most untruely and maliciously those evil tongues backbite and slander the sacred ashes of that most just and honourable personage, whose least virtue, of many most excellent, which abounded in his heroical spirit, they were never able to aspire unto." Among the numerous sonnets to various noblemen and ladies which Spenser prefixed to "The Faerie Queene," the following was addressed to Lord Grey :

"Most Noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
 And Patrone of my Muses pupillage;
 Through whose large bountie, poured on me rife
 In the first season of my feeble age,
 I now do live bound yours by vassalage;
 Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor reave
 Out of your endlesse debt, so sure a gage,
 Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to reccave,
 Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
 Of all the rest that I am tyde t'account:
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso Mount,
 And roughly wrought in an unlearned Looome:
 The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favorable doome."

To the interesting friendships in Spenser's life

which have already been noticed, namely those with Gabriel Harvey, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Grey of Wilton, must now be added one with Sir Walter Raleigh. With that delightful and endearing gift which Spenser possessed of at once perceiving and valuing the best in each of his friends, all these seemed to him to realise his conceptions of human excellence. His genius comprehended all their characteristics and made "The Faerie Queene" reflect "their conflicts, their temptations, their weaknesses, the evils they fought with, the superiority with which they towered over meaner and poorer natures." We do not know when Raleigh and Spenser first met, but they shared the confiscated estates of the Earl of Desmond in the county of Cork, and so, as near neighbours, often visited each other. It was during one of Raleigh's visits that Spenser read to him the finished portions of "The Faerie Queene." With truer judgment than Harvey displayed Raleigh at once perceived it to be an extraordinary work of genius and urged Spenser to publish it, and with that object the two friends set out for London, and in this manner the poet was once more brought into the centre of English life. In the registers of the Stationers' Company occurs the following entry :

"Primo die Decembris (1589).

"Mr Ponsonbye—Entered for his Coppye, a book intytuled the fayrye Queene dysposed into xij bookes &c, authorysed under thandes of the Archbishop of Canterbury and bothe the Wardens. vjd."

The first three books appeared early in the following year. Their success was immediate and

lasting. Professor Hales says: "If admiration and fame were or are any compensation for his adverse fortunes such compensation was and is his in no slight measure. His wealth of language, his fine sense of melody, his abundance of fancy, his ardent patriotism, his profound sympathy with all things lovely and of good report gave him at once and have retained for him a foremost place in English literature."

One word with regard to the Spenserean stanza. To the eight-lined stanza employed by Chaucer in "The Monk's Tale," the measure and rimes of which Spenser copied exactly, he made what might be supposed a very simple addition of a ninth line. Its effect, however, shows it to have been a brilliant inspiration, for it contributes both power and music to the earlier stanza. While each of the eight lines consists of five sets of two syllables, that is an iambic pentameter, the last line contains six iambic feet and is called an Alexandrine, as being the measure of the popular French poem "Les Gestes d'Alexandre." A stanza from Chaucer, followed by one from "The Faerie Queene," will serve to illustrate the Spenserean addition:

"More delicat, more pompous of array,
 More prond was never emperour than he;
 That ilke cloth, that he had wered o day,
 After that tyme he nolde it never see.
 Nettes of gold-thred hadde he gret plentee
 To fisse in Tybre, whan him liste pleye.
 His lustes were al lawe in his decree,
 For fortune as his freend him wolde obeye."
 ("The Monke's Tale.")

And now Spenser :

“Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed :
 All good and honour might therein be red,
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweet wordes like dropping honny she did shed ;
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.”
 (Book II, canto 3, stanza xxiv.)

Pope mocked this measure when it was imitated by writers who lacked Spenser's great command over it :

“A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.”

Spenser's intention in this great poem is expounded in a prefatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he describes it as a “continued allegory.” “In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene.” “I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annuall feaste xii dayes ; uppon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii severall knights, are in these xii books severally handled and discoursed.” Only six books exist. The first gives the adventures of the knight of the Red Cross, who represents Holiness ; the second, the deeds of Sir Guyon, or Temperance ; the third, of Britomartis, Chastity, a lady knight ; the fourth,

of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship ; the fifth, of Artegall, or Justice ; the sixth, of Sir Calidore, or Courtesy. Dr. Morell observes, "The best thing to do with the allegory is to let it alone ; to read the poem simply as a poem, and the stories simply as stories." And Hazlitt says, "If readers do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pikestaff." At the time, however, when Spenser composed "The Faerie Queene" it was the very uncomfortable habit of readers and writers to emphasise the importance of the teaching of morality, without which poetry was considered as but idle trifling. Consequently the praises of contemporary admirers, and the excuses and justifications of Spenser himself differ widely from the discriminative judgment of readers unembarrassed by the tyranny of this utilitarian habit of literary criticism. Nevertheless, I do not agree with the recommendation to ignore the allegory altogether. Without worrying over it we may yet try to understand the spiritual significance of the characters and incidents, for in this way we get into closer touch with the mind and purpose of the poet.

The pleasure, excitement, novel experience, and interest associated with and derived from Spenser's visit to the Court of England are described in his poem "Colin Clouts come Home againe." In this he sings the praises of the Queen, and, under fanciful designations, of the poets who glorified her reign. Among these is a supposed reference to Shakespeare :

“ And there, though last not least, is Aetion,
 A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
 Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
 Do like himselfe Heroically sound.”

He also portrays the darker side of Court life, its intrigues, its jealousies, its insincerities :

“ For sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malise, and with strife,
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise : and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise.”

Spenser also perceived more clearly, and certainly shows up very plainly, the disadvantages to literature of the degrading custom of depending upon the patronage of the rich. Professor Morley says, “ A writer then could not expect to live by the use of his pen unless he received indirect aid from the patronage, or direct aid from the purse, of a great lord or of the sovereign.”

“ So pitifull a thing is Sutors state !
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywist
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist !
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent :
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ;

To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse despair ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

In the year following the publication of the first three books of "The Faerie Queene" a volume of miscellaneous poetry was published, again by Ponsonby, who prefixed a note to the Gentle Reader in which he refers to these "fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable." One of the pieces, namely "Mother Hubberds Tale," is certainly not grave, and it is important to include it in any notice of Spenser as it displays an almost Chaucerian humour and sarcasm. It is introduced by a pleasant company of friends seated together and passing the time by relating tales "to waste the wearie howres."

"Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
 The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
 She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided."

These two worthies, both "craftie and unhappie witted," agreed to seek their fortunes together. At first they resolved to be beggars, and to protect themselves the Ape was to pass as a poor soldier, "That now is thought a civile begging sect," the Fox to support him when necessary. In the course

of their adventures they were much disgusted with a certain husbandman who suggested various kinds of hard work—

“To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe.”

The Ape pleaded his maimed limbs as an excuse for declining toil, but they promptly closed with an offer to make them guardians of the sheep. When their term had expired they were much exercised in mind as to what report and reckoning to make and how to conceal their “false treason and vile theeverie.”

“For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
They slue them, and upon their fleshies fed.”

They solved the difficulty by a final slaughter and feast and then stole away by night. They next set up a new calling, “Much like to begging, but much better named.” They got gown and cassock, and as poor clerks made the initial mistake of begging of a priest, who was naturally indignant and asked why they did not seek some good estate in the Church. He then proceeded to sketch for them different ways for the accomplishment of that desirable object. One of these was to seek the favour of some nobleman “that hath a zealous disposition” and then to fashion a “godly zeale,”

“Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale;
For each thing fained ought more warie bee.
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as Saintlike as Sainte Radegund:

Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke :
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lack or long."

This useful friend indicated other ways of rising ;
if they preferred to look to the Court for promotion—

"Then must thou thee dispose another way :
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie,
To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Master's will, to scorne, to mock ;
So maist thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishoprick."

It would also be necessary to bribe the courtiers,
and perhaps to compound with a patron to give him
half the profits. Being well taught by this priest's
"holesome counsell" they obtained a benefice between
them, the Fox being ordained Priest and the Ape
being his "Parish Clarke." Then they enjoyed them-
selves with "revell route and goodly glee," to the
scandal of the parishioners, who complained of them
to the Ordinary, who sent for them often but they
disregarded his summons and continued obstinate,
till at length he threatened to hold a Visitation, at
which they took alarm—

"Then was high time their wits about to geather,
What did they then, but make a composition
With their next neighbor Priest, for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night."

These rogues had then a short taste of their
deserts and did much lament and mourn, but after a

time they met a richly decorated Mule, whom the destitute Fox thus addressed :

“ Ah ! sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live
Or fortune doth yon secret favour give.”

The fat Mule does not wonder the foolish Fox should envy his wealth when compared to his own misery—

“ That art so leane and meagre waxen late
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.”

On this the Fox cries out against the wretchedness that makes him “ the scorne of every beast to bee.”

After this interchange of personalities, the Mule tells them he comes from royal Court, “ where all the braverie that eye may see, and all the happinesse that heart desire, is to be found.” So by his advice they next try life among the courtiers, where the Ape was the Magnifico and the Fox his man. Then we have a brilliant satire on the vices and follies of the Court ; a picture of the true gentleman, again probably a tribute to Sidney ; and the pitiful lament of the Suitor, already quoted. From Court these lively but disreputable friends were again obliged to fly. Their next adventure gives an opportunity for a satire on tyrannical misgovernment. The Fox suggested stealing the sleeping Lion's crown and skin. This was done and the Ape posed as king and the Fox was chief Minister. This audacity

attracted the attention of Jove, who dispatched Mercury to make enquiries and to rouse the sleeping Lion.

“The Foxe, first author of that treacherie,
He did uncase, and then away let flie ;
But th’ Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both ears pared off their height :
Since which all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
And of their tailes are utterly bereft.”

Most of Spenser’s poetical works are filled preponderatingly with the emotion of love, with its impulses, its raptures, its agonies. It was the fashion of the Court and the custom of poetry to speak of the passion of love as if it were the all-absorbing and paramount interest of life. No doubt this prevailing habit of thought and speech intensified the flame when its glow was actually felt. Neither Spenser’s life nor his poetry can be understood if this influence be ignored. We have seen how profoundly he was affected by his unrequited love for the fair Rosalind, the beauty who adorned some Lancashire or Yorkshire glen. In the correspondence of Harvey and Spenser, which Dean Church has skilfully summarised, we meet with references to another lady in April, 1580. “The two friends write of her in Latin. Spenser sends in Latin the saucy messages of his sweetheart (*meum corculum*) to Harvey; Harvey, with academic gallantry, sends her in Latin as many thanks for her charming letter as she has hairs, half golden, half silver, half jewelled, in her little head; she is a second little Rosalind (*altera Rosalindula*), whom he salutes as *Domina*

Immerito, mea bellissima Colina Clouta.” It is a little tantalising that this lady friend vanishes from the scene also without leaving her name, but apparently she inspired no poetry. Soon after the appearance of “Colin Clouts come Home againe,” Spenser found among the Irish maidens the charming Elizabeth, who later became his wife. For a time this lady was as unresponsive as the earlier Rosalind, and the chequered story of the wooing through despair and anguish to its final triumphant close is told in a series of sonnets. They are characterised by consummate grace and genuine feeling, and the persistent lover wins the reader’s good wishes. I select a sonnet in which the lady’s methods with her sentimental swain are revealed, as they may prove interesting to some young lady present :

“The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare ;
And drizling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare ;
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart ;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart ;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part ;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art ;
And, when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter,
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.”

This is sonnet No. 18, and it is not till we reach No. 63 that any signs of the lady’s relenting are

perceived ; but then the poet says, “ I doe at length descry the happy shore,” and the remaining sonnets are in an atmosphere of rapturous delight. He speaks of the perfect beauty of her virtuous mind, which alone is divine, permanent, and free. And here is an agreeable picture of the two together :

“ One day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
 But came the waves, and washed it away :
 Agayne, I wrote it with a second hand ;
 But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 Vayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay
 A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
 For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eke my name bee wyped out lykewize.
 Not so, quod I ; let baser things devise
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
 My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.”

On June 11th, 1594, on the day of “ Barnaby the Bright,” Spenser was married, and to celebrate this happy event he wrote the finest of all his poems, the “ Epithalamion,” the most beautiful bridal song in this and probably in any language. In form the rhythm is most subtle, the stanzas are very varied, yet stately and elegant. In this poem he has breathed all the spirit of his genius ; it flows in a rapid impetuous stream, sparkling with the riches of his imagination, and yet the whole is ordered with perfect restraint and refinement, and is expressed with an incomparable grace. He sings melodiously of the events and preparations of the

marriage day. In "Mother Hubberds Tale" he had expressly warned the Muses away :

"No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call;
Base is the style, and matter meane withall,"

but here he appeals to the learned sisters :

"Helpe me mine owne loves prayes to resound ;

* * *

So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

"Wake now, my love, awake ! for it is time ;
The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
All ready to her silver coche to clyme ;
And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
Hark ! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
And carroll of Loves praise.

The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft ;
The Thrush replies ; the Mavis descant playes :
The Onzell shrills ; the Ruddock warbles soft ;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.

Ah ! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among !

Nor they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring."

He appeals to the fair hours and the three hand-maids of the Cyprian Queen to help to adorne "my beautifullest bride." He sings of her coming forth on this "The joyfult day that ever summe did see," of the merry minstrels, of the bride's sweetness and

grace, of her spiritual beauty and heavenly gifts, of her bashful downcast eyes before the altar; of bringing her home again and the ringing of the bells; of the rising of the evening star, and the fair face of the moon looking down favourably on their happiness.

In 1595 the "Amoretti" and the "Epithalamion," memorials of his courtship and marriage, were published, and in the same year the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of "The Faerie Queene." He was in England in 1596, and wrote the four hymns on "Love and Beauty, Earthly and Heavenly," and the "Prothalamion," a spousal verse in honour of the double marriage of the daughters of the Earl of Worcester, and these were his last works. In 1597 he returned to Kilcolman, and in the following year was made Sheriff of Cork. Spenser was now at the zenith of his fame and prosperity. His marriage had been blessed with children, and his domestic happiness was unclouded. He was recognised as the prince of poets, and after all the vicissitudes of his career he could now look forward to a peaceful and contented existence among the material beauties of Ireland, mountain, wood, and lake of which he wrote, and in the full plenitude of his powers devote himself to the second part of his great work. But those fair forests could only be enjoyed at a distance, for they sheltered the "thieves and wolves" of still lingering rebellion. Spenser living in the forfeited castle of the Desmonds was doubtless the special object of their undying hatred, and in October, 1598, a fresh insurrection suddenly broke out with all the usual frightful accompaniments. The insur-

gents swept down on Kilcolman, and Spenser and his family barely escaped with their lives. The castle was plundered and sacked, and it is said that one little child perished in the flames. It may easily be understood how profoundly the horrors of this experience would affect a mind like Spenser's. Crushed and prostrated he died at Westminster in the following January.

In summing up Spenser's poetical gifts it may be of interest in conclusion to give briefly the opinions of various competent critics. Professor Craik considers "The shaping spirit of imagination" to be his supreme gift. Hazlitt says, "His versification . . . is a labyrinth of sweet sounds. . . . Spenser is the poet of our waking dreams, and he has invented, not only a language, but a music of his own for them. The undulations are infinite, like those of the waves of the sea; but the effect is still the same, lulling the senses into a deep oblivion of the jarring noises of the world, from which we have no wish to be ever recalled." Pope says, "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read 'The Faerie Queene' when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago." Hallam says with respect to "The Faerie Queene," "Every canto of this (the first) book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout with an uniformity it does not always afterwards maintain, unsullied by flattery, unobstructed by pedantry, and unquenched by languor." Dean

Church regards his perception of beauty as his greatest gift. "A beautiful scene, a beautiful person, a beautiful poem, a mind and character with that combination of charms which, for want of another word, we call by that half-spiritual, half-material word *beautiful* at once set his imagination at work to respond to it and reflect it. His means of reflecting it were as abundant as his sense of it was keen." His defects as a poet are but his great qualities run to riotous excess. "There was in Spenser a facility for turning to account all material, original or borrowed; an incontinence of the descriptive faculty, which was ever ready to exercise itself on any object, the most unfitting and loathsome, as on the noblest, the purest, or the most beautiful" (Church). Exaggeration, diffuseness, prolixity have been described as the "literary diseases of the age," and Spenser's abundance, which has been compared to "wading among unnown grass," was but an extreme instance of the prevailing characteristic. His linguistic peculiarities must be noticed. In addition to using obsolete inflections and grammatical usages, and words in their primary meaning, or provincialisms which were so regarded, Spenser alters words on his own authority to suit his metre or rime. On occasions of difficulty to his verse, Mr. Craik says "his treatment of words is like nothing that ever was seen, unless it might be Hercules breaking the back of the Nemean lion. He gives them any sense and any shape that the case may demand. Sometimes he merely alters a letter or two; sometimes he twists off the head or tail of the unfortunate vocable altogether. But this

fearless, lordly, truly royal style makes one only feel the more how easily, if he chose, he could avoid the necessity of having recourse to such outrages." I can only give as a piece of personal experience, that fresh from reading the whole of his works, without any philological or other ambitious purpose, but solely for pure enjoyment, even his peculiarities of language have a fascination of their own, although I am glad they have not been copied by other writers. With all the faults which the least sympathetic critic may discover, it is pleasant to know that Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and many other poets have delighted in him, and found him full of nobility, purity, and sweetness.

LORD BYRON.

BY ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE, M.A., HON. F.R.S.L.

[Read May 25th, 1904.]

“WHAT is truth?” said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Well, there are questions as to this or that, the truth, concerning this or that, which are either unanswerable, or which take so long to answer that most of us plead an engagement and slip away during the process of inquiry. “Let us hear you,” we say, “again, another day, on this matter.” And yet in spite of these discouragements, this unanimous plea for postponement, it is impossible to silent the disquisitors: *Uno avulso non deficit alter*—“You may cut, but they come again.”

Foremost among the answerers of impossible or interminable questions are the critics. They hear, or feign to hear, a pressing inquiry with regard to the actual or relative merits of prophet, poet, or philosopher and they proceed to appraise the candidate or victim, and to pronounce in a more or less striking manner what they regard and expect others to regard as an inappellable judgment. Now if criticism were an exact science, or if there were any generally recognised body of statutes or systematic code, and if the judges were able to agree among

themselves, there would be something to go by ; but as judge after judge, in his own language and according to his own code, delivers himself from his own infallible *cathedra* or throne of judicature, the validity of the sentence rests solely on the authority of the Court.

We know that Milton spoke kindly and even warmly of Shakespeare, and we know, too, that Voltaire belittled him. We are inclined to think Milton was on the whole a greater writer than Voltaire (whom Wordsworth to Byron's indignation once described as a dull optimist), but Voltaire was a very considerable person too ; and if criticism were an exact science, or were patient of dogmatic treatment, we might be compelled to wander to and fro in a strait between two opinions.

The conclusion I would draw is that the greater the critic the greater the criticism, but that there is no finality. The prophet or poet speaks, as it were, for the first time to anyone who lends a willing ear, to you or me, and between you and me and the mightiest of the mighty dead there is no order of intercessors, angelical or sacerdotal. The question is, Does he, the poet, appeal to you ? Do you admire him ? Do you find in his thoughts and words that spiritual food and sustenance which your soul longeth after ? And to answer these questions to any purpose it stands to reason that you must have read and digested the prophetic or poetical message and be able to speak from experience.

Criticism may bring you the water, but criticism cannot make you drink or quench your thirst if you drink your fill. To understand the mystery of

poetry does not require the extraordinary intelligence of the half-inspired interpreter, but it does require the ordinary intelligence of the attentive and painstaking reader.

If it were not so, with what semblance or pretence of sanity could any one who is not himself akin to the immortals venture to say either this or that about Lord Byron, when such men as Goethe, and Victor Hugo, and Pouchkin, as Sir Walter Scott, and Macaulay, and Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Swinburne have given him their best thoughts and expressed their thoughts in the best possible words?

Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not propose to rehearse or to criticise the criticisms of those who have spoken with authority, still less to play the criticaster on my own account, but simply to give you the benefit (if it is a benefit) of my own experience in the matter of Lord Byron's poetry; for, in editing his poetical works, duty or necessity compelled me to read, with more or less intelligence, every line which he wrote with his pen, and to read the greater part of, I may say, all these lines with some care and attention over and over again. I was compelled to ask myself what each line of each poem or drama meant or was intended to mean. I was precluded from taking anything for granted; I was obliged to overcome, as far as I could, my own ignorance; I was constrained to dip into some of the books he read and mastered; I was mean enough to bribe the ghost of his valet to guide my fingers to the pages of the old newspapers, 'Morning Chronicle' or what not, which inspired his lordship's political *jeux d'esprit*. Hence, not of grace, but by works—not

as freeborn, but at a great price, *ad hoc* if you will, imperfectly, no doubt, but with some glimmering of intelligence—I got to know not merely what great writers thought and said about Byron and it was right and becoming for me to assent to and reiterate, but the purport, and, indeed, to some extent, the substance of his poems. My business was to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself, not to supply him with *formulæ*, or to furnish his imagination with wings, or more or less dexterously constructed flying-machines. None the less, however, reflections, points of view, generalisations, and so forth did present themselves to my mind, and one or two of these I will venture to bring before your notice.

I can never remember a time when educated and so-called cultivated persons did not speak slightly of Byron's Eastern Tales. Between May, 1813, and December, 1815, after he was turned twenty-five, and before he was twenty-eight years of age, he threw off six of these tales—"The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth," and "Parisina." They were enormously popular. The first three went into eleven or twelve editions each, and Murray sold 10,000 copies of "The Corsair" on the day of publication. They were up to date, they hit the mark; everybody understood them, everybody bought them, everybody praised and enjoyed them spontaneously and unreservedly. They almost persuaded John Bull to be a poet. Then they went out of fashion, and superior readers discovered that they were melodramatic and mawkish, that the

sentiment was cheap, the *technique* faulty, and that, apart from two or three purple patches, such as "He who hath bent him o'er the dead," the Turkish tales were as shapeless and as colourless as seaweed when the tide is out. You remember the Marchioness in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" and her receipt for improvising a glass of sherry. You mixed orange-peel with the water, and, if you pretended hard enough, the result was something like sherry. It would, no doubt, take a great deal of pretending to catch the "first, fine, careless rapture" of "The Giaour" or "The Bride of Abydos." It is difficult to realise that "Lara's wide domain" was once a land of enchantment—

"And Kaled, Lara, Ezzelin are gone,
Alike without their monumental stone."

We think of the noble author leaning on his elbows, with upturned eye and downturned collar, and we are sadly unimpressed. There is no escape from this revulsion of sentiment, but before we write off the loss it will be well to examine for ourselves these discarded favourites. We shall not, like our grandmothers or great-grandmothers, sit up till two or three in the morning spellbound and a-quiver with excitement, but we may devote a cool half-hour in the grey light of a midsummer day. What shall we find? A vivid and accurate description of Eastern places, Eastern customs, Eastern men and women. Lord Byron had travelled in the East and had kept his eyes open, and there and afterwards he mastered the contents of such writers as D'Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' Pitton de Tournefort's

‘Voyage in the Levant,’ Choiseul Gouffier’s colossal ‘Voyage Pittoresque de la Grèce,’ Castellar’s ‘Lettres sur la Morée,’ and, for once stealing his brooms ready made, Samuel Henley’s Notes to Beckford’s ‘Vathek.’ He knew what he was talking about; he took infinite pains to be correct in his costumes, and he *is* correct. The sentiment may be thin, but the information is solid. He united in an extraordinary degree the artistic faculty of composition with an almost pedantic regard for accuracy of detail. He was a first-rate note-writer, thorough, concise, and entertaining. To quote a phrase which he borrowed from Johnson, he treated Oriental subjects with an Oriental scrupulosity. It is not too much to say that, but for Byron’s Turkish Tales, the non-literary British public—your British blackguard, as he delicately and politely puts it—would have known as little about Turkey and Asia Minor, and Mohammedan rites and ceremonies, as they do about Patagonia or did about Thibet. Byron learnt in order to teach, and he taught so agreeably and so effectively that he left the world better informed than he found it. It is a great achievement to force the multitude to assimilate new knowledge of any kind. Matthew Arnold says that Byron taught us little—meaning that he does not help us to find the way of peace, as Wordsworth did. But in another sense he was a valuable instructor, a potent educator, meriting a greater recognition than he has hitherto received.

And after all he wrote very prettily. Take the parting scene between Conrad and Medora in “The Corsair.” The pirate had just returned to his island

and his lady-love from a voyage of peril, and before he has time to rest or break his fast he is summoned to another adventure.

“This hour we part!—my heart foreboded this :
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
This hour—it cannot be—this hour away !
Yon bark hath hardly anchored in the bay :
Her consort still is absent, and her crew
Have need of rest before they toil anew :
My love ! ‘Thou mock’st my weakness and wouldst steel
My breast before the time when it must feel ;
But trifle now no more with my distress,
Such mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
Be silent, Conrad !—dearest ! come and share
The feast these hands delighted to prepare ;
Light toil ! to cull and dress thy frugal fare !
See, I have plucked the fruit that promised best,
And where not sure, perplexed, but pleased, I guessed
At such as seemed the fairest : thrice the hill
My steps have wound to try the coolest rill ;
Yes ! thy Sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow !
The grapes’ gay juice thy bosom never cheers ;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears :
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread ; our silver lamp
Is trimmed, and heeds not the Sirocco’s damp :
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song ;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov’st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull ;—or, should it vex thine ear,
We’ll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow,
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now ;

Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky showed Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while :
And thus, half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time should raise that doubt to more than dread.
Thus Comrad, too, will quit me for the main ;
And he deceived me—for—he came again !”

The Turkish Tales were written in England during Byron's poetical nonage. It was not till he had tasted the bitter experience of separation from wife and child, and exile from his country, and had looked on the changed faces of friend and foe, that he put out his full strength. The third canto of “Childe Harold” with its belated profession of natural piety, “Manfred,” “The Prisoner of Chillon,” with its satellite poems, “The Dream” and “Darkness,” were among the first fruits of his foreign husbandry. The poems of this period form a kind of interlude in the prolonged and varied pageantry of the Byronic muse. He had emancipated himself from the influence of Scott and Rogers, and he had passed under the influence of Wordsworth and Shelley. In the ordinary and, perhaps, narrower sense of the word, it was then that he grew in grace as a *poet*. There is a gentleness, a tenderness, a breath of mystery, a quickening of the imagination, in this group of poems—qualities and conditions of the poetic temperament which had hitherto lain dormant and were afterwards thrust back out of sight, if not out of mind. All things are cognisable by genius, all things are possible to genius ; but where the native sympathy, and therefore the effectual desire, is wanting there is a deliberate disregard of whatever

things and thoughts are not germane to the one thing needful, the soul's peculiar business, the cause for which it came into the world. Wordsworth was an authority on the construction of chimneys and an admirable landscape gardener, but he spent the greater part of his long life in writing poetry; and Coleridge was a competent and exemplary Civil servant, but he did not stick to it. So, too, Byron with the more ethereal and superlunary divagations of the Muse. He could an he would, but he was dedicated to other ministrations. "I hope," as Vice-Chancellor Bruce used to express it, "I hope I make myself intelligible."

I give as a specimen of this transitional period the opening lines of "The Dream."

"Our life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their developement have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of Joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of Eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future: they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain:
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow?—What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own

With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dreamed
Perchance in sleep; for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."

Byron with his friend Hobhouse left the Villa Diodati on the Lake of Geneva October 5th, 1816, crossed the Simplon, and made their way together *viâ* Milan and Verona to Venice. Thenceforward till July 24th, 1823, when he sailed for Cephalonia, he lived in Italy, and, so far as possible, forgot his own people and his father's house. It is this *Italianate* Byron who left an indelible mark on the literature of the world.

He had always been a devourer of books, and being possessed of a tenacious memory and a capacity not only for spells of diligence, but for a strenuous idleness, a dissipation of all else but time, he had put sound work into his hastier and lighter compositions.

But he now began the study of Italian history and Italian literature in scholarlike earnest. His first great Italian poem, the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," which belongs to 1817—1818, has been described as a kind of inspired guidebook to Venice, Florence, and Rome. Italian translators, treating this canto as a complete poem have named it "L'Italia." And, here, perhaps, I may be forgiven if I recite a précis of the first draft of the poem which has already appeared in print: "The pilgrim finds himself at Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs.' He beholds in a vision the departed glories of 'a

thousand years.' 'The long array of shadows,' the 'beings of the mind,' come to him 'like truth,' and re-people the vacancy. But he is an exile, and turns homeward in thought to 'the inviolate island of the sage and free.' He is an exile and a sufferer. He can and will endure his fate, but 'ever and anon' he feels the prick of woe, and with the sympathy of despair would stand a 'ruin amidst ruins,' a desolate soul in a land of desolation and decay. He renews his pilgrimage. He passes Arquà, 'where they keep the dust of Laura's lover,' lingers for a day at Ferrara, haunted by memories of 'Torquato's injured shade,' and, as he approaches 'the fair white walls of Florence,' he re-echoes the 'Italia! oh, Italia!' of Filicaja's impassioned strains. At Florence he gazes, 'dazzled and drunk with beauty,' at 'the goddess in stone,' the Medicean Venus, but forbears to 'describe the indescribable,' to break the silence of Art by naming its mysteries. Santa Croce, and the other glories 'in Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,' he passes by unsung, if not unseen; but Thrasimene's 'sheet of silver,' and the 'living crystal' of Clitumnus' 'gentlest waters,' and Terni's 'matchless cataract,' on whose verge 'an Iris sits,' and 'lone Soracte's' ridge, not only call forth his spirit's homage, but receive the homage of her Muse.

"And now the Pilgrim has reached his goal, 'Rome the wonderful,' the sepulchre of empire, the shrine of art.

"Henceforth the works of man absorb his attention. Pompey's 'dread statue,' the Wolf of the Capitol, the tomb of Cecilia Metella; the Palatine;

the 'nameless column' of the Forum; Trajan's Pillar; Egeria's Grotto, the ruined colosseum, 'arches on arches,' an 'enormous skeleton,' the restored colosseum of the poet's vision, a multitudinous ring of spectators, a bloody Circus and a dying Gladiator; the Pantheon; S. Niccolò in Carcere, the scene of the Romana Caritas, St. Peter's 'vast and wondrous dome' are all celebrated in due succession. Last of all, he 'turns to the Vatican' to view the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvidere, the counterfeit presentments of ideal suffering and ideal beauty. His 'shrine is won'; but, ere he bids us farewell he climbs the Alban Mount, and as the Mediterranean once more bursts upon his sight, he sums the moral of his argument: Man and all his works are as a drop of rain in the Ocean, 'the image of eternity, the throne of the Invisible!'"*

Now I would have you to remember that in 1818, to all but noblemen and a favoured few who had made the grand tour, these cities, these buildings, these works of art, were unfamiliar, all but unknown, and that Byron's 'Catalogue Raisonné' possessed the charm of novelty. Thomson, in his forgotten poem, entitled "Liberty," goes over the same ground and celebrates some of the same statues. I guess that Byron had read Thomson, but, to quote a memorable phrase, he most certainly created the dry bones of Thomson's outline into the fulness of life. I do not maintain that the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" is a profoundly learned poem, though portions added to the first draft were written up to Hobhouse's historical and archæological notes;

* 'Poetical Works of Lord Byron,' 1899, ii, 311—313.

but it was, unquestionably, a liberal education to the middle classes of this country who were raised by a work which they read and could, in a large measure, understand to a higher level of refinement and intellectual emotion. "Fit audience let me find, though few," was Milton's prayer, and must be ever the prayer of the prophet of the highest; but to find a vast audience slow to learn, and to quicken their intelligence to make them fit for a loftier message than they expect or demand—this, too, is a mighty operation and a thankworthy.

A more immediate outcome of his Italian studies were his two Venetian dramas, "Marino Faliero," "The Two Foscari," his "Prophecy of Dante" (an attempt to naturalise the *ottava rima* of the "Divine Comedy"), and a metrical translation of the first canto of Pulci's "Morgante Maggiore," which followed, and was perhaps suggested by, a prose version recently published in Leigh Hunt's 'Indicator.' The plays, which are modelled on the pseudo-classical dramas of Alfieri, were based on a careful and laborious study of modern French history and ancient, though not the most ancient, Venetian chronicles. They have never been popular in this country, but "Marino Faliero" has given birth to numerous imitations and adaptations in France and Germany.

In the concluding lines of the first canto of "The Prophecy of Dante" Byron, to adapt the lines of another poet, puts into Dante's mouth his own lamentation—

"The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which he sang another's grief
Interpreted his own"—

“ ’Tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be racked
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone ;
Then future thousands crowd around their tomb
And pilgrims come from climes where they have known
The name of him—who now is but a name,
And wasting homage o’er the sullen stone,
Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded, fame ;
And mine at least hath cost me dear : to die
Is nothing : but to wither thus—to tame
My mind down from its own infinity—
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet and soften pain—
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a crown—
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal She,
Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
Destruction for a dowry—this to see
And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
A bitter lesson ; but it leaves me free :
I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
They made an Exile—not a Slave of me.”

One cannot always sympathise with Byron’s appeals *ad Misericordiam*. But there is restraint as well as passion in these lines, and this much he could say with truth and not without honour.

But he owed to the country of his adoption an inspiration which commanded the secret of his

greatest and final success, a triumphant mastery of the *ottava rima*, and the conception of the possibility of the humorous epic. It is true that before he had read or before he had taken hold of the style or quality of Berni and Pulci he had read and taken to himself Hookham Frere's anonymous *jeu d'esprit* which is usually entitled "Whistlecraft." It is elegant, it is refined, it is excellently well done, occasionally and moderately facetious—it was an early if not a first conveyance of the *ottava rima* into English verse—but it was not and never could be more than a literary experiment, a scholarly trifle. Byron saw his chance, and *sans cérémonie* drew or snatched the instrument out of Frere's gentlemanlike keeping, and, with the result, that *his* 'prentice-hand scored a success with "Beppo." I believe that "Beppo" was written with a complete knowledge of "Whistlecraft," and only a very slight acquaintance with Berni and Berni's master, Pulci. It is livelier, smarter, and much more amusing than "Whistlecraft," but it does not rise above its source, genteel—say rather *ungenteel*—Italian comedy.

But the instrument, the *ottava rima*, became a many-stringed lute at the touch of the cunning melodist. Before many months had gone by he had learnt all that Frere's models Berni and Pulci or Ariosto, or, on a lower level, Fortiguerra, could teach him; he had found a thing to do, and a way to do it—to make great poetry real, to remove *all* the conventions, and to represent the actual, whether it is clothed in the garment of loveliness, or is mean and ugly, and naked and ashamed. A something in the spirit of the old Italian poets, a humorous

transition from grave to gay, from gay to grave, a jostling of faith with mockery, appealed to his temperament. But he went beyond his masters. He had sounded the depths of anger and bitterness and shame and remorse; he had known sorrow, and through and in it all he had mocked at himself and defied his fate; and with the doublemindedness of an overstimulated intellect he had come to doubt the conclusions of his own spirit. He is at war with himself. And so in holding up the mirror to Nature he paints the world as it revealed itself to him—he paints it bravely and firmly. But there is no conclusion to the whole matter. All is vanity.

“Don Juan” is one of the great poems of the world. It is marked, disfigured perhaps, by some ugly stains and spots; they cannot be explained away, or whitewashed into beauties in disguise. We cannot accept it at Byron’s own valuation when he was being preached at “From Kentish Town to Pisa,” and maintained that it is the most moral of poems; but as long as men go down to the sea in ships, as long as they love fighting, as long as they are not averse to love-making, and as long as they can see and laugh at a joke, they will read “Don Juan,” under protest, no doubt, but as a pleasure rather than a duty. “It would be waste of words and time,” writes Mr. Swinburne in his splendid appreciation of this one poem of Byron’s, “to enlarge at all upon the excellence of the pure comedy of ‘Don Juan.’ From the first canto to the sixteenth, from the defence of Julia, which is worthy of Congreve or Molière, to the study of Adeline, which is worthy of Laclos or Balzac; the elastic energy of humour

never falters or flags. . . . It was said, and perhaps is still said, that the poem falls off and runs low towards the end. Those who can discover where a change for the worse begins might at least indicate the landmark, imperceptible to duller eyes, which divides the good from the bad." It is, you will remember, in these last cantos, the thirteenth and the sixteenth, that he paints from memory that wonderful picture of his lost inheritance which unites the charm of a fancy-piece with the accuracy of a ground-plan.

I wish that I could bring Newstead Abbey in the County of Nottingham before you. Lord Byron died before my time, in 1824, and I never saw him save once in a vivid and remarkable dream, but I have seen and stayed at Newstead. It is quite unlike other great country seats or palaces, for it is actually a monastery which never quite fell into disuse, but was converted some 300 years ago and more into a baronial mansion. The Priory Church which was built alongside of the monastery was destroyed by time and by Cromwell and other "esurient phantoms" as Carlyle might have called them, all but the west front with its one huge hollow arch, its niches, and lesser arches atop; this, which is flush with the west front of the mansion, stands almost entire. Understand, it is a stone screen, that and nothing more, and behind it, where once were nave and aisles and choir, is smooth green turf, and right at the east end, on the site of the high altar, is an urn-crowned block of masonry which marks the vault which contains the bones of Byron's Newfoundland dog Boatswain.

Now the rest of the abbey consists of the original monastic buildings, guests' refectory, monks' refectory, prior's parlour, and what not, forming a hollow square. Within the square are cloisters, and within the cloisters a grassy quadrangle, and, in the centre of the quadrangle, a quaint stone fountain girdled with a double row of stone gargoyles. On the east side of this square to which a wing or annexe built in the time of Charles I is attached, are four or five state bedrooms where Kings, Henry VII and Charles, and Cromwell, who as Lord Auchinleck, Bozzy's father, reminded Dr. Johnson, "gart kings ken that they had a lith [*i.e.* a joint] in their neck," slept when they visited Newstead. The abbey is situated in an angle of lakes and fishponds. The west front faces the upper or stable lake; a huge fishpond which forms part of the monks' garden is on the east; the second or garden lake is on the south of the abbey; while away to the south-east is a third lake now bordered with trees and guarded by a huge cairn built of vast blocks of plum-pudding stone. The story is that the "wicked lord" looked forward to a day when he should sit atop and watch the devastation of the country-side by letting out of the water from the lake. At least, so the legend goes, and if you stand beneath the cairn when the evening light begins to fail, and listen to the cries of the moorhen and wild fowl as they fly across the solitary wood-fringed waters, you might fancy that it was the chosen haunt of some spirit of malevolence, some eerie phantom that loved to lurk and brood in old unhappy places.

Nearer to the abbey, below the monks' garden, is

a narrow fishpond edged with black yew-trees on either side. The intervening water is black with perennial shade, but, once in a while, the full moon shines down on the pond, illuminating the water but leaving the impending branches now in glimmer and now in gloom; and at the head of the pond is the monks' or holy well, a tiny jet of water shooting out its cone of sand. I could talk for many half-hours about Newstead, but I must stint myself and let you off with only one word as to the poet's set of rooms. On the west front of the mansion, facing the upper lake and the cascade and in line with the ruined arch, is the guests' dining-hall, the guests' refectory, which led to an inner room where the prior and his royal guests dined in state alone. Here it is that the ghost walked, or, as some avow, still walks. I mean the ghost *par excellence*, the ghost of the Black Friar, for he is not a solitary fowl and there are others. A corkscrew staircase leads from the hall to three small rooms, a bedroom, a dressing-room, and a study which Byron chose for his own use and furnished with tolerable comfort and some attempt at splendour. The furniture remains unchanged. The coloured prints of Harrow and Cambridge still hang on the walls. The quaint Chinese pattern chintz curtains still enclose the four-post bed, decorated, I grieve to say, with gilt coronets at the four corners; and a chest of (what second-hand dealers in antiquities would call Chippendale, that is, old-fashioned mahogany) drawers still remain, *in situ*.

The windows look on the lake and the cascade; and the ruined arch, which is close at hand, when the moon is full sends forth its dolorous wail as of

departed spirits. Cannot you picture him—the half-ruined lord of this wonderful inheritance, the lame boy with the head and torso of the Greek god, the love-sick, passionate, tumultuous youth, ever at war with his own soul, alone at night, looking at the moonlit lake and listening to the sound of falling water, the sound of rushing and murmuring winds? And can you wonder that he heard and obeyed the call to be the poet, say rather the prophet, of Romance—can you doubt his inspiration?

He had stolen down the corkscrew stair; or it may be, the house being full of guests, he was sleeping in the prior's parlour, when he heard the rustle of shadowy garments, and the ghostly footsteps that were heard as silence is heard; and now long years after, with fond memories of those dawn-golden days, he re-peoples Newstead with guests that come but never go, and half convinces us that the Black Friar did not always resolve himself into the phantom of “her frolic Grace Fitz Fulke.”

Beware! beware of the Black Friar,
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the lord of the hill Amundeville
Made Norman Church his prey,
And expelled the friars, one friar still
Would not be driven away.

Though he came in his might with King Henry's right
To turn Church land to lay,
With sword in hand and torch to light
Their walls if they said nay

A monk remained, unchased, unchained,
And he did not seem formed of clay,
For he's seen in the porch and he's seen in the church
Though he is not seen by day.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say ;
But still with the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve ;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve.

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn,
And when ought is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadowed by his cowl ;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

But beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the Church's heir,
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night ;
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he'll say nought to you ;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.

Then grammercy ! for the Black Friar
Heaven sain him ! fair or foul,
And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

It is impossible to have any acquaintance with Byron literature, or to scale the outwork of a bibliography of his writings, without being struck with the startling fact that men of other nations exalt him to a far higher place in the scale of poets than his own countrymen have definitely assigned him. In his lifetime he was recognised by Goethe as the master spirit of his age—the angel of the Vision of Romance. In France for ten years, and fully twenty after his death, his popularity equalled, if it did not exceed, his first outburst of fame in England. In Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Russia, he was and is regarded as the greatest English writer of his day—of any day with the possible exception of Shakespeare and Milton. Since Mr. Murray took in hand the great task of issuing a new edition of his works more than six learned monographs on Byron have appeared in Germany. At the present time a monumental edition of his writings is being issued in Russia. Professors of English in Russian Universities take Byron for their starting-point, the centre of the circumference of English literature. You have only to cross the Channel to find that Byron lives and shines and reigns, and that Shelley, and Wordsworth, and Keats, to say nothing of Tennyson and Browning, have scarcely appeared above the horizon. German critics are lost in astonishment that we can be so silly as to waste our time on the Lake Poets and other ephemeral and insular delineators, of the

village, the nursery, and the Sunday School. Why does Byron appeal to these more powerfully, more exclusively, than he does to us?

Is it because we are dull, and sanctimonious, and insular, and they are of sterner stuff and manlier growth, and recognise greatness where we carp and pick holes and pretend we are bored, because in reality we are scandalised and shocked?

I pass over the obvious explanation that Byron had emancipated, or seemed to have emancipated, himself from British prejudices and British limitations, and, with regard to politics, morals, and religion, affected the Continental standard. This would attract, but would not retain, the admiration and affection of many generations of many peoples. Again, it is true that there are defects of style, rough edges, to his lines, an exultant proclamation of rhetorical commonplaces which vex and perplex the nicer ears and taste of his own countrymen—which Latin, and Teuton, and Slav pass over unconsciously and unalarmed. But it is only the second- and third-rate who are permanently damaged by mistakes, by defects of style or even of taste. All these little sins are swallowed up in greatness; and if Byron, as a whole, came home to the mass—I mean the educated mass—of his countrymen, they would have found excuses for these blunders of craftsmanship or exalted them into delightful and honourable mannerisms. I have ventured to suggest that we in England and they on the Continent look on poetry from different points of view—that we expect another answer to our interrogation of the Muse, crave for other spiritual sustenance.

Perhaps we are insular, perhaps we are too much concerned with the intricacies of our souls to be loyal servants of Art. Byron was a creator of great types, great impersonations, which have passed into the thought and literature of all European peoples. He is a mighty inventor, and his creations—Conrad, Manfred, Cain, Sardanapalus, Mazeppa, Don Juan—have impressed themselves on the moral and spiritual imaginations of people whom confessions of inquiring spirits, or manuals of “natural piety,” however subtle, or delicate, or refined, would have left puzzled and cold.

For us, or some of us, poetry has another function : it must sustain, it must heal, it must exalt. Byron is a great intellectual force and a mighty artist, but we must look elsewhere for “wells of living water.” And these ethical and spiritual necessities of ours do come between us and the due recognition of unfamiliar powers.

Well, we can learn from an enemy, we can take a leaf out of a neighbour’s book. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* is not an axiom, but it has weight. At any rate, to be an Englishman and not to be familiar with Byron’s poetry, to feel its beauty and to realise its force, is to leave to the stranger and the alien the fruition of a great inheritance.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY WOMEN STUDENTS.

BY CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

[Read June 15th, 1904.]

THOUGH we are all familiar with the lives of certain notable ladies who reached a high standard of learning during the sixteenth century, little or nothing is known concerning the general education of girls and women of that period. No Royal Reports enlighten us concerning their opportunities, and no private study has elicited and combined a definite series of details. It is therefore important to note and collate all that may be gleaned concerning this interesting subject.

The intellectual developments of England during the sixteenth century were moulded by three main streams of influence—that of the Italian Renaissance, which partially passed to us through France; that of the German and Swiss Reformation; and that of the rapid improvements in the art of printing. Social and political changes stimulated the national intellect to high fervours, and the literary spirit predominated. How much women shared in the general advance of culture is too frequently only a matter of inference, just as we may learn that a sheep has passed through a hedge by a fleece of wool caught on the branches. That many women

had learned to read we may infer from the religious history of the time. We hear of women as amid those who flocked to buy the testaments of Tyndale and the great Bibles of Rogers; of women who suffered as heretics during the first half, and as recusants during the second half, of the century, doomed by the discovery of their *books*. And we know, on the other side, that Dr. John Hall, of Maidstone, in his ‘Court of Virtue,’ reproached the gayer maidens of the country with reading wicked songs and romances, when they should have been reading the Scriptures. When the decisions of the foreign universities against King Henry’s marriage “were publyshed, all wyse men in the realme moche abhorred that marriage; but women and such as wer more wylful than wyse or learneyd spake against the Determinacion and sayde that the Universities were corrupt, and enticed so to doo,”* an opinion that many wise men have held since. How *were* they educated? Doubtless, all mothers who knew taught their daughters, if only for the sake of acquiring cookery and medical receipts. Doubtless, all who were rich enough had tutors, and there is every reason to believe that any number of unrecorded Dame Schools flourished throughout the length and breadth of the land, where children of both sexes were taught the elements of reading from the Hornbook. (One lady who was admitted to the Guild of Boston in the early part of the century was described as a *schoolmistress*.) I have been fortunate enough to find corroboration of my opinion in the pages of a

* Hall’s ‘Chronicle,’ p. 730.

notable book on the education of boys, by Richard Mulcaster, First Master of the Merchant Taylors' School, 1581. He says: "Seeing that I begin so low as the first elementary, wherein we see that young maidens be also *ordinarily trained*," etc. That seems to imply primary education for many, if not for the mass of the people.

A still thicker veil hides us from the true state of their secondary education. The destruction of the convents involved the destruction of many opportunities of feminine culture. Fuller says of them: "They were the schools where the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work, and sometimes a little Latin was taught them, music, and Church History."

Among the numerous schools founded or re-founded in the century the Collegiate schools seem always to have been reserved for boys, but we have no means of knowing whether the schools founded by private laymen for *children* were not originally intended for both sexes in England, as they always were in Scotland, at the Reformation. We know that Christ Church Hospital was so, and it is quite probable that many others have since drifted into the one-sided channel of masculine privilege. Stow includes in his list of "charitable men" the names of many women. The number of grants to schools and colleges is remarkable, and suggests sympathy with education, that might have extended to that of girls. He concludes: "Thus much for the worthiness of citizens, both men and women, in this citie." I have not yet met an instance of a private foundation of a school expressly for girls, or even of one

in which they were *stated* to have been included, until the next century. Then Lucy, daughter of Sir Henry Goodyere, niece of Drayton's Warwickshire "Idea," prevailed on her husband, Sir Francis Nethersole of Kent, to found a school in her native town of Polesworth, with "a liberal maintenance of a schoolmaster and schoolmistress, to teach the *children* of the parish, the boys to read and write English, the girls to read and to work with the needle." Whether the founders were following an old custom, or whether they found that unprotected foundations were apt to lapse, their intention was preserved by cutting in stone over the doorways, associated with their coats of arms, the words "*puerorum, puellarum*" (Dugdale).

Whatever may be proved of foundations, I have always been convinced of the existence of voluntary secondary schools (*see* 'L.L.L.,' iv, 2), and here again Richard Mulcaster supports my opinion. As master of a boys' school, and professing only to write for them, he might well have passed over girls, but he did not. He devotes a whole chapter to their education. Seeing that some still doubted the wisdom of teaching them *further than the elementary*, he gives, as four good reasons for doing so:—

"First. Because it is the *custom of my country*.

"Second. Because it is a duty which we owe to them, wherein we are charged in conscience not to leave them lame in that which is for them.

"Third. Because of their own towardnesse, which God would never have given them had He meant them to remain idle.

"Fourth. Because of the excellent effects in

that sex when they have had the help of good bringing up."

"Their natural towardness ought to be cultivated because we have it by commandment of the Lord, to train up, not only our own sex, but our females, and He makes an account of natural talents."

In expanding these heads, he adds suggestions that in modern terminology at least would imply that there were special opportunities for girls; for he says: "The custom of my countrie hath made the maiden's training her approved travail," though elsewhere he states that "there is no *public* provision, but such as the professors of their training do make of themselves." He would not have them go to the public grammar schools or the universities, but advises all parents to educate them according to their powers. He regrets that girls *in general* only study until about the age of 13 or 14, "wherein the matter which they must deal withal, cannot be very much in so little time, for the perfitting thereof requireth much travail!" "Some *Timon* will say, What should women do with learning? Such a churlish carper will never pick out the best!" "Is it nothing to us to have our children's mothers well furnished in mind, and well strengthened in body?" Mulcaster would give them the pencil to draw, the pen to write; teach them some logic, rhetoric, philosophy to furnish their general discourses, and the knowledge of some tongues, as well as housewifery. He says that the selection of studies depended upon whether a girl was intended to marry or to earn her bread. As the trades-guilds were then open to them, education

would be of value to those prepared to enter any of these, or to become teachers, or practitioners in some branches of medicine, such as barber-surgeons, midwives, etc. Mulcaster, besides giving theories, states facts: "We see young maidens taught to read and write, and can do both with praise. We heare them sing and playe, and both passing well; we knowe that they learne the best and finest of our learned languages to the admiration of all men. . . . Whoso shall denie that they may not compare even with our kind in the best degree. . . . Do we not see some of that sex in our countrie so excellently well trained as to be compared to the best Romaines or Greekish paragones"—to the German, the French, or the Italians?

"If no storie did tell it, if no state did allow it, if no example did confirme it, that young maidens deserve trayning, this our own myrrour, the majestie of her sex, doth prove it in her own person, and commendes it to our reason. We have besides her Highness as undershining starres, many singuler ladies and gentlewmen so skilful in all cunning of the most laudable and loveworthy qualities of learning, as they may well be alledged as president to prayse." As they are "educated according to the wealth of their parents, the greater born have better means of prosecuting it best."

I quote so much, as this is the sole special authority I have for their *secondary education*. We know of their higher culture from Spenser, Harrison and others. It is evident that private tutors were the teachers of at least the higher education to women, and after the suppression of the monasteries the

number of these "poor scholars" would be greatly increased for a time. But the profession of governess had already been established.

In Dr. Dee's Diary he notes, September 1st, 1587: "I covenanted with John Basset to teach the children the Latin tongue, and I to give him seven duckats by the quarter." "September 1st, 1596, Mary Goodwyn cam to my service to governe and teach Madinia and Margaret my young daughters."

I have not been able to learn anything of voluntary schools in general, but there is reference to one in the description of the education of one girl of the wealthy upper middle classes of London, daughter of one great merchant, and wife of another. Though her fame shows that her successes were not quite commonplace, it also suggests that she had numerous competitors and rivals. Elizabeth Withypoll* is included by Ballard among his "learned ladies"; and Stow notes her distinction, as may be seen on her tombstone in the south aisle of the Parish Church of St. Michael in Crooked Lane. Many such may have passed into oblivion; this has been handed on to us.

"Every Christian heart seeketh to extoll
The glory of the Lord, our only Redeemer;
Wherefore Dame Fame must needs inroll

* An MS. Brit. Mus. (MS. Reg. 2. A. xviii A) gives a calendar of special events, and under October 29th, 1537, it is stated: "This day dysseasyd Elizabethhe Lukar, dowghter of Paul Withypoll." A note to this adds that a Sarum Missal, in possession of Mr. Douce, contained that and other entries, *c. g.* "XII Kl. Feb., 1509. This day was Pol Withypol, married to me Annie Cursonne his wife." The above-mentioned Elizabeth was born in 1510, her brother Edward in 1512 (Brit. Mus. 5524, f. 94).

Paul Withypoll his childe, by Love and nature
 Elizabeth, the wife of Emanuel Luncar
 In whom was declared the goodness of the Lord,
 With many high vertues which truely I will record.

“She wrought all needleworks that women exercise,
 With Pen, Frame, or Stoole, all pictures artificial,
 Curious Knots, or Trailes which Fancy could devise,
 Beasts, birds or Flowers, even as things natural.
 Three maner handes could she write them faire all.
 To speake of Algorism, or accounts in every fashion
 Of women, few like (I think) in all this nation.

“Dame Cuning her gave a gift right excellent,
 In goodly practice of her science musical,
 In divers tongues to sing and play with Instrument
 Both Vial and Lute and also Virginal;
 Not only upon one, but excellent in all.
 For all other vertues belonging to Nature
 God her appointed a very perfect creature.

“Latine and Spanish, and also Italian
 She spake, writ and read, with perfect utterance
 And for the English, she the *garland* won
 In Dame Prudence Schoole, by graces purveyance
 Which cloathed her with vertues, from naked Ignorance
 Reading the Scriptures, to judge light from darke
 Directing her faith to Christ, the only marke.

“The said Elizabeth deceased the 29th day of October,
 An. Dom. 1537, of yeeres not fully 27. This stone and all
 hereon contained made at the cost of the said Emanuel,
 Merchant Taylor.”

It is interesting to know that there *was* at least *one* school for upper class girls in England, where English was taught, and where Elizabeth won the

prize, interesting also that she used her English to read the Scriptures at that date. There is almost a hint that her husband taught her accounts, and it is possible she helped him with his business affairs. Doubtless, Elizabeth, however, learned her accomplishments from tutors and masters, and there she becomes a link with the upper ten thousand, educated in the same way to a high standard in learning and accomplishments, such as we see suggested in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Petrucio Ubaldini, a Florentine who came to England in 1551, says: "The rich cause their sons and daughters to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, for since this storm of heresy has invaded the land they hold it useful to read the Scriptures in the original tongue." Erasmus, in his *Epistles*, says: "31. The scene of human things is changed: the monks, famed in past times for learning, are become ignorant, and women love books. It is beautiful that this sex should now betake itself to ancient examples."

Udall, the Master of Eton, speaks with admiration of their advance in learning: "The great number of noble women not only given to the study of human sciences and strange tongues, but also so thoroughly expert in Holy Scriptures that they were able to compare with the best writers, as well in enditing and penning of godly and fruitful treatises to the instruction and edifying of readers in the knowledge of God, as also in translating good books out of Latin or Greek into English, for the use and commodity of such as are rude and ignorant of the said tongues. It is now no news in England to see

young damsels in noble houses, and in the Courts of princes, instead of cards and other instruments of idle trifling, to have continually in their hands either psahns, homilies, or other devout meditations, or else Paul's Epistles or some book of Holy Scripture matters, and as familiarly both to read and reason thereof in Greek, Latin, French, or Italian, as in English."

Dr. Wotton, in his 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' says that learning was so very modish then, that the fair sex seemed to believe that Greek and Latin added to their charms. Plato and Aristotle untranslated were the frequent ornaments of their closets. One would think by its effects that it was a proper way of educating them, since there are no accounts in history of so many great women in any one age as are to be found between the years fifteen and sixteen hundred.

Amid all the musings over the causes of the great outburst of literature in the sixteenth century I have never seen any one allude to the fact that the cultivation of the *mothers* paved the way for the higher development of the sons. Sir Thomas Elyot, who wrote 'The Defence of Good Women' (1545), also advised his sister, Margery Puttenham, on the bringing up of her children, Margery, Richard, and George, who wrote 'The Art of English Poesie.'

Lyly dedicated his 'Euphues' to the ladies and gentlewomen of England, a work which more than any other one volume refined the old and moulded the later English speech; Shakespeare wrote of, and to, cultivated women; numerous ladies were patronesses of struggling authors, and nearly every

poet of the time has his dedication to, if not his adoration of, some peerless woman. The very delicacy and power of the poems on the passion of love bear witness to the culture of the women as well as that of the men: witness the "Amoretti" of Spenser.

Two causes, besides the inspiration of the reforming spirit of the age, may be considered in regard to the advance of Englishwomen. The first was the association of the sexes in so many spheres. Foreign ambassadors note of the women that they go everywhere with their husbands, even to outdoor sports, such as hunting and hawking. In the semi-religious guilds established for good fellowship and a community of good works through life, and common prayers for each other at death, the initial and nobler forerunner of the modern *Club*, women joined freely in equal numbers and with privileges equal to men, the same standard of morality being demanded from each.

Most of the trade guilds were open to women by inheritance or by apprenticeship, and all were open to the widows of freemen. Women went to all the guild dinners with their male relatives; they went to the secret Bible readings, to the public sermons, and when the time came, to the theatres.

The other cause lay in the fact that the higher education of women was distinctly *fashionable*. I do not think that the reason it became so has ever been sufficiently realised.

Our natural detestation of Spanish religious intolerance and our political rivalry with Spain have blinded our eyes to much that we owed to that country. The widening of our geographical horizon

seemed to stimulate and suggest new poetic ideas. There is no doubt that the English Sebastian Cabot did much for his country, but a greater halo of romance and wonder floated over the sails of Columbus that bore him to the golden islands of the Spanish Main. But women, as a sex, owed something more to Spain than the dreams of El Dorado, for thence came, early in the century, the noble but unfortunate Queen Katharine of Arragon. It was her intelligent culture that first made the higher education of women *fashionable* in the best sense of the word. She was the youngest of the four distinguished daughters of the "Ferdinand and Isabella to whom Columbus gave a new world." Isabella was the most learned woman of her time, and she had taken special care of the education of her daughters. When Katharine came to England as the affianced bride of Prince Arthur, the greatest lady in the land was the King's mother, Margaret, the Countess of Richmond and Derby. She was a woman of wonderful abilities, with a tenacious memory and a piercing wit. She knew French fluently, and had some acquaintance with Latin, but she always regretted that in her youth she had not made herself mistress of that language. She was very pious. About the beginning of the sixteenth century she translated out of French a Latin book called 'The Mirroure of Gold for the Sinful Soul,' and 'The Fourth Book of Dr. John Gerson's Treatise of the Imitation and Following the Life of Christ.' She also commanded other translations, was a patroness of learned men, founded lectureships, schools, colleges, almshouses, and decided and

wrote down the orders for state etiquette and the management of the Royal household.

But the culture of Katharine was more varied and liberal, and during the period of her supremacy she did much to mould the tastes of the Court. Everything that was best in Henry responded to her influence; it was only when he turned from her that his character began to change for the worse. Learned men sought her Court and her favour. Erasmus dedicated to her his book on 'Christian Matrimony,' Ludovico Vives his work on 'Education.'

The first sixteenth century woman student of whose training we have any clear information was her sole surviving daughter, Mary Tudor, born February 18th, 1515-16. The third day after, she was christened, confirmed, and proclaimed Princess. Not only had she a nurse selected in Catharine, wife of Leonard Pole, Esq., but a "Lady Maistress," or governess, in Lady Margaret Bryan, a lady of great good sense and ability. The Countess of Salisbury was made State governess and head of her household.

Dr. Linacre, the learned physician, who had formerly been one of Prince Arthur's tutors, was appointed her physician and her instructor in Latin. He wrote a Latin grammar for the child's use, which seems crabbed enough to modern minds of riper years, and dedicated it to her with a complimentary preface, in which he speaks with praise of her docility and love of learning. This is all the more remarkable when we remember that Linacre died when she was eight years old. Lilly, who brought out later editions of this grammar, added his praises to those of Linacre. To Queen Katharine we may

be said to owe the first treatise on the 'Theory of Education for Women.'

Ludovico Vives, born 1492, in Valentia, who was accounted one of the three most learned men in Europe, was one of her correspondents. Knowing her desire to educate her daughter wisely, he published a treatise on the 'Education of a Christian Woman' (1523), and dedicated it to her as the most learned woman of her age. (This was translated into English, and published in 1541, thus becoming the guide to many sixteenth century mothers.) Queen Katharine asked him to draw up a special further course of study for her daughter, which he did. His works are even yet well worthy of study.

He considers the intellects of women inferior to those of men, but he would not on that account refuse them instruction, which they needed the more to develop their character. He said that a learned woman rarely or never failed in virtue. He did not fix the age at which they should commence to learn, but remarked that they should learn sewing and knitting at the same time as reading. He is not particular whether they begin their serious study in their sixth or seventh year, but of the seriousness of the study there is no doubt—in science, philosophy, and languages. He knows hard work is not agreeable to all women, any more than it is to all men. He does not speak of Art: there was no Art-culture in his day beyond illuminations and embroidery; but, strange to say, he does consider *hygiene*, air, exercise, the amount of sleep necessary, the due *hardness* of the bed. He has a chapter on decoration, and says hard things of the face-painting of the

period. "How can a woman weep for her sins, when her tears would stain her face?" She should not over-dress. He blamed the painters who represented the Virgin Mary with robes of silk and ornaments. She should have no affectation, she should be modest in society, but when she does talk she should be able to talk well. Her parents should choose her husband; affection will come after marriage. But he disapproved of precocious marriages, and thought 17 or 18 years the lowest age possible. There ought to be no rejoicings at a marriage, because the results are very uncertain. He gives advice regarding servants, showing that the domestic troubles of to-day existed even then. A woman should know a little medicine, so as not to call in the doctor and apothecary continually. Even a girl should set aside an hour daily for meditation and prayer. She should read the Gospels and the Fathers; for recreation, moral stories, such as stories from the Bible, from Papyrius, in 'Aulus Gellius,' of Lucretia, in 'Livy,' and of the patient Griselda, but *no romances*.

The 'Index Expurgatorius' that he gives is interesting to the bibliographer: "The laws ought to take heed of such ungratious books, such as be in my countrey of Spain, 'Amadis,' 'Florisande,' 'Tirante,' 'Tristram and Celestina,' 'Le Prison d'Amour.' In France 'Lancelot du Lac,' 'Paris and Vienna,' 'Pontus and Sidonia,' 'Pierre de Provence,' and 'Melusyne.' In Flanders 'Flory and White Flower,' 'Leonella and Canamour,' 'Curias and Floreta,' 'Pyramus and Thisbe.' In England 'Parthenope,' 'Genarides,' 'Hippomadon,' Wylliam and Meliour,

Livius, Arthur, Guye Bevis and many other, and many translated out of Latin, the ‘Facetiae Poggii,’ ‘Euryalus and Lucretia,’ and the ‘Hundred Tales of Boccaccio’ ”; in Italy : “Of maids some be but little mete for lernyng lykewise as some men be unapte, agayne, some be even borne unto it, or at least not unfit for it. Therefore they that be dulle are not to be discouraged, and those that be apt should be harted and encouraged. She that hath learned in books hath furnished and fenced her mind with holy counsels.” He gives among examples of women good and learned : Portia, the wife of Brutus; Cleobula, daughter of Cleobulus; and the daughter of Pythagoras, who, after his death, became the ruler of his school.

Ludovico Vives was invited in 1523 to come to lecture at Oxford and to superintend the education of the Princess Mary. This he did.

She went to live at Oxford to be near him, and therefore was the first woman student in that university town. His lessons to the princess were so interesting that the King and Queen often came to Oxford to listen.

He says a girl ought to be taught to pronounce clearly, and every day commit something to memory and read over before retiring to rest. He allows the use of a Latin dictionary, recommends translation from English into Latin, and conversations in Latin with her preceptor. He advises the learning by heart of the ‘Distiches’ of Cato, the ‘Sentences’ of Publus Syrus, and the ‘Seven Sages of Greece,’ lately collected and published by Erasmus. The course of reading drawn up included Cicero, Seneca,

Plutarch ; some dialogues of Plato, particularly those of a political turn ; Jerome's ' Epistle ' ; part of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine ; the ' Enchiridion,' ' Institutio Principis ' ; the ' Paraphrases ' of Erasmus ; and the ' Utopia ' of Sir Thomas More ; a portion of the New Testament to be read morning and evening, and of the Christian poets, Prudentius Sydonius, Paulinus, Arator, Prosper, and Juvencus, as well as Lucan, Seneca, and a part of Horace. Before selections such as these a modern candidate for classical honours might even feel nervous.

Poor little princess ! With these grave studies and serious maxims were her natural high spirits toned down to meet her melancholy fate. She proved an " apt " student and prospered in her work, being encouraged and guided by her loving mother, who delighted in revising her Latin exercises and criticising her style. Many learned men watched her progress with interest. Lord Morley, one of the literary nobles of the day, dedicated a book to her at the time of her fallen fortunes, when men were little likely to over-estimate her powers, in which he says : " I do well remember that skant ye were come to twelve yeres of age, but that ye were so rype in the Latin tonge, that rathe dothe happen to the women-sex, that your grace not only coude perfectly rede, wright, and constrewe Laten, but farthermore translate eny harde thinge of the Latin into ower Englyshe tonge." And he refers with praise to one of her works she had given him.

The translation itself, preserved in a missal, is entitled, " The prayer of Saynt Thomas of Aquine, translatyd oute of Latin ynto Englyshe by ye moste

exselent Prynses Mary daughter to the most hygh and myghtie Prynce and Prynces Kyng Henry the VIII *and Quene Kateryn his wyfe*. In the yere of oure Lorde God 1527, and the xi yere of her age." (See Cott. MS., Vesp. E, xiii, f. 72.)

That her studies were not limited to Latin we see in the quaint verses of William Forrest, priest :

"Shee had to her sorted men well expert,
In Latyne, Frenche, and Spaynische also
Of whome, before they from her did revert,
Shee gathered knowledge, with graces other mo,
The thing atchieved, departed her not fro,
For as shee had promptness the thyng to contrinue
So had shee memory passing ententyne."

Anthonie Crispin, Lord of Milherbe, a French gentleman resident in London, wrote in 1536 some verses also about her :

"Souvent vaguant aux divines leçons
Souvent cherchoit des instruments des sons
Ou s'occupoit à faire quelque ouvrage
Ou apprensit quelqu' estrange langage. . . .

"Puis à savoir raison des mouvement
Et le secret de tout le fermainent
Du monde aussi la situation ;
Des éléments l'association.

"Puis sagement avec Mathématique
Méloit raison, morale, politique. . . .
Puis apprenoit Latine et Grecque lettre
Par oraison, par histoire, et par mètre."

The wonder of the records of her learning is increased when we remember the frequent overtures of marriage that were laid before her, which must some-

what have occupied her thoughts, also the extraordinary fluctuations of her fortunes. The demands upon her hours, in the time both of her prosperity and adversity, must have been great. In 1525, when the Emperor broke off his engagement to her to marry Isabel of Portugal, she was sent to hold High Court with viceregal splendour, as the first Princess of Wales at Ludlow Castle. There she stayed for eighteen months. The Countess of Salisbury was still her State governess, and Mr. Featherstone her Latin tutor. She did not keep strictly to the advice of the prudent Vives; for she gave considerable time to dancing and playing on the virginals, and in her privy purse expenses there are many entries of her losses when *playing at cards*. On her return to her father's Court, she is recorded not only to have danced with him, but to have danced in the ballets, and acted in the Court masques of the day, as well as in one of the comedies of Terence. It was a new and hitherto unheard-of proceeding for Royal ladies to appear as stage performers, but the example seems to have been followed. (Mary was always devoted to the Drama, and spent more on it a year than did either her father or her sister.) In her sudden fall from her high estate, she relinquished only her gaieties, but continued her studies, including domestic economy, inculcated by Vives. Mary was restored to Court favour after the death of Anne Boleyn, and was on friendly terms with her later stepmothers, especially Katharine Parr. At the request of the latter she undertook the translation of the Latin paraphrase of St. John by Erasmus into the English language.

She meant to have translated more, but an attack of illness laid her aside. Her rendering of St. John was printed and published in the same volume with the translations of the other paraphrases of Erasmus by the celebrated reformers Kay, Cox, Udall, Old, and Allen, though her name was not affixed to the first edition.

Among her scientific tastes was the study of botany, and she imported many foreign plants and trees, striving to naturalise them. She also had a special interest in clockmaking, like her relative Charles V. This was not, in her time, so commonplace a manufacture as it is to-day. Her value for time, and the exact measurement thereof, carry us back in thought to the days of her predecessor Alfred, with his candle-measured hours.

Prepared as she was for the throne, the misfortunes of her life make us almost believe in the power of evil stars. Her period of depression lasted too long for her health and spirits; the doctrine of the virtue of irresponsible feminine obedience prevented her from ever showing her true nature, except once. Her courage and prudence at the *coup d'état* of Northumberland, her clemency afterwards, show what she might have been had she been allowed to act independently, as did the second Royal student of the century.

Elizabeth was born on September 7th, 1533. Her stars were fortunate, and the moon shone full upon her path. Her physical health was excellent; her period of depression lasted just long enough to steady her flighty spirits and elevate her character. She was fortunate in the kind sympathy of

Katharine Parr, that excellent and learned woman, who showed a genius for fulfilling wisely and tenderly the difficult duties of a stepmother. Elizabeth is said to have been very precocious, learning Latin, French, Italian, and music without difficulty. In a letter of the Princess Mary to her father, Henry VIII, July 21st, 1536, she says: "My sister Elizabeth is well, and such a child toward as I doubt not but your Highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming." She was four years old when her brother Edward was born, and Sir John Cheke, being appointed his tutor, sometimes gave her lessons. She was once reading with him when Leland called, and her tutor desired her to address the antiquary in Latin. She immediately did so, and the old scholar in return addressed to her four Latin verses of genuine admiration. By the age of 12 she had considerably advanced in history and geography, understood the principles of architecture, mathematics, and astronomy, was fond of poetry, and studied politics as a duty. She had a talent for languages, speaking French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish with facility. Her tutor Ascham tells us what she had done in classics before she was 16. She had read almost the whole of 'Cicero' and a great part of 'Livy,' some of the Fathers, especially 'St. Cyprian on the Training of a Maiden.' The select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles were her Greek text-books. During Mary's reign Ascham wrote to John Sturmius: "The Lady Elizabeth and I are studying together, in the original Greek, the crown orations of Demosthenes and Æschines. She reads her

lessons to me, and at one glance so completely comprehends not only the idiom of the language and the sense of the orator, but the exact bearings of the cause and the public acts, manners, and usages of the Athenian people that you would marvel to behold her." In addition to the tongues, she studied rhetoric, philosophy, and divinity, and history remained her favourite study. In Ascham's 'Schoolmaster,' which was not published until after his death, he praised her as being far above the ordinary university students. Scaliger declared that she knew more than any of the great men of her time, which was certainly flattery. But there are many apparently genuine anecdotes of her prompt replies to foreign ambassadors in their own tongue or in Latin.

During her happy years with her brother Edward she shared his studies and read with him the Scriptures. He called her his "sweet sister Temperance," probably in allusion to that name in John Hall's 'Court of Virtue,' in which, instead of the heathen muses, the Christian virtues are grouped around their Queen.

Elizabeth appears early not only as a student but as an *author*. Much of the literature of the period was translation. At the age of 12 she rendered out of English into Latin, French, and Italian the prayers and meditations collected out of prime writers by Queen Katharine Parr. About the same time she translated as a treatise, published in 1548, the "Godly Meditation of the Christian Soule, compiled in French by Lady Margaret, Queen of Navarre, aptlie translated into English by the

ryght vertuous Lady Elizabeth, daughter to our Soveraigne Lord King Henrie the VIII." Appended to this was her metrical rendering of the fourteenth Psalm; and thus, curiously enough, Queen Elizabeth appears as the versifier of the first metrical Psalm printed *with date*. This little volume was reprinted in 1595, again in Bentley's 'Monument of Matrons,' and a facsimile edition was brought out by Dr. Percy Ames in 1897. Other verses are ascribed to her, and translations from Boethius and Plutarch.

Elizabeth studied politics far more deeply than her sister; she remained unmarried; her frivolity and flirtation often veiled astute statecraft; she kept Lord Burleigh as her adviser, and fortune gave her health and a long life. She guided her country, through the difficult tides of the Reformation, into the harbour of prosperity and peace, and her people glorified her name. She inherited the great men born in her sister's short reign, and other great men hastened to be born just after her accession. All other reigns put together do not contribute so much to the great Literature of the world.

These two remarkable sisters had two remarkable cousins, who may be called their political victims, destined to be so through the action of Henry VIII concerning the succession, which "made confusion worse confounded." But it is only as *students* that I now discuss them.

Lady Jane Grey (1537-1553-4) was eldest daughter of the new Duke of Suffolk, and Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, daughter of Henry VII. She

had a fine genius, and she was carefully educated under the care of Mr. Ayhmer, afterwards Bishop of London. Ballard says of her: "She understood perfectly both kinds of philosophy, and could express herself very properly in the Latin and Greek tongues. Sir Thomas Chaloner, her contemporary, says she was well versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, Arabic, French, and Italian. She played instrumental music well with a curious hand, and was excellent at her needle." Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, tells a story of her. When he called on her to take leave before he went abroad, he found that the Duke and Duchess and all their household were hunting in the park. "I found her in the chamber reading 'Phaedon Platonis,' in Greek. I asked her why she preferred this to the sport in the park, and she answered: 'One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me, is, that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster.'" She described how sharply they checked and corrected her, so that she wearied for the time to come that she must go to Mr. Ayhmer, "who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, and with such fair allurements to learning, that I think the time all nothing while I am with him, and when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, that all other pleasures be but trifles and very troubles unto me." Foxe says of her: "If her fortune had been but as good as her bringing up, joyned with fineness of wit, she might

have been comparable . . . not only to any other women that deserveth high praise for their singular learning, but also to the university men, which have taken many degrees of the schools." The young king was devoted to her, and his personal affection prepared him to fall in with Northumberland's designs to induce him to leave the crown to her. Her own judgment declared in favour of the accession of Mary, and she did not wish a crown for herself. It was through obedience to her parents only that she submitted to be proclaimed, and went to the Tower as Queen, to remain as prisoner. Mary was inclined to deal gently with her; she let her father go off scot-free. But when he associated himself anew with Wyatt's rising, he sealed not only his own fate, but that of his daughter.

The Lady Jane was one of the few who, having grasped and accepted the principles of Protestantism, remained firm at the hour of trial. Mary, anxious to convert her, sent her former tutor, then her chaplain, Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster, to discuss religious questions with her. Her firm and clear replies showed her acuteness and trained habits of thought, as well as the purity of her faith. She is the most wonderful illustration of that strange distinction between the cultured girls of that period and of our own—their early maturity in thought and action. Compare the tender, dignified, and tragic picture of the ten days' queen, of little more than 16 years of age, with the average upper-class High School girl of to-day of the same age, and no more need be said of sixteenth century education and its results.

Dr. Fuller says of her: "She had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle-age, the gravity of old age, and all at sixteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parents' offences."

Youngest, fairest, and most unfortunate of the four remarkable cousins, Mary Stuart, born 1542, a queen at a week old, is more remembered from the charm of her personality than for her scholarship. More has been thought and written about her than about all the other queens of the century put together. Opinions are divided about her character, and I dare not touch the question now. But of her native genius and aptitude for study there is no doubt. The little Princess, with her four Maries, had even in the charming and sequestered island of Inchmahome, before she was six years old, commenced her studies in Latin,* French, Spanish, and Italian. Henry VIII wished to marry her to his son Edward VI, and sent an army with fire and sword to fetch her. The Scots "had no objection to the marriage, but misliking the manner of such rough wooing," sent her off to France, accompanied by her governess, Lady Fleming, and her four Maries, "Marie Beaton, Marie Seaton, Marie Carmichael, and *me*."

There her studies were directed by Margaret, the sister of Henry II of France, one of the most accomplished and learned ladies of her time. The little Princess delighted in work, in religion, and was

* Buchanan had been at one time her tutor and dedicated to her his Latin Psalms, though he turned against her afterwards.

most amenable to discipline. She learned Greek and Italian with facility, but was not taught English or Scotch, that French might be paramount in her heart. Her Latin exercises in 1554 have been printed by the Warton Club. Her skill in elocution delighted the French Court when in 1554 she gave a Latin oration. The subject she chose was intensely suggestive—"The Praise of Learned Ladies." In this she stated her opinion that women were able to excel in anything if they only had an opportunity given them. She was fond of poetry, in which Ronsard taught her to essay her powers, had a taste for music, played well on several instruments, was a fine dancer, a graceful rider, and delighted in needlework. Accomplishments so varied are rarely found in one person. She married the Dauphin in 1558; his father died in 1559, and she became Queen, but her husband died in 1560. Fortune dealt hardly with her; her lot was cast in times too difficult for her and in circumstances discordant with her education.

Katharine Parr (1509-1548) was the elder daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, and Dame Maud, his wife, "who, following the example of Sir Thomas More and other great men, bestowed on her a learned education, as the most valuable addition he could make to her other charms." She had been married twice before she became Queen, July 12th, 1543, and was fortunate enough to survive her husband. She wrote several religious books and translations, and procured several learned persons to translate Erasmus's 'Paraphrase of the New Testament,' one of whom was her stepdaughter,

the Princess Mary. She was deeply interested in the religious questions of the day, and very nearly suffered with Anne Askew. The Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor Wriothesley had conspired against her so artfully, persuading the King that she set up her judgment against his, that he had signed the warrant for her arrest. Warned by a friend, she so skilfully explained matters to the King, that his love and trust returned, and he reproached Wriothesley. The King left her Regent of the country when he went abroad, and she fulfilled her duties well; and her skill in nursing alleviated his sufferings till his death.

Anne Askew (1520-1546) was the daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsay in Lincolnshire, who educated her liberally, but married her against her will to Mr. Kyme. She demeaned herself as a Christian wife; but when, through reading the Scriptures, she saw the force of the Protestant doctrines, her husband drove her from his home and informed against her. She was seized, dragged before the Inquisitor, Christopher Dare, examined, brought before the King's Council, tried at Guildhall, and condemned as a heretic, though she defended herself skilfully. They put her to the rack to find the names of other ladies of her opinion. She bore it, and was silent, and was burned on July 16th, 1546. And this was the fate the last wife of Henry VIII escaped.

Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, preferred knowledge to all other riches. Erasmus wrote to a friend in Italy: "What is it, you say, which captivates me so much in England? It

is because I have found a pleasant and salubrious air : I have met with humanity, politeness, and learning ; learning not trite and superficial, but deep and accurate—true old Greek and Latin learning. When Colet discourses, I seem to hear Plato himself : In Grocyn I admire a universal compass of learning : Linacre's acuteness, depth, and accuracy are not to be exceeded ; nor did Nature ever form anything more elegant, exquisite, and accomplished than Sir Thomas More."

In a well-known letter to a friend about the choice of a wife Sir Thomas says : " May she be learned, if possible, or at least capable of being made so ! A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue out of the best authors of antiquity. She will infuse knowledge into your children with their milk and train them up in wisdom." Such wives did he prepare his own daughters to be ; Margaret Roper, Elizabeth Dancy, and Cecilia Heron. Erasmus described their home at Chelsea as a " little academe combined with a university of Christian religion." The favourite was the eldest, Margaret (1508-44), who was most like her father. He procured some of the best linguists of the age to teach her the learned languages, as Dr. Clement and Mr. William Gonell, and other great masters to instruct her in the liberal arts and sciences, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, music, mathematics, astronomy, and arithmetic. Her letters and orations delighted the most learned of her contemporaries, as the great Cardinal Pole, John Voysey, Bishop of Exeter, and Erasmus, who called her " the ornament of Britain." The tutor of the

Duke of Richmond wrote to Sir Thomas More to express his regret that he had not been present when his daughter "disputed of philosophy before the King." The love and tenderness of her father was equal to his wisdom, and the story of their lives is ideally beautiful. When she married Mr. William Roper, of Eltham, Kent, he kept up communion in correspondence. In one letter he says: "Farewell, dearest daughter, and commend me kindly to your husband, my loving sonne, who maketh me rejoyce that he studieth the same things as you do, and whereas I am wont to counsel you to give place to your husband, now on the other side I give you licence to maister him in the knowledge of the spheres. Commend me to all your schoolfellows and to your maister especially." She wrote and translated many works, especially Eusebius's 'Ecclesiastical History' out of Greek into Latin, which her daughter, Mary Roper, another learned student, translated afterwards out of Latin into English.

Leland the antiquary writes of Sir Thomas More's daughters verses translated thus :

"The purest Latin authors were their joy
They loved in Rome's politest style to write
And with the choicest eloquence indite.
Nor were they conversant alone in these
They turned o'er Homer and Demosthenes,
From Aristotle's Store of Learning too
The mystic Art of reasoning well they drew.

Then blush ye men, if you neglect to trace
Those heights of learning which the Females grace."

Associated with them in their life and studies was

Margaret Giggs (1508-70), a niece of Sir Thomas More. She is included in both of Holbein's portrait-groups of the More family, and was also distinguished for her aptitude in learning. Algebra was her special study, and Sir Thomas More sent an algorism stone of hers from the Tower. She married their family tutor, Dr. John Clement, and Leland wrote her epithalamium. Her husband made her little inferior to himself in Latin and Greek, and she assisted him in his translations. She and her husband went abroad on Elizabeth's accession. Her only daughter, Winifred, married William Rastell, nephew of Sir Thomas More.

Sir Anthony Cooke, one of the learned tutors of Edward VI, also gave his daughters an education so liberal that they became the wonder of their age. He considered that women should be educated on the same lines as men, and that they were quite as fit. Mildred (1526-89), was well skilled in the Greek and Latin tongues, particularly Greek. She delighted in reading the works of Basil the Great, Cyril Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, and other similar writers. She translated part of St. Chrysostom into English. When she presented the Cambridge University Library with a great Bible in Hebrew and other languages, she sent it with a Greek letter. In 1546 she married Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, and became the mother of Anne Countess of Oxford, and Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Her marriage was happy, and after her death her husband wrote "Meditations" upon her goodness, her private charity and helps to learning.

Anne, born 1528, second daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also liberally educated, and distinguished among the *litterati* of the time. She was said to be “a choice lady, eminent for piety, virtue, and learning, and exquisitely skilled in the Greek, Latin, and Italian tongues,” and was associated with her father by being made governess to King Edward VI. She translated out of Italian into English twenty-five sermons written by Bernardino Ochino, 1550. She also rendered out of Latin into English Bishop Jewel’s ‘Apology for the Church of England,’ for which she had great praise from the author and the Archbishop. “Besides the honour done to her sex, and to the degree of ladies, she had done pleasure to the author of the Latin book, by delivering him by her clear translation from the perils of ambiguous and doubtful constructions.” She married Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and had two sons, Anthony and Francis, whose great powers she cultivated from their earliest years.

Elizabeth, born 1529, third daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also learned in languages and sciences. She translated out of French a tract on transubstantiation, afterwards printed, and was consulted by all the learned men of her age. She married, first, Sir Thomas Hoby, Ambassador in France; and second, Lord John Russel, son and heir to the Earl of Bedford, and carefully educated her children.

Katherine, born 1530, fourth daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also famous for learning in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and for her skill in poetry.

A specimen of her talent is preserved in Sir John Harington's notes to his 'Ariosto,' and by Dr. Thomas Fuller in his 'Worthies of England' (328). Probably a certain timidity of his own powers in this accomplishment induced one of her admirers to employ George Buchanan to write verses for him. These appear among George Buchanan's epigrams and three short poems, "To the learned daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, in the name of Henry Killigrew, Englishman." This gentleman she afterwards married.

The three daughters of the unfortunate Duke of Somerset, Protector of England, under Edward VI, Lady Anne, Lady Margaret, and Lady Jane, were also widely famed for their learning and culture. They wrote 400 Latin verses on the death of Margaret of Valois, the Queen of Navarre, and it was said of them by Ronsard that if Orpheus had heard them sing, he would have become their scholar.

Lady Jane, the eldest daughter of the famous poet the Earl of Surrey, who married the unfortunate Charles Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was a distinguished scholar. Foxe, the Martyrologist, was her tutor, and he said of her that "she might well stand in competition with the most learned men of the time, for the praise of elegance both in Greek and Latin."

Henry, Lord Maltravers, only son of the Earl of Arundel, one of the few representatives left of the ancient nobility, excelled in all manner of good learning and languages, and gave a learned education to his son and his two daughters, Mary,

Duchess of Norfolk, and Jane, Lady Lumley. Mary translated selections from Greek into Latin, and Jane, 'Isocrates,' the 'Iphigenia' of Euripides and others referred to in Ascham's 'Schoolmaster.' Their exercise-books of translations are still preserved in the Royal MSS. The former died at the age of sixteen, after she had given birth to Philip, afterwards Earl of Arundel.

Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Arundel, who was first married to Robert Ratcliff, secondly to Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel, was also a distinguished scholar. She translated from English into Latin 'The Wise Sayings and Eminent Deeds of the Emperor Alexander Severus.' She also translated from Greek into Latin select 'Sentences of the Seven Wise Grecian Philosophers,' and 'Similies collected from the Books of Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and other Philosophers.' These she dedicated to her father.

Lady Elizabeth Fane, wife of Sir Ralph Fane (who was sent to the Tower with the Duke of Somerset and suffered with him in 1551), was thoroughly educated, after the fashion of her time, though not so brilliant as many of her contemporaries. She translated and versified 21 Psalms and 102 Proverbs in English, printed by Robert Crowland, 1550.

Elizabeth Jane Weston, born about 1558, was gifted with fine talent, which was highly cultivated. She left England young, and settled in Prague. She wrote several Latin books in prose and verse, highly esteemed by the learned men of the time. She is ranked on the Continent with Sir Thomas More and the best Latin poets of the century, was highly

praised by Scaliger, and complimented by Nicholas May in a Latin epigram. She married Mr. John Leon, a gentleman of the Emperor's Court.

Catherine Tishem was a great linguist, and could read Galen in the original, which few physicians of her time could do. She married Gualterus Gruter of Antwerp, and was the chief instructor of her son John Gruter the famous philologist.

Elizabeth Legge, born 1580, was noted for her faculty of acquiring languages, having studied thoroughly the Latin, French, Spanish, and *Irish* tongues, besides cultivating her poetical powers. Unfortunately, she could not make use of her acquirements, as she lost her sight in consequence of severe study. She never married, lived chiefly in Ireland, and died at the age of 105.

Ballard also mentions Esther Inglis as a scholar, though she is chiefly noted for her beautiful handwriting, which is preserved in the British Museum.

Many ladies of the century were known as writers, as Elizabeth Grimeston, and more as patrons of literature. But by far the greatest woman author of the later century was Mary, sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of the Earl of Pembroke. She was carefully educated in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and shared her distinguished brother's literary tastes. She was married in 1577, and her eldest son, William, was born in 1580. About that time Sir Philip Sidney was in disfavour at Court, and stayed with her at Wilton House, where was a good library. They retired together in the summer to a small house at Iyechurch, where they continued their literary pursuits. Two years afterwards Sir

Philip dedicated to her his romance, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,' first printed by Ponsonby. She did not like it as it stood, so corrected and expanded it much, and republished it. She also translated a 'Discourse upon Life and Death' from the French of Plessis du Mornay, her brother's friend, published 1590; and rendered very freely into English blank verse Robert Garnier's French tragedy of Marcus Antonius, adding choral lyrics of her own. Some of the passages are finer than anything her brother produced. She edited and published her brother's poems after his death, and completed the metrical translation of the Psalms which he had begun, and worked up to the forty-third, but she did not publish these. They lie in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 12047-8. She lost her father in May, her mother in August, and her brother in October, 1586. She expressed her sorrow for his loss in a poem published by Spenser with his 'Astrophel' (1595), and awkwardly named by him "The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda."

Spenser says of her in "Colin Clout's Come Home Again":

"Urania sister unto Astrophel
In whose brave mind as in a golden coffer
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are
More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare."

In a dedicatory sonnet to "The Faery Queene" he says that:

"Your brother's goodly image lives
In the divine resemblance of your face."

and elsewhere he repeats :

“The gentlest shepherdess that lived that day,
And most resembling in shape and spirit
Her brother dear.”

He dedicated to her also his ‘Ruines of Time,’ in which he praises her brother.

Abraham Fraunce extols her, and produces ‘The Countess of Pembroke’s Iychurch, 1591,’ and ‘The Countess of Pembroke’s Emanuel.’

The poet Daniel became tutor to her sons, and to her he dedicated his ‘Delia,’ a collection of sonnets (1592), and his tragedy of “Cleopatra” as companion to her “Mark Antony.”

Thomas Nash says of her, in prefatory lines to the 1591 edition of Sidney’s ‘Astrophel’: “The artes do adore her as a second Minerva, and our poets extol her as patroness of their inventions.”

Osborne says of her : “She was that sister of Sir Philip Sidney’s to whom he addressed his ‘Arcadia,’ and of whom he had no advantage but what he received from the partial benevolence of Fortune in making him a man.”

Meres compares her to Octavia, Augustus’ sister and Virgil’s patroness ; and describes her as being not only liberal to poets but a most delicate poet, worthy of the complimentary lines which Antipolus Sidonius addressed to Sappho.

Thomas Churchyard writes :

“Pembroke a Pearl that orient is of kind
A Sidney right shall not in silence sit,
A gem more worth than all the gold of Ind

For she enjoys the wise Minerva's wit
 And sets to school our poets everywhere
 That do pretende the laurel crown to wear
 The muses nine and eke the graces three
 In Pembroke's books and verses you may see."

She died in 1621, and her family raised no monument to her, but Ben Jonson wrote the famous epitaph :

"Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all Verse
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and wise and good as she
 Time shall throw a dart at thee !" *

Arabella Stewart, born 1577, the daughter of Charles Stewart Lennox, the youngest brother of Lord Darnley, was a very highly cultured woman, and was appointed by her cousin, James I, to be governess to his daughter the Princess Elizabeth, who loved her dearly. She wrote histories and had a great facility for poetical composition.

Two other names I would like to mention of ladies born in the sixteenth century, who carried into the next its culture with a difference, as the new spirit of science and mathematics, history, and political economy absorbed some of the time hitherto devoted to classics.

Elizabeth Stewart was born 1596, at Falkland Palace. When her father came to England she was sent to the charge of Lord Harrington at Coombe

* These lines are sometimes supposed to be written by Browne, on the strength of an inferior second verse by him.

Abbey, Warwickshire. That nobleman followed the plan of Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, surrounded her by cultured companions, explained to her the meaning of everything, and taught her the foundations of the Christian religion. Mr. Beauchamp was her writing master, and the famous Dr. Bull, the composer, her teacher in music. Lord Harrington himself taught her much in history, literature, and geography. She was very fond of animals and of natural history, and she had a little corner of the park, with a lake in it, to preserve her treasures. She built a little cottage for a widow and her children to attend to her animals, and designed it herself. Near it was her fairy farm, with the smallest kind of cattle that could be bought. She studied the changes of insects through the microscope, then newly invented. When ten years old a portrait was painted of her, inexplicable without knowing all this. She has a monkey and a dog at her feet, a love-bird in her hand, a macaw on one shoulder and a parrot on the other. She was familiar also with the use of the telescope, and studied mathematics and astronomy. Her home at Coombe Abbey suggested to Dr. Johnson "The Happy Valley of Rasselas." She was devoted to her brother Henry, and inconsolable at his death, in 1612. In the following year she married the Count Palatine, and great festivities took place in London. The poets Donne and Daniel call her "the pearl of Britain," and Sir Henry Wotton wrote verses in her praise :

"Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' Eclipse and glory of her kind."

Her chief fault was extravagance, which increased her pecuniary troubles with her unfortunate husband. But they were happy together and had many children, one of whom was that Elizabeth who became the pupil and friend of the philosophic Descartes.*

Anne Clifford, born 1589, daughter and heir of the Earl of Cumberland, had been forbidden by her father to learn Latin, much to her chagrin. She made up for it by studying all that she could find to read in English, and by that time through translations she found a good deal. Her diary still remains at the British Museum. She gives a beautiful description of her mother's character, and of her moral virtues, prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. She was not a linguist, but a reader, a thinker, and a *chemist*, and possessed "many excellent knowledges, human and divine."

Her tutor was Samuel Daniel, "that religious and honest poet who composed the civil wars of England in verse," and he led her to the study of history, old archives, armorial bearings, and the laws regarding inheritance, whereby she was able to sustain the noble fight against her King and her husband concerning the right of heiresses to transmit property undiverted to their heirs. What she had received from her father she wished to leave to her daughters. In this *she* succeeded, though the laws drifted after her date to the exclusions and

* In the Preface to his works he said he had met some who understood the mathematical side of his philosophy, and others who understood the metaphysical side; but he had met but *one* who understood both sides, and that was she whose intellect he therefore reckoned *the incomparable*.

disabilities from which modern women have so much suffered.

She was capable in land estate management and architecture, in which Cromwell gave her practical lessons by demolishing her castles for her fidelity to the King. Each time he destroyed them she rebuilt them stronger, until, fired with admiration at her courage, he bade his officers desist from further molestation.

Her funeral sermon, preached by Bishop Rainbow, was an eloquent oration, in which he said that the life of this great good woman was fitter for a history than a sermon. He alluded to her studies and her conversation with admiration. "She could speak well on anything, from predestination to slea-silk."

Thus, I think the women of the sixteenth century proved to their successors that they were fit, in the words of the little Marie Stuart, to study anything, if so be they were granted opportunity.

The lives of these illustrative individuals, who became illustrious because they *excelled* many others, suggest the probability of a much more general culture, and that of a higher standard, than has been hitherto realised. It is to be hoped that more research may yield more information, and account for the tidal backdraw in the position of women between these times and our own. Men grow great, and poets become inspired in proportion to the influence of the other sex, and it is only reasonable to add to the causes of the special glory of the sixteenth century, the greatness of its women.

LEGENDS OF
'ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI,' BY BROTHER
THOMAS OF CELANO, ETC.

BY THE REV. H. G. ROSEDALE, M.A., D.D., F.S.A., F.R.S.L.

[Read June 22nd, 1904.]

SCATTERED over Europe there are nine MS. versions of the first work of Thomas of Celano, known as the 'Legenda Gregorii,' or 'Life of St. Francis,' written at the instigation of Pope Gregory IX. This has been hitherto called the 'First Life.' There is at Assisi a MS. which I shall allude to as the 'Legenda Antiqua,' or life edited from early sources. This has hitherto been called the 'Second Life of St. Francis.' Besides these there is another MS. somewhere in Europe which I have labelled 'Tractatus Secundus,' or 'Second Life of St. Francis,' by Thomas of Celano. Both the second and third of these works cannot be called the 'Second Life.' The Assisi MS. is in reality not the 'Second Life,' but an appendix to the 'First Life,' or a second part of it.

The 'Tractatus Secundus,' otherwise called the 'Marseilles MS.,' is the real 'Second Life' alluded to by contemporary writers, and was written ten years later than the Assisi MS.

This is the theme that I set myself to discuss to-day.

Sufficient books were written during the last century on the subject of 'St. Francis of Assisi' to fill a good-sized library ; but when we examine the literature of a still earlier period, we find that there were few subjects more productive of literary effort in the Middle Ages than that of the life and works of the Saint of Umbria. No one will ever be able to measure the amount of literary work to which the founder of the Brothers Minor has given rise. There have been hundreds of books whose titles only are now known to us ; of many others we have a still slighter knowledge, and we are aware that vast quantities of books on the subject have perished altogether. Notwithstanding all this, there remains so voluminous a mass of books dealing with Franciscan matters that few living men have been able to become, in any sense of the word, conversant with the whole. Possibly there are still many and greater truths to be elicited by future generations ; but so far as Franciscan researches have gone at present, all the literature on the subject that has at all times been so unceasingly pouring from the printing presses of Europe appears to be little more than an elaboration or enlargement of one great and dominating work. I feel sure, that, with certain minor reservations, I shall find few really well-versed students of this subject who will not agree with my statement that until the time of Professor Paul Sabatier, nearly all the works of the last 600 years dealing with St. Francis were based on the version of the Saint's

life promulgated by St. Bonaventura about the year 1264. Up to the time when Professor Sabatier undid the grave clothes that hid from sight the greatest of mediæval preachers and teachers, every idea and every piece of real information with regard to the all-important matter of the work, life, and teaching of St. Francis of Assisi was based upon, and almost entirely derived from, the ‘*Legenda Sancti Francisci*’ of the Seraphic Father, St. Bonaventura.

In an uncritical day when the ‘*Index Expurgatorius*’ could dominate the bookstalls of Europe, such a source sufficed; but in the noonday light of an almost dazzling twentieth century research, the work of St. Bonaventura has fallen into disrepute. It is now interesting only as indicating traits of character in the man himself, and illustrating what he wished to hide, rather than valuable for the facts he narrates.

A new departure in Franciscan literature dawned when Professor Sabatier and some other Franciscan workers went behind this author to the very sources from which he had, with so much subtlety, culled the materials for his ‘*Legenda*.’ New facts, new ideals, and new deductions, were rapidly borne in upon the world of Franciscan students, and ever since that time it has been the pre-Bonaventuran writings that have most influenced the literature of St. Francis.

It will be well to devote some time to the study of this subject; and in this relation I propose to mention some of the principal works of that period which are of especial interest to Franciscans.

Never was there more truth in the well-worn

saying, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," than in the case of Franciscan records.

Almost the first thing that the Franciscan student comes to learn is the fact that to the internal dissensions of the order most of the records which we so prize to-day are to be attributed.

Doubtless many of those whom I have the honour of addressing to-night are well aware of the sad struggles which rent asunder the religious family which the "poor little man of Assisi" had brought up and cherished, but lest perchance some have passed over the painful side of this great life and have only cared to read the elevating and noble characteristics or teaching that fascinated not only the inhabitants of the valley of Spoleto, but Italy on both sides of the Appenines and then spread out to influence and mould the lives of men and women all over Christendom, lest this beautiful side of the Franciscan story should be all that has taken hold of the minds of any here, I feel bound to take upon myself the ungrateful task of displaying, in all its disfiguring and debasing aspects, the hatred and bitter enmity that practically killed the real work of the Franciscan brotherhood after the death of its founder.

Would that I could pass over this sad chapter; but without it all the Franciscan writings would lose their real meaning. This party strife is the real key to those writings which have now become one of the most valuable literary discoveries of our day.

We must go back to the year 1220. It is a sad picture that meets our eyes. The rule of absolute poverty, which the Saint of Umbria has so prized

and which has hitherto so dominated his life, is in danger; he has fought desperately to keep his family of saintly men from falling back into the life of confidence in earthly power or means; but the forces of the world are too much for him.

Cardinal Ugolino, Visitor of the order, has again and again tried to move him from his resolve that no "brother minor" shall possess anything; but although he has never flinched from his faithfulness to his first love and though his devotion to poverty has only increased as the years have flown, yet he feels that the struggle is becoming too much for him. The influence of the Roman Curia is increasing, there are malign whispers that the saintly founder of the order is standing in the way of progress and is endangering the usefulness of the brothers by risking the anger of the Papal authority. Weak in body and often tried and grieved in spirit by the difficulties or the opposition that he has to encounter, St. Francis feels that he can keep up the struggle no longer. If it were enemies whom he had to meet it would be different; but he cannot quarrel with those he loves so deeply. There is another side too to the question. St. Clara, his own Saint, for all that she is he has made her—has given way to the importunities of the Cardinal of Ostia by relaxing her rule. Those who know anything of St. Francis must know this, that, there was very little in his life in which the beloved head of the Clarisses did not share. Her advice, her counsel, her sympathy and devotion, were to this true-souled man more than we shall ever know. She had been to him the type and symbol of that

sacred poverty which she had willingly chosen at his instigation. She was to St. Francis the incarnation of that holy poverty to which he had bound himself for ever.

Now that this noble-hearted, and as no one knew better than he did, wise and clear-headed woman had accepted the persuasions and advice of Cardinal Ugolino and had, after many an effort at resistance, led the way, what should he do? That was his great life problem. Perhaps she may be right after all, and if so, ought he to stand in the way of God's will? Till that moment he had never hesitated to be guided by her, to follow her lead in most things, just as in the earlier days she had blindly followed him. Yet strong as was this personal influence, his instinct, his experience, his innate sense of vocation fought against the slightest deviation from the vow of his entire life. This was the war that was raging within him, a warfare only too prophetic of that which was ultimately to be carried on by his sons. It was ever in his mind, he was perplexed and anxious and it began to tell on his spirits, and just before the Chapter General of 1220, when rumours of insubordination, of argument and opposition, were in the air, there came upon him a sense of deep depression, that for all practical purposes closed his career as the real ruler and leader of the Franciscan order. Under the influence of a somewhat morbid sentiment he decides to cease the struggle and to retire into a life of simple waiting upon God, striving by example to bring about what he felt he had failed to do by authority. His abdication is to my mind one of the most pathetic incidents in history. Hear the great

leader of 250,000 men and women in his farewell words, given us by Thomas of Celano and others. Turning to the brethren he says: "From henceforth I am dead to you; but here is brother Pietro di Catana whom you and I will all obey." Then he prays: "Lord, I return to Thee this family which Thou hast confided to me. Now, as Thou knowest, most sweet Jesus, I have neither strength nor ability to keep on caring for them; I confide them, therefore, to the ministers. May they be responsible before Thee at the Day of Judgment, if any brother by their negligence, or bad example, or by a too severe discipline, should ever wander away."

From that day St. Francis had very little share in the real management of the Order, but his personal influence could not be ignored. He lived, and as long as he lived his life remained one of beautiful and holy poverty. Those who were most anxious to obtain the universal acceptance of the more moderate interpretation of his rule felt that no step was possible so long as he lived, but none the less did that party, numbering among them the Judas Iscariot of the Franciscan disciples, lay their plans for ultimate success. How bitterly St. Francis felt the progress those plans had made, may be realised by a quotation from the '*Legenda Antiqua*.'

In reply to a brother who points out to him the declension of the order from the primitive rule, he says: "God forgive you, brother. Why do you lay at my door things with which I have nothing to do? So long as I had the direction of the order and the brothers persevered in their vocation, in spite of weakness I was able to do what was needful, but

when I saw that without caring for my example or my teaching, they walked in the way you have described I confided them to the Lord and to the ministers. It is true that when I relinquished the direction, alleging my incapacity as the motive, if they had walked in the way of my wishes, I should not have desired that before my death they should have had any other minister than myself. Though ill, though bed-ridden even, I should have found strength to perform the duties of my charge. But this charge is wholly spiritual. I will not become an executioner to strike and punish as political governors must."

When, however, we read the so-called "Will" of this wonderful man, it is no longer a matter of surprise to us that he felt there was little left to live for, and that the call to a higher life was the only guerdon worth possessing.

The restraint that was so burdensome to a large proportion of the brothers was removed by the death of St. Francis on October 3rd, 1226. Brother Elias, who since March 10th, 1221, had been the head of the Order, though outwardly adhering to his master, had in reality placed himself and his powers entirely at the disposal of Cardinal Ugolino, who represented the Roman influence in the Franciscan brotherhood. Now that there was no other leader to fear he made no secret of his intentions. His great scheme for immortalising his own name by building the magnificent Basilica of St. Francis under his influence soon became the one dominating interest and work of the Franciscan Order, at least of all those who were not the Zeloti or the partisans

of the original rule of poverty. These Zeloti, however, were not to be entirely ignored. What they lacked in number was made up for in zeal and devotion; nor was their prestige of slight moment, since they were for the most part those who had been the closest companions of St. Francis. Brother Leo became their leader, and the holiest and greatest characters in the Order ranged themselves under his banner.

The day of intrigue was over and open warfare was declared. The work of building this enormous structure had been begun, and an imposing marble box for the offerings of the faithful had been set up. This to the Zeloti was indeed the "abomination of desolation." It was, they maintained, the very antithesis of the ideals of St. Francis, and though fully aware of all that it would entail to himself, the intrepid Leo, assisted by a few friends, shattered the offending object, and was in consequence attacked and severely beaten by the emissaries of Elias and driven out of the town of Assisi.

Elias, however, had to learn what power a determined opposition can wield. Within a short time of the events narrated he found himself deposed from the exalted position which he held. Whether or not the publication of that important work, the '*Speculum Perfectionis*,' by Brother Leo, tended to promote this result, or whether indeed the '*Speculum Perfectionis*' was really published at that time, is very difficult to say. To venture to hold a different opinion from that of so remarkable and so deeply read a Franciscan scholar as Professor Paul Sabatier seems almost audacious, yet in spite

of the many able arguments he adduces for the early date of the 'Speculum Perfectionis' it is difficult to understand how so many versions of this work can have been permitted to survive, and at the same time all tradition on the subject can have been obliterated, at a time too, when the Zeloti were so united and so determined to cling to all that was primitive in the Order.

Fortunately, however, we are not called upon here to enter upon the thorny path of speculation as to the date of this mysterious work, for we have at hand another work which will equally serve the purpose that is needful to my subject,—the 'Sacrum commercium.'

On the fall of Elias, a new Minister General was appointed, one Giovanni Parenti, evidently a man of wonderful piety, and certainly not lacking in literary ability, if we may accept the view that six weeks after his appointment to the post of General, he published this tractate, which must have had no slight bearing on the controversy that was raging in the Franciscan world.

The 'Sacrum commercium,' which we all welcome as a literary gem, had doubtless an ulterior motive. Devotional and exquisitely dramatic, it none the less struck boldly at the work which Elias was carrying on with such determination. The allusion to Elias and his work in Chapter XII is clear: "Et licet non possit civitatis supra montem positae abscondi desolatio, tamen imposuerunt ei nomen discretionem vel providentiam, cum talis discretio potius dicenda esset confusio et providentia bonorum omnium pernitiōsa oblivio." "And although

the desolation of a city set upon a hill cannot be hid, yet they gave her the name of Discretion or of Prudence, though such discretion is rather to be called confusion, and such prudence a deadly forgetfulness of all good things."

The whole work teems with allusions that cannot have failed to convey a clear meaning to all who read; and if this was the work of so exalted a personage as the official head of the whole community, it must have had considerable notoriety. Before passing on, I cannot refrain from showing how incisive were the strictures it contained, on the persons of Elias and his immediate circle—Chapter XI of the '*Sacrum Commereium*' deals exclusively with this criticism.

"*Surrexerunt denique in nobis qui non erant ex nobis, quidam filii Belial loquentes vana, operantes iniqua, dicentes se pauperes esse cum non essent et me . . . Spreverunt ac maculaverunt me, sequentes viam Balaam ex Bosor qui mercedum iniquitatis amavit, homines corrupti mente, . . . homines assumentes sanctae religionis habitum novem hominem non induerunt sed veterem paliaverunt. Detrahebant senioribus suis et eorum qui sanctae conversationis institutores fuerunt vitam et mores in occulto mordebant, vocantes eos indiscretos, immisericordes, crudeles, et me quam assumpserant dicebant otiosa insipidam, turpem incultam, exsanguem et mortuam, aemula mea summo studio ingerente, quae ovis assumens habitum dolositate vulpis occultabat lupinam rabiem.*" The following is Canon Rawnsley's translation, "There arose after among us certain sons of Belial speaking vain things,

working unjust ones, saying that they were poor when they were not, and me . . . they spurned and cast dirt upon me, following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor, who loved the wages of iniquity—men corrupt of mind and turned aside from truth, thinking gain is godliness, men taking upon them the garment of holy religion who have not put on the new man ; but are clothed upon with the old.

“ They spoke lightly of those who had gone before, and subtly slandered the manner of life of them who were the instructors of the holy walk, calling them indiscreet, pitiless, cruel ; and me . . . they called idle, tasteless, foul, rude, coldblooded, and dead. For my jealous foe brought this about with all her might, who, taking on her sheep’s clothing, under a fox’s cunning, hid the ravening of a wolf.”

The concluding words can but mean Elias himself. Amidst all the bitter hostility caused by this Franciscan civil war, the Papal intervention seemed to be of the greatest possible importance, and in consequence Cardinal Ugolino of Ostia, recently elected Pope, made the excuse of visiting Perugia in order to deal personally with these matters, since the occasion of the canonization of the founder of their order seemed to be an opportune one for re-uniting the discordant parties. Accordingly on July 16th of the following year 1228 Gregory IX entered Assisi to take part in the great service of the Canonization of St. Francis.

An account of that event has been given us in the fullest manner, and the official historian was none other than Thomas of Celano. To him Gregory

committed the task of recording not only the Canonization and the list of miracles deemed necessary for this great event, but also entrusted our author with the duty of reproducing from the materials at his disposal a life of St. Francis.

It may be fancy, but it seems to me that the wise prelate who was at once eager for the advancement of the order, whose real head he was, and who was at the same time in real sympathy with, if not the actual originator of, the plans which Elias was executing, would make every effort to heal the breach that threatened to wreck the whole Franciscan structure. I venture to think that on the occasion of the visit to Assisi, he was instrumental in bringing about a *modus vivendi* between the opposing camps and probably obtained from the Zeloti the withdrawal of the obnoxious tract just quoted, whilst he on his part undertook to have an unbiased life of the great leader prepared and issued such as would satisfy all parties.

To Thomas of Celano the work would be given and possibly with directions to avoid any statements that might be objected to by the party of the stricter observance. Thus in 1229 there appeared, under the title of the 'Legenda Gregorii,' the work which for nearly a century has been known as the 'First Life' of St. Francis of Assisi, by Thomas of Celano.

That this work was intended to bring out on the one hand the holy poverty of the little brother of Assisi, and at the same time to emphasise the actual fact that St. Francis had designated Elias his successor, cannot I think be doubted. Realising as we

must, that Thomas of Celano was certainly not in personal sympathy with the party of Brother Leo, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for the tone of Chapters A xv, xvi of his first work, which do not attempt in any way to modify the original rule of the order.

To my mind the ‘*Legenda Gregorii*’ was the masterstroke of the astute Pontiff, and it is evident that this work received a very extensive recognition and that it was looked upon as worthy of credence, and I doubt not as a moderate and unpolemic relation of events. This seems evident from the fact that it alone, of all the early Franciscan documents, has permeated Europe and has been preserved as a literary treasure in Germany, France, Italy, Spain, and England.

Whatever may be the facts yet to transpire on so complex a subject it is obvious that from the date of its publication the bitterness which had arisen amongst the followers of St. Francis was at least modified and possibly laid to rest for a period of ten years or more.

Some readers may go even one step further and suggest that the re-election of Elias as “Minister General” was the direct result of the widespread publication of the ‘*Legenda Gregorii*’; which, whilst bearing the “*imprimatur*” of so exalted a person as the Pope himself, frankly avowed the high position given to Elias by the dying Saint.

Whichever view we may take, it is clear that three years later, in spite of the intense bitterness that had been previously felt and shown towards him, Elias was elected as head of the order, and

for the next seven years remained at the helm. This indicates that there must at least have been a certain reaction in his favour for which nothing else will account; moreover, after the year 1229 we find less of that bitter partisanship which blackens the pages of history during the years immediately preceding the "Canonization."

From the time of the election of Elias, however, the clouds began to appear once more. His enormous efforts to complete the great work of the Basilica brought him into conflict with the members of the Franciscan order.

At first, doubtless taught by the experience of other days, he proceeded with caution; but soon the old spirit became manifest—he organised collections in every province. When his demands on behalf of the Basilica were resisted, as being out of keeping with the spirit of St. Francis, he used his authority to remove the offending rulers of the order, and as time proceeded he found it necessary more and more to practise severities which could not fail to alienate from him the hearts of those over whom he ruled. At last the storm broke. In 1239 Pope Gregory IX, acting on the evident wish of the order, deposed Elias and declared Alberto di Pisa elected in his place.

All this time there had been no further demand for literature on the subject of the Saint's life. No doubt the 'Legenda Gregorii' had proved sufficiently complete to satisfy all parties, and it requires no stretch of imagination to become convinced that wherever Franciscans went, there a copy of this precious work would be carried by them. Supposing

then that the 'Speculum' had not been issued, and that the 'Sacrum commercium' had either been withdrawn by Giovanni di Parenti or secretly suppressed during the rule of Elias, Thomas of Celano's work would be the only authentic Franciscan document of these earlier years. Yet the 'Legenda Gregorii' was a document which was a menace to the foes of Elias who were now in the ascendant. Alberto di Pisa, the new Minister General, was too preoccupied with the difficult task in front of him to deal with matters of a literary kind. He was a diplomatist, and all his energies had to be directed towards checkmating his wily opponent Elias in other ways. The latter had at last found his match, for Alberto di Pisa was not the type of man that he had been accustomed to deal with. He was opposed by one who would not scruple to gain his own ends either by device or by treachery.

As an example of the adroitness of the new Minister General it may be mentioned that on his death an extremely important letter addressed by Elias to Gregory IX and intercepted by Alberto di Pisa was found sewn up in his tunic. Like Elias he had learned the value of strategy, and his alertness proved the destruction of his foe.

The proud Elias was not, however, the man to mildly submit to oppression, and he in no measured terms resented the action of the Pope, who, as he thought, had betrayed him. Gregory turned upon him with all his fury and hurled at him vituperation that one would hardly have expected possible from such a man; yet Elias was no less headstrong; he went so far as to reply by accusing the aged Pontiff

of having misused the money collected for the Crusades, and of other misdeeds.

From that time Elias was an outcast ; many even of his supporters declared that he had deceived them, and soon his name became a scandal among the members of the order. In the midst of these events a new " Minister " was elected ; this time an Englishman—Aymon of Faversham. Doubtless this election was due to the desire to have at the head of affairs a man of simpler piety. The new " Minister General " was, we can well believe, hardly prepared for the subtleties of semi-Eastern methods and ideals. He found the work of the order quite sufficient for his powers without launching forth into new fields. Yet it must again and again have become evident to those in authority that the prominence given to Elias in the authorised Franciscan life of the founder placed the leaders of the present in a delicate and ambiguous position. No doubt means would have been set on foot to remedy the evil had not an event taken place which altogether prohibited any action on the part of the order.

Thomas of Celano's ' Legend ' had been authorised by the successor of St. Peter, and only another successor could abrogate this.

Little more than a year after the election of Aymon Gregory IX died, and Celestine IV became Pope. How much this meant to the Franciscan brotherhood can scarcely be imagined. The dead Pontiff had been the mainstay of the brethren from the earliest days of its inception. He had not only been this, but his name had added prestige and dignity to the movement in every province. All

Europe knew that the Franciscan brotherhood was under the especial protection of Gregory. They had now lost this mighty arm. So long as he had lived the reverence for the past must be evidenced; now the future was all unknown. He, too, had been the friend of St. Clara, and had always smoothed over difficulties between the two orders when they had occurred. Now that this great Franciscan had passed away they began to look to their foundations.

The powers that were had need to be alert. The dead Pope, whom all praised, had been the friend of Elias. The official life of St. Francis, which had doubtless attained its influence partly in consequence of his support, might become a danger. Now that Elias had become of public scandal, this book, which asserted the pre-eminence of Elias, might be used to injure the order now that its great champion was dead. On the other hand, the undue reverence which would now be accorded to such a document bearing the authority of so great a man, would hinder the publication of any other work supplementing the recorded facts by such as might subsequently become known.

Again, now that the party of the Zeloti were in the ascendant it was felt that the time had arrived when the order itself might indicate the direction in which it would walk, without the necessity of always inquiring first what course was desired by the Court at Rome.

The "Zeloti" had by this time effectually come to realise that though Elias might be deposed and disgraced, they the adherents of the first rule, were not in favour with the Papal "entourage." Now, if

ever, the opportunity to use the advantage which they had obtained, seemed to have arrived.

Now they might get rid of all reference to Elias in the accepted manual, and they hoped that the literary material they had in the meantime been collecting as proof of the opinions of St. Francis about the rule of poverty, might soon become incorporated into the text-book of Franciscan communities.

Undoubtedly, had Celestine IV lived, it would not have been long before an official application would be made to him to allow the revision of the offending document, but alas! only seventeen days after his election Celestine IV died. Nothing could now be done, and the ruling spirits among the Franciscan brotherhood could only possess their souls in patience and wait until a new Pope should be announced, blending with their accustomed prayers one that the new Pontiff might be a ruler favourable to the order.

It was, however, a case of hope deferred. The Curia could not agree; disputes and quarrels were the order of the day, and the Court of Rome became the scene of many a disgraceful episode. For fully a year and eight months this sad state of affairs was maintained, until the 24th of June, 1243, when Innocent IV was installed in the Pontifical throne.

As a compliment to the new Pope, the succeeding Chapter General was convened at Genoa, from which place he had gone to assume the reins of government. The "Chapter General" of Genoa was one full of new vigour. It was an occasion when anything was possible, since a new era had

begun. Whether for good or for evil, a step forward would have to be taken. The first act was to appoint Crescentius de Jesi "Minister General." He stood for the party of moderation—liberty to diverge slightly within reasonable limits. Still, like his predecessors, it was necessary that he should in every way dissociate himself from Elias. In consequence of the foregoing circumstances, on the ground that new matter had arisen and that new facts had been discovered, he easily contrived to obtain the passage of a measure by the entire order, commanding all the brethren who had any knowledge of facts connected with the life of St. Francis not already published, or of miracles not previously mentioned, to forward these to the General in order that some steps might be taken to circulate this information to the body of the brethren.

No doubt many a brother had some contribution to send, and in consequence of this, without interfering with the former work, Crescentius de Jesi directed a tract to be drawn up entitled 'Venerabilium gesta Patrum.' It was in dialogue form and probably intended to stimulate still further inquiry and investigation. Unfortunately this tract has been lost.

The party of the Zeloti had always been the more active body, and in consequence they were not long in setting to work. Now the opportunity of giving publicity, not only to their own impressions, but to the documents which they had been carefully collecting in evidence of the righteousness of their cause, was most tempting. Under the leadership of Leo, Angelo, Rufino, Fillippo, Illuminato, Masseo,

John and Bernard de Quintaville, each added what they could to the common fund of information. It will need no words of mine to convince my hearers that the material that these brethren selected to compose their work was of one kind and only of one kind. They wrote with an object, and that object was the destruction of their opponents' case. Every fact that could be adduced to show the attitude of opposition which the Saint of Umbria had evinced to the principles of the moderate party was inserted, until the work became little more than a diatribe couched in narrative. On August 11th, 1246, the work was completed under the name of the 'Legend of the Three Companions.' It is sometimes called the 'Legend of Brother Leo'; but whether this title would not be more correctly applied to the 'Speculum Perfectionis' is a matter on which I do not at present feel competent to express a definite opinion.

The brothers who drew up this work appear to have done more than send it to Crescentius, they seem to have given it some sort of publicity on their own account. One of two things must have taken place. Either request was made by the authors for a license to be granted for the publication of this version of the Saint's life, and permission obtained on condition of the work being produced in its censored form, as we have it now; or, what is much more likely, the writers made several copies and sent them to their friends in each province as a specimen of the material they had contributed to the common fund. If we accept this view we can readily understand how Crescentius would immediately take steps

to have all these books examined, and such portions as seemed undesirable destroyed. I have no doubt that it would be this course that would render him unpopular to the brothers and which led to his downfall in 1247. It is interesting to note that all that remains to us of the 'Legend of the Three Companions' is the history of the youth of St. Francis and the first days of the order, and then with an obvious hiatus the narrative springs to the death and canonization of the Saint. The intervening material is nowhere to be found.

We must not, however, suppose that this legend had no circulation; in fact, the contrary may have been the case, for after the Council of Paris, when the earlier books were sought for and destroyed, it would be just those belonging to the Zeloti which would be least likely to escape detection, whilst the vows of obedience would press more strongly upon them than even on their more moderate brethren. Under such circumstances it would be safe to suppose that the 'Tres Socii' version did indeed have a very real influence within the order. If I mistake not it was exactly the influence of so dangerous a document that troubled Crescentius and which led him to appoint Thomas of Celano, and some think others in association with him, to revise the material which had been forwarded to him as General and to produce from those sources a new and complete life.

That Brother Thomas lost no time in resuming his work is evident from the fact that although he probably did not commence his labours until after the publication of the 'Legend of the Three Companions,' yet the result of his labours which has

come down to us as the 'Legenda Antiqua' must have been issued before July, 1247, since it was forwarded to Crescentius de Jesi as Minister General, whereas at the Council of Lyons held on that date John of Parma was elected to the Generalship.

In the book which I have recently seen through the press entitled 'Legenda Sancti Francisci auctore Thoma de Celano,' I have dilated at considerable length on the fact that in the Assisi Codex, which has too long been supposed to be the 'Tractatus Secundus' or 'Vita Secunda' of Celano, we have in reality the well-known work of our author entitled 'Legenda Antiqua,' a title which no doubt had a direct reference to the sources which, as editor of the manuscripts sent to Crescentius, had been placed at his disposal.

So far, I feel that I have been on ground over which most orthodox and conservative students of Franciscan lore will be ready to follow me; but at this point I am bound to take a step forward, a step which will doubtless make many hesitate. To such I can only say, do not attempt to follow, if you have other convictions; but I cannot but fear that, not to go forward must logically mean difficulties of a far greater kind in the immediate future when the facts which I have already alluded to in my critical introduction to the text of Celano's works are more fully understood.

Professor Paul Sabatier in Part VII of this critical study of the sources speaks of the second part of the second life by Thomas of Celano. He suggests that this second part was written between 1247 and 1257 and that it consists of parts 2 and 3 of the

‘*Legenda Antiqua*’ or Assisi MS. M. Sabatier wrote his life of St. Francis before 1899, or this portion would have been somewhat different. I am indebted to none other for having first put me on the path that has led me to this conclusion. I venture to think that had M. Sabatier been writing that passage to-day he would never have spoken of a second part of a second life, he would either have alluded to a third life, or he would have done as I have done, denominated the last work of Brother Thomas as the ‘*Tractatus Secundus*.’

His effort to place his readers in possession of true facts was, however, wonderfully correct, may I say prophetic; he had realised what few of his contemporaries realised, viz., that over and above the ‘*Legenda Gregorii*’ and the ‘*Legenda Antiqua*,’ of which we have been speaking, there was a third work by this author, a work well-known to the thirteenth century writers and intimately associated with the name of the “Minister General” John of Parma. The missing document he naturally assumed to be the second part of the MS. of Assisi since no record could be obtained of any other. After the publication of Professor Paul Sabatier’s life of St. Francis a discovery was made which has considerably altered the opinions of students on this subject, as well as those of Professor Sabatier to whom I am indebted for the first light on this subject in a letter which he wrote to me more than two years ago.

At this point I must ask my hearers to let me tell my story of the texts to the end and then return to the critical examination of whether or no my conclusions are correct.

It has been suggested by several writers that Thomas of Celano is hardly a writer of any importance from the fact that he was ready at all times to take the popular view in order to curry favour. To my mind the facts point in a totally different direction.

It is, I think, beyond doubt that Thomas of Celano did not belong to or even sympathise with the party of the stricter observance, yet I have already pointed out that it was in the most awful moment of party strife that he was commissioned by Gregory IX to write the 'Legenda Gregorii,' and that such would not have been the case had the former not been aware that the work of Brother Thomas would be acceptable to both parties. Combining this fact with the obviously impartial character of his first work, we should at once see the reason why the order was satisfied to accept for so long a period and to spread in every direction this work of Brother Thomas of Celano. They trusted him as a sincere and true man.

Again, when in 1246 Crescentius de Jesi was in need of some one to whom he could commit the task of editing the numerous works forwarded to him, it was to Thomas of Celano he turned, as being the one man whose writings would be likely to find acceptance with the brothers of each observance, and as though to confirm this, on the election of John of Parma, well known to have belonged to the party of the Zeloti, and the author of the tract, 'Venerabilium gesta Patrum,' he, like his opponent predecessor, turned at once to Brother Thomas as the most fit and acceptable person to complete the work of

which the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Legenda Antiqua' were but a part.

I have already anticipated what my hearers will have been prepared for. Owing to the comparative liberty and indeed prominence given to the Zeloti by the election of John of Parma, two results had followed: in the first place those who had hitherto hesitated to relate accounts of legends and stories connected with the Saint, were now emboldened to go to the simpler men who were in power, and tell their story or deliver it in writing. Thus a vast number of partly true and often wholly spurious legends grew up with alarming rapidity.

This was a state of affairs which would be quite out of accord with the real sympathies of the party to which Leo and his companions belonged. To them the mere miracle worker was far inferior to the truly human, yet grandly self-effacing St. Francis. In consequence, it became a matter of the most profound importance to dissociate those legends which were of some credibility from those that were only mythical. No one could do this so well as Brother Thomas, and in consequence we find the new Minister General, John of Parma, beseeching him to undertake the work. Brother Thomas immediately set to work and compiled the work on the miracles which appears in my text as the second half of the 'Tractatus Secundus.' The first half of this text is a revised and re-edited version of the 'Legenda Antiqua,' so altered, however, by the author as to produce an utterly different impression upon the reader from that which the former suggests.

With this work ended, as we shall see, all efforts to amplify or improve upon the history of the founder of the Franciscan order.

The days of the brethren of the stricter observance were numbered. In the year 1257, Cardinal Bonaventura was elected "Minister General." Already the attempts of both parties to dominate the order by means of their authentic records had produced innumerable evils, and it was the difficulties of a most serious kind which beset the Franciscan movement that accounts for the readiness with which the members of the "Chapter General" of Narbonne commissioned Bonaventura to write the life of St. Francis. From the accession of Bonaventura, Thomas of Celano disappears from the scene. Whilst it is quite reasonable to suppose that Bonaventura saw in him a literary rival, and that he could not tolerate a possible critic, I am disposed also to believe that in reality, Thomas of Celano was gradually drawn more and more to the party of the older observance. With years there grew upon him the memories of St. Francis, and with those memories there came to him a sense of grief at the wide departure of the order from the primitive simplicity which he had known in earlier days. His intimate association with John of Parma must have made it appear to the other brethren that he had leanings towards the party of Leo, whilst the thirty-six chapters which he devotes to the subject of poverty in his two later works cannot have failed to indicate the tendency of his personal bias. These facts probably laid the seeds of that disfavour which

injured him upon the advent to power of Bonaventura.

Few men were more vigorous in character than this new "Minister General." A tremendously hard worker, a man of indomitable ambition, of shrewd foresight and remarkable ability, he took in at once the dangers of the situation, and met them by suppressing all questions that might lead to any kind of controversy.

All matters in dispute he deemed inadmissible, and in consequence the work which he presented to the "Chapter General" of Pisa, and which was in fact, nothing but the writings of Celano condensed and curtailed with certain additions from the 'Speculum Perfectionis' and the 'Tres Socii,' readily met with acceptance, and was in consequence approved by the whole order.

Would that we could stop at this point, but the climax came in the following year, an event which I call "the tragedy of Franciscan history." Bonaventura found that his version of the life of St. Francis, whilst outside the range of party strife, was considered too feeble a production to become what he wanted it to be, viz. the text book of the order. A man of his disposition could brook no opposition, and in consequence he contrived to obtain a majority of the votes at the Council of Paris held in 1264, directing the circulation of the following edict—an edict which, with one fell blow, destroyed some of the choicest literature of mediæval days. The edict runs as follows—

"Item praecepit Generale Capitulum per obedientiam, quod omnes legendae de B. Francisco olim

factae deleantur et ubi inveniri poterant extra ordinem, ipsas fratres studeant amovere, cum illa legenda, quae facta est per Generalem, sit compilata prout ipse habuit ab ore illorum qui cum B. Francisco quassi semper fuerunt et cuncta certitudinaliter sciverint et probata ibi sint posita diligenter."

"Item: The Chapter General directs that as an act of obedience, all former legends of the Blessed Francis be destroyed, and wherever the brothers can find them outside the order they must endeavour to do away with them, since this legend drawn up by the General is compiled from accounts of those who nearly always accompanied the Blessed Francis. All that they would know without doubt and all that has been proved to be true has been carefully inserted."

This terrible order was all the more terrible, because to the Franciscans an absolute blind obedience to command was a primary tenet, and thus it came about that so much valuable work (executed at the cost of much time and effort, and being in some cases the only real record of much that concerned the life of the Saint of Umbria) was lost to the world, and to all intents and purposes annihilated.

Had it not been for the fact that here and there, in out-of-the-way places, or through the jealousy of some other monastic body, a stray version escaped destruction we should never have known the real St. Francis of Assisi. How thorough was the work of destruction and how implacably St. Bonaventura sought to annihilate all competition will never be fully known.

For a generation after the time of St. Bonaventura no other writer dared to attempt to deal with the subject of this Saint's life, and from the year 1264 until the commencement of the nineteenth century there was no other source of information for writers on this subject except the work just alluded to. We must not suppose, however, for a moment that during all these years there were no books published dealing with Franciscan matters; on the contrary, almost every incident of Franciscan work and every circumstance that could possibly be the subject of literary effort, was assiduously elaborated in the multitudinous books to which I have already alluded; but as helps to the real life of the son of Bernadone they are all practically useless; all other matters they deal with fully; but to the all-important matter of that precious life, character, or words they add little or nothing in addition to that which is found in the work of Bonaventura.

One other record, however, came into existence much later on, which merits a word, but which was after all the creation of an earlier period. I allude to the well-known 'Fioretti,' and I think we may attribute some measure of value to this work.

To destroy the concise records of the man and his life in the conventual houses was comparatively easy; but not even the Roman See could destroy the memories burnt into the hearts of the people by the devotion and humility of their great teacher. Here and there one of the real stories or incidents in which St. Francis had figured was handed down from father to son, until the stories had assumed in

many cases at least strange and prodigious dimensions.

The legends were collected and published about 100 years after the death of their hero, but they nevertheless give us many a light on the life of St. Francis which we should never have had but for the indestructible truth which they convey in picture form. In this relation let me quote the words of Professor Sabatier in his introduction to the 'Fioretti.' They are, like himself, very charming :

“ Francois d'Assisi qui s'est fait aimer et admirer par son pays d'abord, puis par le monde entier, ce n'est pas le saint dont Bonaventure et Celano nous ont esquissé la vague silhouette, c'est l'Italien très original dont toute la vie fut poésie et douleur, chant d'amour et de compassion révélé par les Fioretti et par frère Leon.”

Before passing on to the later stages of Franciscan study it may be well to observe that at all times there have been, here and there, such scraps of information published as have given clues to that greater truth which lay behind them. In this relation we have such works as the 'Speculum Vitæ,' 'The Conformities,' and the books of Bernard Bessa, Jourdanus, Eccleston, Salembeni, Careno, 'The Chronicles of the XXIV Generals,' and others of minor importance; but all these affect very little the whole matter of the life, whilst those later works which have been lost, so far as they are in any way recorded, seem to have had no new matter to contribute.

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to unwrap from his thick covering of tradition and

stereotyped ideas, the real St. Francis, but, unfortunately, the progress made has been anything but rapid.

Early in the previous century the Père Rinaldi discovered, where we know not, the text of Celano's first life, and also some text or texts of what we may now recognise as the 'Legenda Antiqua.' Both of these he published in 1806.

In the year 1880, a further stimulus was given to this subject by the re-publication by the Abbé Amoni of a version of the works previously published by Rinaldi, and which had for all practical purposes become so rare as to be nearly unobtainable. What manuscripts he used for his revision it is impossible to say, for after having carefully gone through every known MS. and compared the text, I find the variations in each case are of so extensive a character as to offer no basis upon which to found a theory. This applies equally to the versions both of the 'Legenda Gregorii' and the 'Legenda Antiqua.'

We know, however, that Rinaldi had taken his text from that belonging to the Monastery of Falerone, in the March of Ancona. This Codex was stolen by robbers, so we are told, from the brother in whose charge it had been placed; that MS., as far as I can judge, has not yet been recovered.

I feel sure, too, that Rinaldi did not in making his recension of the 'Legenda Antiqua' confine himself to the Assisi version, though doubtless he copied from it.

The real humanity which is everywhere evident in

those writings had already set men to work to study, and great thinkers like M. Renan and others began to occupy themselves with the study of the genius of the person of whom these records spoke.

A pupil of M. Renan, from a passing remark of the latter's, was led to dive deeper into this fascinating subject, and before the century closed all Europe was stimulated by the appearance of an epoch-making book by Professor Paul Sabatier, which gave back to the world the most delightful photograph of the Friar of Assisi, who had, in his day, stirred all Europe to religious enthusiasm.

M. Sabatier in his writings was at once fearless and considerate; but none the less he touched upon dangerous ground, and in consequence students of mediæval literature soon became ranged into two hostile armies—one which looked to the accomplished Frenchman for inspiration, the others representing the influence of the Roman Curia. In their zeal to obtain and circulate material for their warfare each party has contributed to the common good, and we owe much to each.

When the last century closed students were already awake to the fact that it was in the pre-Bonaventuran works that the most important records were to be found, and active search was made for MSS. of the earlier period. Those few scholars who had devoted themselves to this somewhat difficult line of research soon found that they were in possession of the following material:—

The works published by Amoni and Rinaldi, that is to say (1) an extremely poor version of

the 'Legenda Gregorii,' and (2) a slightly better one of the 'Legenda Antiqua'; also the following MSS. :—

Of the 'Legenda Gregorii:' At Barcelona, in the Archivo de la Corona de Aragon, a late Benedictine MS.; at Evreux, in the Bibliotheque Municipal; at the British Museum, a MS. just mentioned by two writers, but practically unknown to most authors; at Montpellier, in the Bibliotheque de l'école de Medicine; at Oxford, in the Corpus Christi College Library, a very little known MS.; at Paris, in the Bibliotheque National.

Of the 'Legenda Antiqua:' that at Assisi, in the collection belonging to the Sacro Convento.

Such then, were the only known works by Thomas of Celano, in 1899, and though to many the more picturesque writings of Brother Leo and the 'Tres Socii,' or indeed, the 'Fioretti' appeal more highly, a scientific age will, I am convinced, be glad to fall back for its impressions on the more definite and accurate history and clearer definition of the brother to whom the whole order again and again committed the work of constructing the biography of St. Francis.

I shall, therefore, make little further allusion to the progress made with the study of the MSS. belonging to other writers, but shall confine myself to those with whom the name of Thomas of Celano is associated.

In dealing with the present subject I trust I may be excused for the large reference I must of necessity make to my own researches, but in so doing I desire to claim nothing for myself, for

though I have had the good fortune to come across certain documents of some value, I should never have known of them, or rather, should never have been led to look for them, but for information and assistance so readily accorded to me both by Professor Paul Sabatier and Frère Edouard d'Alençon, Archivist General of the Capuchin Order.

With regard to the works of Thomas of Celano subsequent to the year 1229, there has always been considerable mystery. Anyone studying the 'Chronicles of the XXIV Generals,' and several other writings well known to us to-day, cannot doubt that there was at one time a work of our author in existence which contained not only the miracles recorded for the Canonization, such as we have in the 'Legenda Gregorii,' but a fuller and more complete compendium of them written at a much later date. It seemed as though the terrible edict of the "Chapter General" of Paris had been able to utterly destroy this later work, when suddenly, Father Louis Antoine de Porrentruy managed to secure for his library at Marseilles a MS. which he purchased at the sale of the books of Prince B. Boncompagni, and which ultimately proved to be the missing work. It was in January, 1898, when this discovery was made; but it was not until the middle of the year 1899 that readers were put in possession of the fact by the Bollandist fathers, who were able to give to the world the valuable information that this work existed.

The Bollandists, however, made the mistake of thinking that the first part of the newly discovered

MS. was in reality only a version of the Assisi Codex to which the later edition of the 'Miracles' had been added, but I submit that such a view is impossible, and though I do not propose to recapitulate the long and somewhat involved argument at the commencement of my edition of 'Celano's Lives of St. Francis' just published, I shall hope to introduce such evidence of a new nature as will make it impossible any further to consider these two works as being one and the same.

Some years ago, when fascinated by the story of the Saint of Umbria, I set myself to study the motives which had actuated and underlain the action of this great man, I found that the great obstacle to further progress was the difficulty of getting a correct text of the life of St. Francis.

With the greatest difficulty I secured copies of the published works by Amoni, and I had access to the Bollandist text in the *Acta Sanctorum*. All were strangely inaccurate and unreliable, whilst nowhere was the missing list of miracles to be found. For a variety of reasons which I need not now detail, I became convinced that the first step towards a re-construction of the true conception of the real St. Francis was to secure a correct version of the works of Celano. For this reason I travelled over Europe in search of these works and was fortunate enough in the first instance to be able to collate and to photograph the following Codices—Barcelona, Evreux, Paris, Montpellier, Oxford, and the version at the British Museum, all these being versions of the 'Legenda Gregorii.' At Assisi I was able to collate and photograph the Codex which had

been hitherto known as the 'Vita Secunda,' and which I have now re-named by its original title of the 'Legenda Antiqua.' Whilst at Assisi, Professor Sabatier brought to my notice the fact of the discovery of a further MS. to which I have already alluded, as belonging to Marseilles. I was determined to obtain all the information I could on the subject, and as soon as my work at Assisi was completed, I made a pilgrimage to Marseilles and went directly to the Capuchin Monastery, where I expected to find the precious work.

To my dismay I found the brothers in a state of semi-siege; they were just about to be turned out of their home. Some of them, into whose hands this may perchance fall, will possibly remember the persistent Englishman who would press to obtain information about the wonderful MS. which he asserted was in the museum of the order. After endless waiting and trouble I found that Père Louis Antoine de Porrentruy had left Marseilles for some unknown spot, and that another brother had been placed in charge of the museum. Could not I see his successor? Alas, no! He, too, was no longer in Marseilles. Besides this it became a matter of the greatest doubt whether the MS. was any longer in the town or not; one brother told me that all the valuables from the museum had been removed, another that the MS. was somewhere in the town, but in safe keeping, owing to the attack of the French Government on the religious orders.

Still I was not satisfied; where could I find the present guardian of the work in question? From the Superior I ascertained that he had gone to

Lyons, and I immediately set off thither only to discover that my quarry had vanished. On arriving at the address given me, I could at first get no information whatever, as at the latter place the gentleman in question was known by another name, but after finally convincing the curé of the church to which I had gone that my motives in seeing him were both friendly and sincere, I was at last accorded his address in a far-off country abode, to which he had gone for an indefinite period. I had not the time to follow him any further, so wrote and telegraphed to him; but alas! no answer. Again I wrote, with the same result; and only after my third attempt did I hear from him to the effect that he knew nothing of the document in question. My hopes were shattered; the monastery was broken up! The brothers were scattered, and the one man in whose charge it must have been either would not or could not tell me anything about it! I cannot go into all the details of the matter, but suffice it to say that thanks to the assistance of Professor Sabatier and Frère Edouard d'Alençon I have been able not only to reproduce the Marseilles or Boncompagni document for the first time, so far as our knowledge of these matters goes, but am also able to offer for inspection photographs of the text itself, which will help my hearers to understand what an extremely beautiful and important version it is.

Having secured the text, the next difficulty was to identify it and to name it. Let me remind you that until the present time all writers had been pleased to accept as final the fact that the '*Legenda Gregorii*' was in reality the '*Vita Prima*' of early

writers, and that the Assisi text was the 'Vita Secunda' or 'Tractatus Secundus' of the author of the 'XXIV Generals.'

I have already shown how Professor Sabatier, following the lead of the more deeply versed students of Franciscan sources, recognised the necessity of accepting the view that there had been a third work containing the miracles. Now that the Marseilles MS. work was in the possession of the world, men asked, What is this text? So far no answer has been given.

The Bollandists, so far as I understand them, seem to have taken it for granted that the first part of this work was only another version of the Assisi codex, and that the 'Miracula' which occupies half the entire MS. constitutes a third and separate work. This would, of course, leave the position of things unchanged. Professor Sabatier, I am led to believe, accepted the fact that this MS. might be classified as a third life.

It is to the measure of importance to be attached to this third work and its relationship to the already known texts that Franciscan students will have, in the future, to devote much thought and study. The second half of my critical introduction to the 'Legenda Sancti Francisci Auctore Thoma de Celano' is devoted to this most important question.

Those who are interested in ascertaining the grounds upon which I have based my decisions and conclusions will find them in detail in that volume, but I cannot stay here to enter upon the difficult argument; suffice it to say that I have had the support of learned students of Franciscan lore in

venturing to re-name the works of Celano which have so tremendous a bearing on the history of St. Francis. The results of my labour, however, are soon told. They are as follows: That the work published by Rinaldi, and afterwards by Amoni and the Bollandist Fathers, under the title of the '*Vita Prima Sancti Francisci*' is in reality the '*Legenda Gregorii*,' or, if it be preferred, the '*Vita Prima, Pars Prima*.' Secondly, that the work published by Rinaldi and Amoni under the title of '*Vita Secunda seu Appendix ad Vitam Primam Sancti Francisci*' is in reality the '*Legenda Antiqua*' already alluded to, or may be indeed called the '*Pars Secunda*' or '*Appendix ad Vitam Primam Sancti Francisci*.' That a '*Vita Secunda*' had been published was too well known for there to be any question on such a subject, and therefore I have ventured to call the Marseilles or Boncompagni document the '*Tractatus Secundus*.' I should have preferred to have called it the '*Vita Secunda*,' but out of deference to at least one Franciscan scholar of eminence, and to avoid the confusion that it would of necessity produce, I have used the term equally applicable, used by the author of the '*XXIV Generals*,' viz. '*Tractatus Secundus*.'

Only last year, thanks to some correspondence with Frère Edouard d'Alençon, I was set to work to search for new MSS. of the '*Legenda Gregorii*,' which, from its universal acceptance for about thirty-four years previous to the "Chapter General" of Paris, had been copied all over Europe. As a result of my search I was fortunate enough to discover versions of this great work in the libraries of Heidelberg, Wurzburg, and in the Monastery of

Ossegg. All my attempts, however, to find MSS. were not equally satisfactory, for on one occasion, when I had travelled from the north to the south of Austria in the belief that I was on the track of a new version, I discovered to my dismay that the MS. I had journeyed so far to see was in reality only an early copy of Bonaventura's text badly catalogued, and I had to return empty. On my way home, having to wait for a time in a certain Austrian town for a train, I came across a work which considerably interested me. It was a very early version of the life of St. Francis, and I was surprised to find that the text reproduced to my mind the impression of Celano's style; I read on and became convinced that whatever else I had, here was a work almost entirely culled from the writings of Brother Thomas of Celano.

As to the date to be attributed to this important MS. I find much diversity of opinion. The authorities of the Imperial Library are quite certain that it is a thirteenth century work. I was informed that there could be no doubt about this, and I have a further letter from the librarian stating that it is as I have said. I have consulted Dr. Warner, of the British Museum, whose opinion on these subjects is second to none in this country, and he places it quite early in the fourteenth century, at the end of the first decade, whilst a learned Fellow of this Society, who has been kind enough to give me his opinion, places it as late as the middle of the fourteenth century.

There seems so much to be said for each view that I find it difficult to form an opinion, and there-

fore am disposed to fall back upon that of Dr. Warner, especially as it coincides more closely with my conjectures as to the history of the document in question, viz., that it is a very early fourteenth century copy of an earlier work which must have been produced soon after the year 1264.

The MS. then, of which two pages are reproduced, is a copy of a work which was either compiled or ultimately incorporated by Jacobus de Voragine into his great work on the 'Life of the Saints.' I find it, however, difficult to believe that he could have been the original author, both from the style itself and from the fact that at the time of the wholesale destruction of the texts from which the writer so freely quotes, Jacobus de Voragine could not have been much more than thirty-three years of age, whilst as a Dominican friar he would neither have the means to possess nor the opportunity of studying the works in question. On the other hand, it is more than probable that in editing his 'Magnum opus' he made use of existing versions, probably employed some well-versed Franciscan scholar to complete a short version of the life of the founder of that Order—very possibly it may have been Bernard de Bessa to whom he applied—hence for the present I prefer to call it 'Legenda Anonyma Sancti Francisci.' The following is the text, but by comparing the text with the reproductions of the document itself it will be seen that the numbers of the paragraphs are mine and exist only for the purposes of comparison. The 'Legenda Anonyma' differs from the version of the 'Legenda Aurea' in about 150 different places, but the differences are not material.

In tectis domus cathedras dementium cum strepitu discurrentes. Quod acci-
 dentes erigens et ceteris signis in primis dixit. Et propter omnipotentis dei
 co nobis demones ut quicquid vobis promissum est in meo corpore
 faciat libenter omnia sustinere quod est maiorem inimicum non habemus cor-
 poris. Venditabo me de aduersario meo dum in ipso uice mea et ceteris
 uoluntate. Uos uero quod demones euaneſcant. Et quidam sonus ueni di-
 in certasi frater in tectis celi sedes uobis in nostra dignissima et mirabili
 gloria persurgite. Quod est miraretur cum non tam preclara sedes seruaret. Sed
 isti ueni de uentibus principibus sunt et sic humili fratres patitur. Et ex
 uis ab ordine. Virum dei interrogauit dicens. Quod te de opibus patitur et il-
 le. Video in manu preces. Statimque in corde frater dixit spiritus. Cognosce
 uera sunt uisio quam uidiſti quoniam ad sedem persupbia perducit. humilitas
 leuabit humilimum. In uisione dei seruus dei super se seraphim ceterum
 asper. Quod ceterum uis sue signa sic ei euidentur in presentia ut ceterum
 uidetur et ipse. Et signum manu et pedes et latera ceteris caractere se diligenti
 studio ab omni oculis ipsa stigmata absconderebat. Quod da tamen huius
 ta uidentur si morte preteriti oſpicerent. Quod autem huius stigmata per omnia uia
 exstant multis mirati et uidentur huius se sufficit. In apul-
 uir quod nocte rogeri autem uisionem sancti fratris stans cepit cogitare
 dicens. Quod ne huius uisum ut tali clarum miraculo. An pia fuit illi
 suo sui similitudo suorum fratrum inuentio. Quod dum mente reuolueret subito
 audi sonum quod spiritum persupbia de balula sensim se in similitudinem manu
 grauit uulnerat. Et est cyrotheca de manu extraxit et graue
 uulnus quod sagitte in palma oſperit. Ex qua uis precebat ar-
 doris ut totum exardere et dolore de fide uidetur. Quod perit et se
 bi fratris stigmata crede ueraciter testaretur. Per quos dies dei
 sancti dei persupbia stigmata exoritur fuit otumio libat. In regno
 quod castelle et quidam fratris de uis ab ipso letor. Et per ab illis
 ab morte alii ibi patitur ex errore impetui et letali uuln-

(much lession
apparente cyro
cece)

et clamauit mouat qui mortuū munda facit p̄ se cred̄ mor illi ar
rept̄ ad monuio z obito monēs morte sua s̄m̄ ample m̄mendau.
huc auditis ebat̄ in uidia torq̄bat̄ z fama s̄i extingue inolie
bat̄ si uult p̄dicōm s̄i gladi nequit neq̄ ip̄e occidit. Pass̄ ē aut̄
c̄t annū dō. dē. lxxv. t̄p̄i ostantinij. De nomie. s. f. m. a. s. f.

Ranisc̄ p̄i dēs ē iohes s̄i p̄mod̄ mutato noīe f̄raisc̄
uocat̄ ē. Cui mutatois mltipl̄ cā fuisse uidet̄ p̄ rōe mu
raci o notati. Ing. n. galliā miracloīa ad̄ recepisse cognoscat̄
vñ in legēda sua q̄ s̄i est c̄ardore s̄i s̄p̄e replet̄ ardentia liba
fous erudās galliā loq̄bat̄. S̄cō rōe officij diuulgandi. vñ
d̄i in legēda q̄ d̄ina p̄uidēt̄ s̄i uocabulo indidit̄ ut ex sin
gulari z i suo noīe op̄inio m̄stery ei m̄ti cā in notescet̄ or
bi. T̄o rōi effc̄is o sequēdi ut s. p̄h̄ p̄aret̄ intelligi q̄ ip̄o p̄ se
z p̄ filios. s. mltos seruos p̄c̄i z d̄ia debebat̄ f̄raisc̄ face. T̄ro
rōe magnanimitatis in corde nā f̄raisc̄ a f̄rate s̄i d̄i q̄ eis in est
natural̄ feritas z magnūmas aīmos. Q̄nto rōe utuositatis
i s̄emōe q̄ ei sermo in stat̄ securis uicia in cidebat̄. S̄eruo rōe
hōētatis ioulatōe. An̄t̄ ei f̄raisc̄ d̄i s̄i q̄ d̄i in stat̄ sequū q̄
rome an̄ o f̄raisc̄ ferebat̄ q̄ erat̄ i t̄ore z i h̄onore. s. f. m. a. s. f.

Ranisc̄ seruus z aut̄ altissimi i cuitate assisi. aut̄ er
negopato effc̄s f̄e uis̄ ad. 70. crans sue anū tēp̄ suū
uane uiuēdo o s̄up̄sit. Que d̄ns i firmitatis flagello corri
puit. ac i uirū altm̄ s̄bito t̄r̄sformau ita q̄ rā s̄i p̄ph̄etico
pos̄e cep̄. P̄ā s̄i q̄ d̄a uice n̄i p̄l̄t̄ apulsc̄is capt̄ f̄uiss̄ d̄uo
oat̄ m̄acipat̄ dolentib̄ alius h̄ s̄el̄ exultat̄. Sed arguit̄ s̄i h̄
a ḡaptiuis. S̄nd̄. s̄i me exultare nouitis q̄ ad h̄ s̄is p̄t̄
s̄c̄m̄ adorab̄. C̄ d̄a uice roma p̄ d̄e uotois p̄ficiens
uestim̄ta sua deposuit z paup̄es c̄d̄a uestim̄ta induens
an̄ ec̄m̄ s̄i p̄t̄e int̄ paup̄es s̄el̄ z c̄is uelud un̄ exillis

N.B.—The portions of text in the third column printed in italics indicate the words which correspond in both versions.

L.G. = Legenda Gregorii.

L.A. = Legenda Antiqua.

T.S. = Tractatus Secundus.

Spec. = Speculum perfectionis.

III Soc. = Legend of the Three Companions.

B = Bonaventura.

Thick type in the second column indicates the passage from which the quotation is made.

Type within brackets in the second column indicates general similarity in the matter related.

Legenda Anonyma Sancti Francisci.

CODEx.

DE NOMINE SANCTI FRANCISCI.

Franciscus prius dictus est Johannes, set postmodum mutato nomine Franciscus vocatus est. Cuius mutationis multiplex causa fuisse videtur. Primo ratione miraculi convocati; linguam enim gallicam miraculosam a deo recepisse cognoscitur, unde in legenda sua, quod semper est, cum ardore sancti spiritus repletur, ardentia verba foris eructans gallice loquebatur. Secundo ratione officii divulgandi, unde dicitur in legenda, quod divina providentia sibi hoc vocabulo indidit, ut ex singulari et insueto nomine opinio ministerii eius toti cicius innotesceret orbi. Tertio rationi effectus consequendi, ut scilicet per hoc daretur intelligi, quod ipse per se et per filios suos multos servos peccati et dyaboli debebat francos facere. Quarto ratione magnanimitatis in corde; nam Franci a feritate sunt dicti, quod eis inest naturalis feritas et magnanimitas animorum. Quinto ratione virtuositatis in sermone, quia eius sermo instar securis vicia incidebat. Sexto ratione honestatis

ORIGINES.

L.A. I A. 7.
T.S. A. 8.

Semper enim cum ipse ardore sancti spiritus repletur, ardentia verba foris eructans gallice loquebatur.

L.A. I A. 1.
T.S. A. 1.

Cui divina providentia hoc vocabulum indidit, ut ex singulari et insueto nomine opinio ministerii eius toti innotesceret orbi, a matre.

in conversatione. Aiunt enim Francisca dei signa quedam instar securium, que Rome ante consules ferebantur, que erant in timorem et in honorem.

DE SANCTO FRANCISCO.

1. Franciscus, servus et amicus altissimi, in civitate Assisii ortus et negociator effectus, fere usque ad 20 etatis sue annum tempus suum vane vivendo consumpsit. Quem dominus infirmitatis flagello corripuit ac in virum alterum subito transformavit, ita quod iam spiritu prophetico polere cepit.

2. Nam cum quadam vice cum pluribus a Perusinis captus fuisset, diro carcere mancipatus, dolentibus aliis, hic solus exultat. Redargutus super hoc a concaptivis respondit: Ideo me exultare noveritis, quia adhuc sanctus per totum seculum adorabor.

3. Quadam vice Romam causa devotionis proficiscens, vestimenta sua deposuit et pauperis cuiusdam vestimenta induens ante ecclesiam sancti Petri inter pauperes sedit et cum eis, velud unus ex illis,¹ avide manducavit et sepius simile fecisset, nisi notorum verecundia impedi-
visset.

L.A. I A. 1.
T.S. A. 1.

1. *Franciscus servus, et amicus Altissimi.*

L.A. I A.
T.S. A. 1.
(III Soc. 4.)

2. Cum inter perusinos cives et assisinales, tempore quodam, fieret non modica strages ex belli conflictu, captus Franciscus cum pluribus et vinculatus cum ceteris squalores carceris patitur. Absorbentur tristitia concaptivi, miserabiliter captivitatis sue plorantes eventum; exultat Franciscus in Domino, vincula Domino, vincula ridet et spernit. Dolentes arguunt iocundantem in vinculis insanum reputant ac dementem. Respondet Franciscus propheticæ: In quo *exultare me creditis?* Meditatio alia subest *adhuc sanctus adorabor per seculum totum.*

L.A. I A. 3.
T.S. A. 2.
(B. I. 6, III Soc. 10.)

3. Cum, tempore quodam, romam peregrinans adiret, paupertatis amore *vestimenta delicata deposuit et cuiusdam pauperis vestimentis obiectus, in paradiso, ante ecclesiam sancti petri, qui locus ferax est pauperum, inter pauperes letanter resedit velud unum ex ipsis se reputans, avide cum eis manducat.*

¹ Fol. 82.

4. Antiquus hostis eum a salubri proposito conatur avertere et feminam quandam sue civitatis, monstruose gybbosam, cordi eius inmitit et nisi resipiscat a ceptis, similem se facturum minatur. Set a domino confortatus audit: Francisce, amara pro dulcibus sume et te ipsum contempne, si me cupis agnoscere.

L.A. I A. 4.
T.S. A. 3.
(III Soc. 11,
12.)

5. Quendam igitur leprosum obvium habuit et huius homines multum naturaliter abhorreret, divini tamen memor oraculi accurrens in oscula eius ruit et post hoc statim ille disparuit. Quapropter ad leprosorum habitacula properat et eorum manus devote osculans pecuniam donat.

L.A. I A. 4.
T.S. A. 3.
(B. I 5.)

6. Ecclesiam sancti Damiani orationis causa ingreditur et imago Christi eum miraculose alloquitur: Francisce, vade, inquit, repara domum meam, que, ut cernis, tota destruitur. Ab ea igitur hora anima eius liquefacta est et crucifixi compassio eius cordi mirabiliter est infixata.

L.A. I A. 5.
T.S. A. 5.
(B. II 1, III
Soc. 13, 14.)

Multotiens fecisset consimile, nisi notorum fuisset verecundia impeditus.

4. *Immittit cordi eius feminam quamdam monstruose gibbosam sue incolam civitatis, que horrendum cunctis prestabat aspectum. Huic illum, si non resipiscat a ceptis, comminatur similem se facturum, sed confortatus a domino salutis et gratie responsum sibi fieri gaudet: Francisce, inquit illi deus, in spiritum pro carnaliter et vane dilectis in spiritualia commutato et amara pro dulcibus sumens contempne te ipsum, me si velis agnoscere; nam et ordine verso sapient tibi que dico.*

5. . . . *leprosum die quamdam obvium habuit, cum iuxta assisium equitaret, . . . qui licet sibi tedium non parvum ingereret et horrorem, ne tamen velud mandati transgressor date fidei frangeret sacramentum, ad deobsculandum eum, equo lapsus, accurrit. . . . Et statim equum ascendens et huc et illuc se convertens, cum campus pateret undique liber, nullis obiectis obstaculis, leprosum illum minime vidit. . . . Ad leprosorum habitacula tendit et leproso unicuique data pecunia, manum illorum osculatur. . . .*

6. *Ecclesiam sancti damiani, que fere diruta erat et ab omnibus derelicta, quam, cum spiritu ducente, causa orationis intraret, . . . ymago Christi . . . colloquitur; . . . Francisce, inquit, vade, repara domum mea, que, ut cernis, tota destruitur. . . . Ab ea igitur hora liquefacta est anima eius. . . .*

7. Insistit sollicite ecclesie reparande et venditis, que habebat, cum pecuniam cuidam presbytero daret, et ille timore parentum recipere recusaret, coram ipso eam proiciens tamquam pulverem vilipendit. Quapropter a patre ligatus et captus, pecuniam eidem restituit. Hanc vestem pariter resignavit et sic nudus ad dominum evolavit et cilicio se induit.

8. Advocat insuper servus dei quendam simplicem virum, quem loco patris sui suscipiens rogat, ut, cum pater eius maledicta congeminat, ipse sibi e converso benedicat.

9. Frater etiam eius carnalis hiemali tempore Franciscum vilibus panniculis tectum, orationi vacantem et tremebundum videns, ait eidam: Die Francisco, ut de sudore suo unam tibi nummatam vendat. Quod ille audiens alacriter respondit: Revera hanc domino meo vendam.

10. Quadam die, dum audiret ea, que dominus discipulis suis ad predicandum missis locutus est, statim ad universa servanda tota virtute consurgit. Solvit calciamentum de pedibus, tunica una, sed vili induitur et pro corrigia mutavit funiculum.

11. Tempore nivis per silvam ambulans a latronibus capitur et ab eis, quis sit, requisitus, precorem dei se esse asserit. Quem illi arripientes in nivem proiciunt dicentes: Iace, rustice prece dei.

L.G. I A. 5.
(III Soc. 16,
20, B. II 1.)

L.A. I A. 6.
T.S. A. 7.

L.A. I A. 6.
T.S. A. 7.
(III Soc. 23,
B. III 1.)

L.G. I A. 8.
(B. II 5.)

7. . . . Ibi ex more venditis omnibus, que portabat. . . . Et invento illic quodam paupere sacerdote, magnaue cum fide osculatis manibus eius sacris, pecuniam ei obtulit. . . .

Obstupefactus sacerdos sed timore parentum pecuniam non recepit.

Quam verus pecuniarum contemptor in quamdam fenestram proiciens, de ipsa *velut de pulvere* curat.

8. . . . *Advocat itaque servus dei ideo quendam virum plebeum et simplicem satis, quem loco patris suscipiens, rogat, ut cum pater eius maledicta congeminat, ipse sibi e contrario benedicat.*

9. *Frater eius carnalis, tempore yemali dum vilibus tectum panniculis, cernit franciscum orationi vacantem, frigore tremebundum, ait eidam concivi suo ille perversus: Die francisco, ut nummatam unam nunc tibi velit vendere de sudore; quo vir dei audito exhilaratus nimis subridendo. Respondit: Revera, ego hanc Domino meo karissime vendam.*

11. *Per quamdam silvam laudes domino lingua francigena decantaret, latrones super eum subito irruerunt. Quibus ferali animo eum quis esset interrogantibus, confidenter vir Dei plena voce respondit dicens: Preco sum magni regis, quid ad vos?*

At illi percutientes eum in defosso loco pleno magnis viribus proicerunt dicentes: *Iace, rustice prece Dei. . . .*

12. Multi nobiles et ignobiles clerici et laici spreta seculi pompa eius vestigiis¹ adheserunt, quos pater sanctus docet evangelicam perfectionem adimplere, paupertatem apprehendere et per viam sancte simplicitatis incedere.

(L.G. A. 11, 13.)

13. Scripsit preterea evangelicam regulam sibi et suis fratribus habitis et habendis, quam dominus papa Innocentius firmavit.

(L.G. A. 14.)

14. Cepit extunc fervencius verbi scientiam spargere et civitates et castella fervore mirabili circuire.

L.A. I A. 10.
T.S. A. 11.
(III Soc. 52
and 53.)

14. *Cepit exinde, auctoritate sibi concessa, virtutum semina spargere, civitates et castella circuiens predicare ferventius.*

15. Frater quidam erat quam a foris videbatur eximie sanctitatis, sed tamen admodum singularis, qui tanta districtione silentium observabat, ut non verbis, sed nutibus confiteretur. Cumque sanctus ab omnibus laudaretur, vir dei illuc adveniens dixit: Sinite fratres, nec mihi in eo dyabolica figmenta laudare. Moneatur semel vel bis in ebdomada confiteri, quod si non fecerit, dyabolica temptatio est et deceptio fraudulenta. Monentibus illum fratribus digitum ori suo inposuit et caput excutiens se nullatenus confessurum innuit. Non post multos dies ad vomitum rediit et in facinoris actibus vitam finivit.

L.A. II A. 1.
T.S. A. 19.
(B. XI 10,
Spec. 102.)

15. *Frater quidam erat, quantum a foris videbatur sanctitatis eximie, conversatione insignis, tamen admodum singularis; omni tempore orationi vacans tanta districtione silentium observabat, quod consueverat non verbis, sed nutibus confiteri. . . . Accidit beatum patrem venire ad locum, videre fratrem, audire sanctum. Commendantibus autem omnibus et magnificentibus illum, respondit pater: Sinite fratres, nec mihi in eo dyabolica figmenta laudate. In veritate sciatis, quod dyabolica temptatio est et deceptio fraudulenta. . . . Quibus pater: Moneatur bis, vel semel obedientia confiteri: quod si non fecerit, scientis vera esse que dico.*

Adsumit eum seorsum vicarius; et primo quidem cum eo familiariter iocundatus, ultimo confessor iniungit. Respuit ille, imponensque digitum ori suo, excusso capite, innuit, se nullatenus

¹ Fol. 82.

16. Fatigatus ex itinere servus dei, dum asinum equitaret, socius eius scilicet frater Leonardus de Assisio similiter fatigatus intra se cogitare cepit ac dicere: Non de pari ludebant parentes huius et mei. Continuo vir dei de asino descendens dixit fratri: Non convenit me equitare et te pedes venire, quia nobilior me fuisti. Stupefactus frater ad pedes patris procidit et veniam postulavit.

L.A. II A. 3.
T.S. A. 22.
(B. XI 8.)

17. Transeunti sibi aliquando mulier quedam nobilis concito gradu occurrit. Cuius lassitudinem et interclusos anhelitus miseratus quidnam requireret, inquisivit. Et illa: Ora pro me, pater, quia salubre propositum, quod concepi, viro meo impediante non exequor, sed in servicio Christi mihi plurimum adversatur. Cui ille: Vade filia, scito, de eo consolationem recipies et ex parte dei omnipotentis et mea sibi denuncies, quod nunc est tempus salutis, postmodum equitatis. Qua denunciante vir

L.A. II A. 7.
T.S. A. 27.
(B. XI 6.)

confessurum. Obtinuerunt fratres, timentes scandalum fieri sancti. Non post multos religionem libens egreditur, convertitur ad seculum, revertitur ad vomitum, qui tandem facinora duplicans, penitentia simul et vita privatus est.

16. Eo tempore cum reverteretur sanctus de ultramare, sotium habens fratrem *Leonardum de Assisio*, contigit eum *itinere fatigatum* et lapsum, parumper *asinum* equitare. Subsequens autem socius et ipse non modicum fessus, *cepit dicere intra se humanum aliquid passus: Non ludebant de pari parentes huius et mei. En autem ipse equitat ego pedestre asinum eius duco. Hoc illo cogitante, protinus de asino descendit sanctus et ait: Non, frater, non convenit, inquit, ut ego equitem, tu venias pedes, quia nobilior et potentior in seculo me fuisti. Obstupuit illico frater et rubore suffusus deprehensum se cognovit a sancto. Procidit ad pedes eius et lacrymis irrigatus, nudum cogitatum exposuit veniamque poposcit.*

17. Illis diebus cum ad cellam de cortona vir dei transiret, *quedam nobilis mulier . . . pervenit ad sanctum; cuius lassitudinem et interclusos anhelitus miseratus, pater sanctissimus dixit ad eam: Quid tibi, domina, placeat? At illa: Pater ut mihi benedicas. Et sanctus: Nupta es, an innupta? Respondit dicens: Pater, habeo virum valde crudelem, quem adversarium patior in servitio iesu christi; et iste mihi dolor precipuus, quod bonam voluntatem, quam mihi dominus inspiravit, marito pre-*

subito mutatur et continentiam pollicetur.

pedite, non exequor: unde queso, sancte, ora pro ipso, ut divina misericordia humiliet cor illius.

Miratur pater virilem in femina, senilem animum in puella; et pietate permotus ait: *Vade filia benedicta et scias de viro tuo consolationem tibi de proxime affuturam.* Et adiecit: Dices ei *ex parte dei et mea, quod nunc est tempus salutis, postmodum equitatis.* Benedictione accepta, revertitur mulier, invenit virum, denuntiat verbum. Cecidit subito super eum spiritus sanctus et novum factum de veteri, cum omni mansuetudine respondere sic facit: *domina, serviamus domino et salvemus animas nostras in domo nostra.*

18. Cuidam rustico in quadam solitudine siti deficienti fontem aque ibidem suis orationibus inpetravit. **L.A. II A. 16.**
(B. VII 12.)

19. Cuidam fratri admodum familiari secretum sancto hoc instigante spiritu retulit dicens: Hodie est aliquis servus dei super terram, propter quem, quoad vixerit,¹ non permittet dominus famem supra homines deservire. Sic procul dubio fuisse narratur. Sed, illo sublato, tota in contrarium condicio permutatur. Nam post eius felicem transitum predicto fratri apparuit dicens: Ecce iam venit fames, quam, dum ego viverem, venire super terram dominus non permisit. **L.A. II A. 21.**
T.S. A. 32.

19. . . . die quodam fratri *cuidam*, quem attentius diligebat, retulit verbum istud, quod tunc de sibi familiari reportaverat secretario: *Hodie, inquit, est aliquis servus dei super terram, propter quem, dum vixerit non permittat dominus famem super homines deservire. . . . Sed illo sublato, verso penitus ordine immutata sunt omnia. . . . Nam nocte quadam, cum frater ille dormiret, clara eum voce vocavit dicens. Frater iam venit fames quam, donec viverem ego, venire super terram dominus non permisit. . . .*

20. In festo pasce, cum fratres in heremo greci mensam accuracius solito albis et vitreis preparas- **L.A. III C. I.**
T.S. A. 45.
(Spec. 20.)

20. Factum est, quodam die *pasche, ut fratres in heremo greci mensam, accuratius solito albis et*

sent, et vir dei hoc conspexit, protinus gressum retrahens capellum cuiusdam pauperis, qui tunc aderat, capiti suo inponit et baculum manu gestans foras egreditur et ad hostium prestolatur. Manducantibus igitur fratribus clamat ad hostium, ut amore dei peregrino pauperi et infirmo elemosinam largiantur. Vocatus pauper ingreditur et in terra solus recumbens discum ponit in cinere. Quod videntes fratres stupore nimio sunt repleti. Quibus ille mensam vidi paratam et ornatam et pauperum ostiatim euntium non esse cognovi.

vitreis prepararent. Descendens autem pater de cella, venit ad mensam, conspicit alto sitam varieque ornatam; sed ridenti mense nequaquam arridet. Fur- tim et pedetentim retrahit gressum, capellum cuiusdam pauperis, qui tunc aderat, capiti suo inponit, et baculum manu gestans egreditur foras. Expectat foris ad hostium, donec incipiant fratres; siquidem soliti erant non expectare ipsum, quando non veniret ad signum. Illis incipientibus manducare, clamat verus pauper ad hostium: Amore domini dei facite, inquit, elemosynam isti peregrino pauperi et infirmo. Respondent fratres: Intra huc, homo, illius amore, quem invocasti.

Repente igitur ingreditur et sese comedentibus offert. Sed quantum stuporem credis peregrinum civibus intulisse? Datur petenti scutella; et solo, solus recumbens, discum ponit in cinere: Modo sedeo, ait, ut frater Minor; et ad fratres: Magis nos exempla paupertatis filii dei quam ceteros religiosos cogere debet. Mensam vidi paratam et ornatam et pauperum ostiatim euntium non esse cognovi. . . .

21. At vero cum omnem a se relegasset invidiam, sola carere non potuit invidia paupertatis; si quidem pauperiorem se ipso videret, protinus invidebat et emula paupertate concertans, invici se timebat in illo.

Accidit die quadam, cum predicando vir dei discurreret, pauper- culum quendam obvium habere in via, cuius cum mulitatem prospiceret, compunctus, ad sotium vertitur dicens: Magnam vere-

21. Paupertatem in se et in aliis adeo diligebat, ut paupertatem dominam suam semper vocaret. Set quando pauperiorem se ipso videret, protinus invidebat et se ab illo vinci timebat. Nam cum die quadam pauperculum quendam obvium habuisset, ait socio suo: Magnam verecundiam intulit nobis huius inopia et nostram paupertatem plurimum reprehendit. Nam pro meis divitiis, pro mea domina pauper-

L.A. III K.
T.S. A. 65.
(Spec. 17.)

tatem elegi, et ecce aplius reluet in isto.

22. Dum quidam pauper coram eo transiret et vir dei intima fuisset compassione commotus, dixit ei socius: Etsi hic pauper sit, sed forsitan in tota provincia non est eo dicior in voluntate. Cui vir dei dixit: Cito tunicam exne et pauperi tribue et ad eius pedes prostratus culpabilem te clama. Cui ille protinus obedi-

L.A. III K. 1.
T.S. A. 66.

23. Quadam vice tres mulieres, facie et habitu per omnia similes, obvias habuit, que eum taliter salutaverunt: Bene veniat domina paupertas, et continuo disparuerunt et ultra vise non sunt.

B. VII 6.
(L.A. III K.
9, T.S. A. 78.)

24. Cum ad civitatem Aretii devenisset et ibi bellum intestinum commotum fuisset, vidit vir dei de burgo super terram illam demones exultantes, vocansque socium suum nomine Silvestrum dixit ei: Vade ad portam civitatis et demonibus, ut de civitate exeant, ex parte dei omnipotentis precipe. Qui festinans ante portam valenter exclamavit: Ex parte dei et inssu patris nostri Francisci¹ discedite demones universi! Sicque omnes cives post modicum ad concordia redierunt.

L.A. III M. 6.
T.S. A. 89.
(B. VI 9.)

cundiam intulit nobis huius inopia et nostram paupertatem plurimum reprehendit. Cui respondit sotius: Qua ratione, frater? Et sanctus lamentabili voce respondit: Pro meis divitiis, pro mea domina, paupertatem elegi; et ecce reluet magis in isto. . . .

22. *Quidem pauperculus et infirmus venit ad locum; . . . cumque patienti compatiens iam in affectum cordis illius transisset, dixit sotius sancti ad eum: Frater, verum est ipsum pauperem esse, sed forsitan in tota provincia non est ditior voluntate. Increpat eum illico sanctus et culpam dicenti dixit: Festina cito et exne te tunicam tuam et ad pauperis pedes proiectus, culpabilem te proclama, nec solum veniam poscas, immo, eius orationem efflagita. Paruit et ivit, satisfecit et rediit.*

24. *Accidit siequedem ad civitatem, Aretii ipsam devenire quandoque, cum ecce, tota civitas intestino bello quassata, propinquum sui minabatur excidium. Hospitatus itaque vir dei in burgo, extra civitatem videt supra terram illam, demones exultantes et cives ad civium exitia succedentes; vocans autem fratrem, Silvestrum nomine, virum domini, digne simplicitatis, precepit ei et dicens: Vade ante portam civitatis; et ex parte omnipotentis dei, demonibus precipe, ut quam cito exeant civitatem. Festinat pia*

¹ Fol. 83.

simplicitas ad obedientiam prosequendam; et preoccupans in laudem faciem domini, *clamat ante portam valenter: Ex parte dei et iussu patris nostri Francisci procul hinc discedite demones universi.* Redit ad pacem paulo post civitas et civilitatis. . . .

25. Predictus autem Silvester, dum adhuc sacerdos secularis esset, vidit in sompnis crucem auream de ore Francisci procedentem, cuius sumitas celos tangebatur, cuius brachia protensa in latum utrumque mundi partem amplexando cingebatur. Conpunctus sacerdos protinus mundum deserit et viri dei perfectus imitator efficitur.

L.A. III M. 7.
T.S. A. 90.

25. Silvester itaque sacerdos fuerat secularis *Videt namque in sompnis crucem auream de ore procedentem Francisci, cuius summitas celos tangebatur, cuius brachia, protensa in latum, utramque mundi partem amplexando cingebant.*

Compunctus sacerdos in visu dampnosam excutit moram, reliquit mundum, viri dei perfectus imitator efficitur.

26. Existente viro dei in oratione dyabolus eum ter proprio nomine vocavit. Cui cum sanctus respondisset, adiecit: Nullus est a leo in hoc mundo peccator, cui, si conversus fuerit, non indulgeat dominus. Set quicumque semetipsum penitentia dura necaverit, misericordiam in perpetuum non inveniet. Continuo servus dei per revelacionem cognovit hostis fallaciam, quomodo nisus fuerit eum ad teporem reducere. Cernens autem hostis antiquus, quod sic non prevaluit, gravem carnis temptacionem eidem inmisit. Quod vir dei sentiens veste deposita cordula durissima se verberat dicens: Eya frater asine, sic te manere decet, sic subire flagellum. Set cum temptacio nequaquam discederet, foras exiens in magnam nivem se nutum dimersit. Accipiensque nivem in modum pile glebas conpingit. Quas sibi preponens

L.A. III O. 1.
T.S. A. 97.
(B. V 4.)

26. Malignus ille qui semper profectibus mordet filiorum dei cum nocte quadam ad orationem vacaret in cellulam, vocavit eum ter dicens: Francisce, Francisce, Francisce. Qui respondit dicens: Quid vis? Et ille: *Nullus est in mundo peccator, cui, si conversus fuerit, non indulgeat dominus; sed quicumque semetipsum penitentia dura necaverit, in perpetuum misericordiam non inveniet. Statim sanctus per revelacionem, cognovit hostis fallsum, quomodo nisus fuerit eum ad tepida revocare.* Quid ergo? Non destitit inimicus aliud inferre certamen. Cernens enim, quod laqueum sic occultare non potuit, alium laqueum preparat, carnis videlicet incentivum; frustra tamen, quoniam qui spiritus deprehendit versutiam, carne sophisticari non potuit. *Immictit ergo in illum dyabolus gravissimam temptationem luxurie; at*

cepit alloqui corpus: Ecce, inquit, hec maior uxor tua est. Iste quatuor filii et due filie reliquis servus sunt et ancilla. Festina ergo omnes providere, quia frigore moriuntur. Si autem earum multiplex te sollicitudo molestat, uni domino sollicitus servi. Illico dyabolus confusus abscessit et vir dei glorificans in cellam rediit.

27. Cum apud dominum Leonem cardinalem sancte crucis ab eo rogatus aliquamdiu moraretur, nocte quadam demones ad ipsum venientes eum gravissime verberaverunt; vocansque socium et rem sibi apperians ait: Demones sunt gastaldi dei nostri, quos destinat ipse ad puniendos excessus. Ego vero offensam non recolo, quam per misericordiam dei satisfactione non laverim. Set forte ideo gastaldos suos in me permisit irruere, quia maneo in curiis magnorum, quod forsitan fratribus meis paupereulis bonam suspicionem non generat,

beatus pater statim ut percipit, veste deposita, cordula durissime verberat dicens: *Eia, frater asine, sic te manere decet, sic subire flagellum: tunica religionis est, furari non licet: si quo vis pergere, perge.*

Videns autem propter disciplinas temptationem non discedere, cum tamen iam livoribus membra cuncta punisset, aperta cellula, foras exiit in hortum et in magnam nivem demergit se nudum. Recipit autem nivem plenis conficit manibus et ex ea in modum pile septem glebas compingit, quas sibi preponens, cepit alloqui corpus: *Ecce, inquit, hec maior uxor tua est: porro iste quatuor duo sunt filij et due filie tue: relinque due servus sunt et ancilla, quos ad serviendum habere oportet; et festina, inquit, omnes induere, quoniam frigore moriuntur. Si autem eorum multiplex sollicitudo molestat, uni domino sollicitus servi. Illico dyabolus confusus abscessit, sanctusque in cella revertitur, glorificans dominum.*

L.A. III P.
T.S. A. 99.

27. Rogatus quandoque a domino Leone cardinali sancte crucis, ut secum in urbe paululum moraretur, . . . nocte cum post orationem deo fusam vellet quiescere, veniunt demones et hostiles agones immovent sancto dei, quem diutissime ac durissime verberantes, ad ultimum quasi seminecem relinquunt. Illis discedentibus, separato tandem anheliu, vocat sanctus socium suum . . . venienti ait: . . . Demones sunt castaldi domini nostri, quos destinat ipse ad puniendos excessus; signum autem amplius est gratie, nichil in

quia forte me existimant deliciis habundare; et surgens summo mane inde recessit.

28. Existente eo aliquando in oratione audivit¹ super tectum domus catervas demonum cum strepitu discurrentes. Qui concitus foras exiens et crucis sibi signum imprimens dixit. Ex parte omnipotentis dei dico vobis, demones, ut quicquid vobis permisum est, in meo corpore faciatis libenter omnia sustinebo, quia, cum maiorem inimicum non habeam corpore, vendicabo me de adversario meo, dum in ipso vice mea exercebitis ultionem. Confusi igitur demones evanescent.

29. Frater quidam socius viri dei in extasi factus inter ceteras celi sedes vidit unam dignissimam et mirabili gloria prefulgentem. Qui cum miraretur, cuinam tam preclara sedes servaretur, sedes isti unius de ruentibus principibus fuit et nunc humili Francisco paratur. Et exuens ab oratione virum dei interrogavit dicens: Quid de te opinaris, pater.

¹ Fol. 84.

servo suo impune relinquere, dum vivit in mundo. *Ego vero offensam non recolo, quam per misericordiam dei satisfactione non laverim; . . . Sed potest esse, quod ideo castaldos suos in me permisit irrumper, quia non bonam speciem aliis, prefert mansio mea in curia magnatorum. Fratres mei, qui in locis pauper-culis commorantur, audientes me cum cardinalibus esse, suspicabuntur forsitan habundare delitiis; . . . Veniunt ergo mane et recitatis omnibus, valefaciunt cardinalem.*

L.A. III P. 2.
T.S. A. 102.

28. Cum ergo solus persisteret orationes longas sentiebat super tectum vero domus catervas demonum cum strepitu discurrentes.

Surrexit itaque protinus et egressus foras crucis signaculum fronti imprimis dixit *Ex parte omnipotentis dei dico vobis demones, ut quicquid vobis permisum est in meo corpore faciatis; libens sustineo, quia cum maiorem inimicum non habeam corpore, vindicabitis me de adversario meo, dum in ipso vice mei exercebitis ultionem.* Itaque qui propter spiritum deterrendum convenerant, spiritum promptiorem in carne infirma cernentes, pudore confusi protinus evanescent.

L.A. III P. 2.
T.S. A. 101.
(B. VI 6.)

29. Socius . . . et factus in extasi videt inter multas in celo sedes unam ceteris digniorem, ornatam pretiosis lapidibus, omnique gloria prefulgentem. Miratus intra se nobilem thronum et cuius sit tacitus, pensat; audit inter hec vocem dicentem sibi: *Sedes ista unius de ruentibus fuit et nunc humili franciscus servatur. . . .*

. . . . Franciscum dicens:

Et ille: Videor mihi maximus peccator. Statimque in corde fratris dixit spiritus: Cognosce, quod vera fuit visio, quam vidisti, quoniam ad sedem per superbiam perditam humilitas levabit humillimum.

Quid de te, pater, tua tibi ministrat opinio? Qui respondit: Videor mihi maximus peccator, quoniam aliquem sceleratum tanta fuisset deus misericordia prosecutus, decuplo me spiritualior esset. Ad hec statim in corde fratris spiritus dixit: Cognosce, quod vera fuerit visio, quam vidisti, quoniam ad sedem superbia perditam humilitas levabit humillimum.

30. In visione dei servus dei (L.G. B. 3 B. XIII 3.)

supra se Seraphym crucifixum aspexit, qui crucifixionis sue signa sic ei evidenter impressit, ut crucifixus videretur et ipse; con-signantur manus et pedes et latus crucis caractere: sed diligenti studio ab omnium oculis ipsa stigmata abscondebant. Quidam tamen hec in vita viderunt, set in morte plurimi conspexerunt. Quod autem hec stigmata per omnia vera exstiterint, multis miratum contigerunt. Hec inter-serere sufficiat.

31. In Apulia vir quidem nomine Rogerius ante ymagine[m] sancti Francisci stans cepit cogitare dicens: Essetne hoc verum, ut tali claruisset miraculo, an pia fuisset illusio sive simulata suorum fratrum inventio? Quod dum mente revolveret, subito audit sonum quasi spiculum prosiliens de balista sensitque se in sinistra manu graviter vulneratum, nichil lesionis appareret cyrotecam. Set cum cyrotheca de manu extraxit et grave vulnus quod sagite in palma conspexit. Ex quo tanta vis procedebat ardoris, ut totus ex ardore et dolore deficere videretur. Cumque peniteret, et se beati Francisci stigmata credere veraciter testa-

T.S. Mir. 2.
(B. Mir. I 6.)

31. Apud Potentiam, regni Apulie civitatem, erat clericus quidam, Rogerius nomine, vir honorabilis et maioris ecclesie canonicus. Hic cum longa foret infirmitate quassatus, die quadam ecclesiam pro sanitate oraturus intravit, in qua erat ymago beati Francisci depicta, gloriosa stigmata representans. Et accedens coram ymagine, . . . cepit dicere apud se: Esset hoc verum, ut tali claruisset iste sanctus miraculo, an suorum pia fuit illusio? Simulata, inquit, fuit inventio et fortassis a fratribus inventa deceptio. . . . Subito in palma manus sinistre percuitur, quia sinister erat, sonum audiens, quasi cum spiculum prosilit de balista.

retur, post duos dies, dum sanctum dei per sua stigmata exorasset, fuit continuo liberatus.

Moxque tam vulnere sautius quam sonitu stupefactus, *cirotecum de manu trahit*, quia cirotecatus erat. Cumque nulla fuisset prius *in palma percussio*, *conspexit* in medio manus plagam quasi *sagitte ictum*, *ex qua tanta vis procedebat ardoris*, *ut totus sibi videretur in ardore deficere*. Mirabile dictu, nullum in ciroteca vestigium apparebat, ut latenti plage cordis latentis pena vulneris responderet.

Clamat exinde *per duos dies*, et rugit dolore seivissimo stimulatus, et increduli cordis velamen explicat universis. *Credere se veraciter* in sancto *Francisco stigmata* sacra fuisse fatetur, et iurat contestans omnis dubitationis abscessisse fantasmata. *Orat* suppliciter *sanctum dei per sacra sibi stigmata* subveniri et multas preces multo impinguat sacrificio lacrimarum. Mirum certe. Infidelitate proiecta, sanationem mentis sanatio sequitur corporalis. . . .

32. In regno quoque Castelle cum quidam Francisco devotus ad completorium pergeret, ab insidiis ob mortem alterius ibi paratis ex orrore impetum et letaliter vulner¹atus semivivus relinquitur. Deinde gladium in gutture crudelis lictor infixit et extrahere non valens recessit. Fit undique cursus et clamor et ab omnibus mortuus plangitur. Cum autem nocte media campana fratrum ad matutinam pulsaretur, uxor clamare cepit: Mi domine, surge et vade ad matutinam, quia campana te vocat. Statim ille manum elevans videbatur alieni innuere, ut gladium extraheret.

T.S. Mir. 2.

32. . . . In regno Castelle Accidit sero quodam virum quendam transire per viam in qua pro morte alteri inferenda alterius insidie latitabant. Cumque hic ad orandum, sicut solitus erat, post horam completorii ad ecclesiam fratrum festinus accederet, quoniam beato Francisco tota erat devotione substratus, insurrexerunt filii tenebrarum in filium lucis, quem fore credebant emulum illum suum dudum ad internectionem quesitum. Quem ex omni parte letaliter gladiantes seminecem reliquerunt. Sed ultimo crudelissimus hostis in illius gutture

¹ Fol. 84.

Et ecce videntibus omnibus gladius quasi validissime iactatus manu pugilis eminus prosilivit. Statimque ille perfecte sanatus se erexit dicens: Beatus Franciscus ad me veniens suaque stigmata meis vulneribus apponens eorum suavitate cuncta vulnera delinivit et contactu mirifice solidavit. Qui cum vellet discedere, sibi innuebam, ut gladium extraheret, quia loqui aliter non valerem. Quem statim apprehendens valde proiecit, statimque stigmatibus sanctis vulneribus guttur demulcens perfecte sanavit.

gladium profunde infixit, nec volens illum retrahere, in vulnere dereliquit.

Accurritur undique et usque ad celum clamoribus datis, innocentis mortem tota deplorat vicinia. . . . Et ecce *campana fratrum pulsavit ad matutinum.* Audiens uxor illius campanam, gemebunda currit ad lectum: *Mi domine, inquit, surge velociter, vade ad matutinum, quoniam tua campana te vocat.* Statim qui mori credebatur, ingeminato pectoris murmure, stridula utcumque verba balbutiens nitebatur emictere. Et *manum elevans contra infixum gueturi gladium, inuere alicui ut illum extraheret videbatur.* Mirabile certe. *Gladius a loco subito avolans, videntibus omnibus, usque ad hostium domus quasi manu iactatus viri robustissimi prosilivit.* Erexit se homo et perfecta sanitate incolumis, quasi a sompno surgeret, mirabilia Domini enarravit.

. . . . Ad hoc ille *sanctus Franciscus, cui semper devotus fui, modo a loco recessit et me integre ab omni plaga curavit. Stigmata illa sua sacratissima meis plagis singulis superposuit, illorum suavitate cuncta vulnera delinivit; illorum contactu, ut cernitis, confracta omnia mirifice solidavit.* Dum enim murmurantis pectoris audiebatis impulsus, tunc ceteris plagis cum omni suavitate sanitis videbatur pater sanctissimus dimisso in gutture gladio velle discedere. *Cui manu debili innuebam, quia non valebam loqui, ut gladium extraheret, mortis imminentis singulare periculum. Quem statim apprehendens, ut*

33. In urbe Rome clara illa luminaria orbis, scilicet beatus Dominicus et beatus Franciscus, coram domino Hostiensi, qui postea fuit summus pontifex, aderant, dixitque eis episcopus: Cur non facimus de vestris fratribus episcopos et prelatos, qui documento et exemplo ceteris prevalent. Fit inter sanctos de respondendo longa contentio. Vicit tandem humilitas Franciscum, ne se preponeret, vicit et Dominicus, ut primus respondendo humiliter obediret. Dixit ergo beatus Dominicus: Domine, gradu bono si cognoscunt sublimati sunt fratres mei nec pro meo posse permittam, ut aliud assequantur dignitatis. Post hoc respondens sanctus Franciscus dixit: Domine, minores convocati sunt fratres mei, ut maiores esse non presumant.

34. Columbina simplicitate plenus omnes creaturas ad creatoris hortatur amorem, predicat avibus, auditur ab eis, tanguntur ab ipso, nec nisi licentiate recedunt. Yrundines, dum eo predicante garriverent, ipso imperante protinus conticescunt.

35. Apud Portiunculam iuxta eius cellam cicada in fico residens frequenter canebat. Quam vir dei manum extendens vocavit dicens: Soror mea cicada, veni ad me. Que statim obediens super

L.A. III T. 7.
T.S. A. 124.
(Spec. 43.)

omnes vidistis, *valida manu proiecit. Sicque ut prius stigmatibus sanctis vulneratum guctur demulcens et liniens, ita perfecte sanavit,*

33. *In urbe cum domino Ostiensis, qui postea summus pontifex fuit, clara illa luminaria orbis adherant, sanctus Dominicus et sanctus Franciscus; . . . dixit tandem episcopus illis: . . . Cur, inquit, non facimus de vestris fratribus episcopos et prelatos, qui documento et exemplo ceteris prevalent? Fit inter sanctos de respondendo contentio. . . . Vicit tamen humilitas Franciscum, ne se preponeret, vicit et dominicum, ut ipsius respondendo humiliter obediret.*

Respondens ergo beatus dominicus dixit episcopo: Domine, gradu beato, si cognoscunt, sublimati sunt fratres mei, nec pro meo posse permittam, ut aliud assequantur specimen dignitatis. Hoc igitur sic breviter perorante, inclinans se beatus Franciscus coram episcopo dixit: Domine, minores ideo vocati sunt fratres mei, ut maiores fieri non presumant.

L.A. III Y. 6.
T.S. Mir. 4.

35. *Iuxta cellulam sancti Dei apud Portiunculam, super ficum cicada residens, consueta frequenter suavitati canebat. Ad quam quandoque beatus pater manum extendens, ad se benigne*

eius manum ascendit. Cui ille :
Canta soror cicada et dominum
tuum lauda. Que protinus
canens nonnisi licentiata recessit.

36. Pareit lucer¹nis, lampadi-
bus et candelis nolens sua manu
deturpare fulgorem, super petras
reverenter ambulat eius intuitu,
qui dicitur petra, legit de via ver-
miculos ne transeuntium pedibus
conculcentur et apibus ne inedia
pereant glacie hyemali, mel et
optima vina iubet apponi, fraterno
nomine animalia cuncta vocabat.

37. Mire et ineffabili gaudio
replebatur ob creatoris amorem,
solem, lunam et stellas intuebatur
et eas ad creatoris invitabat
amorem. Coronam sibi magnam
fieri prohibebat dicens : Volo quod
fratres mei simplices partem
habeant in capite meo.

38. Vir quidam odmodum secu-
laris, cum servum dei Franciscum
apud sanctum Severinum predi-
cantem invenisset, vidit deo sibi
revelante sanctum Franciscum
duobus transversis ensibus valde
fulgentibus in modum crucis sig-
natum, quorum unus a capite ad
pedes, alius a manu in manu per
pectus transversaliter tendebatur.
Quem cum nunquam vidisset tali
indicio recognoscens, compunctus

¹ Fol. 85.

vocavit dicens : Soror mea cicada,
veni ad me. Que, velud rationis
compos, statim super manum eius
ascendit. Et ait ad eam : *Canta,*
soror cicada, et Dominum Crea-
torem tuo iubilo lauda. Que sine
mora obediens canere cepit ; et
tamdiu canere non cessavit, donec
vir Dei, eius cantibus suam lau-
dem interserens, ut ad solitum
revolaret locum ei mandavit. . . .
Et statim ab eo *licentiata*
recessit, nec ultra ibidem appa-
ruit. . . .

L.A. III Y.
T.S. A. 139.

36. . . . *Pareit lucernis, lam-*
padibus et candelis, nolens sua
manu deturbare fulgorem quoniam
esset lucis eterne ; *super petras*
ambulat reverenter eius intuitu,
qui dicitur petra ; . . . legit de
via vermiculos, ne pedibus concul-
centur et apibus, ne inedia pereant
in glacie yemali, mel et optima vina
iubet apponi : fraterno nomine
vocat animalia cuncta, . . .

L.A. III A. 87.
T.S. A. 86.
(B. IV 9.)

38. Erat in marchia Anconi-
tana *secularis* quidam, sui oblitus
et dei nescius, qui se totum prosti-
tuerat vanitati. . . .

Facta autem manu dei super
illum, videt, corporeis oculis,
sanctum Franciscum duobus
transversis ensibus, valde fulgen-
tibus, in modum crucis signatum,
quorum unus a capite ad pedes,
alius a manu in manu per pectus
transversaliter tendebatur.

ordinem introivit et vitam feliciter consumavit.

39. Cum infirmitatem oculorum ex fletu continuo incurrisset, suadentibus, quod abstinere a lacrimis, sic respondit: Non est ob amorem luminis, quod habemus commune cum museis, eterne visitatio repellenda. Cum a fratribus urgeretur, ut pateretur infirmitati visus remedium adhiberi et chirurgicus instrumentum ferreum igne candens manu teneret, vir dei ait: Mi frater ignis, esto mihi in hac hora propicius et curialis; precor dominum, qui te creavit, ut tuum mihi calorem temperet. Et hoc dicens signum crucis contra illud editit profundatoque illo in tenera carne ab aure usque ad supercilium nullum, ut retulit, dolorem sensit.

40. Apud heremum sancti Urbani servo dei egritudine validissima laborante, cum ipse vere defectum senciens vini poculum postulasset, neque adesset, allatum sibi aquam signo crucis edito benedixit, mox in optimum vinum conversa (est?); quod deserti loci paupertas non potuit, viri sancti puritas inpetravit.

L.A. III Y. 1.
T.S. Mir. 3.
(Bon. V 8, 9,
Spec. 115.)

39. Tempore infirmitatis oculorum coacto ut mederi sibi pateretur, vocatur ad locum chirurgicus. Veniens igitur ferreum instrumentum ad cocturas faciendas defert, . . . beatus pater corpus iam horrore concessum confortans sic alloquitur ignem: *Frater mi ignis* pre ceteris rebus emulandi decoris virtuosum, pulchrum et utilem te creavit Altissimus. *Esto mihi in hac hora propicius, esto curialis*, quia olim te dilexi in domino. *Precor magnum dominum, qui te creavit, ut tuum modo calorem temperet*, quo suaviter urente, valeam sustinere.

Oratione finita, crucis signo ignem consignat et deinceps intrepidus perstat. . . . *profundatur* crepitans ferrum in tenera carne et ab aure usque ad supercilium tractim coctura protrahitur. . . . dixit pater: Pusillanimes et modici cordis, quare fugistis? In veritate dico vobis, nec ignis ardorem sensi, nec ullum carnis dolorem. . . .

T.S. Mir. 3.
(Bon. V 10.)

40. Tempore quo apud heremum Sancti Urbani egritudine gravissima laborabat, cum vinum ore languido postularet, nihil de vino quod sibi daretur responderetur adesse. Inbet sibi aquam afferri, et allatam crucis signaculo benedixit. *Mox* in alterum usum transiens elementum, saporem proprium exiit, induit peregrinum, vinum efficitur optimum quod fuerat aqua pura: et quod paupertas non potuit, sanctitas propinavit.

41. Malebat (de?) se vituperium audire quam laudem et ideo cum populi merita sua sanctitatis extollerent, precipiebat alicui fratri, ut verba ipsum vilificantia suis auribus inculcando¹ profertur. Cumque frater ille, licet invitus, rusticum eum et mercenarium, inperitum et inutilem diceret, exhilaratus dicebat: Benedicat tibi dominus, quia tu verissima loqueris et talia me decet audire.

42. Non tam servus dei preesse voluit quam subesse, nec tam precipere quam parere; ideo generalis cedens officio gardianum petiit, cuius voluntati per omnia subiaceret, fratri quoque, cum quo ire solitus erat, semper promittebat obedientiam et servabat.

43. Cum frater quidam contra legem obedientie aliquid fecisset, et penetentie signa haberet, vir tamen dei ad illius terrorem eius capucium in ignem proci iussit. Cumque per moram capucium fuisset in medio ignis, precepit ipsum extrahi et fratri restitui. Extrahitur autem capucium de medio flammarum nullum habens adustionis vestigium.

44. Quodam tempore per paludes Veneciarum ambulans invenit maximam avium multitudinem cantancium in palude dixitque ad socium: Sorores aves laudant creatorem suum. Eamus et in earum medio horas canonicas decantemus. Quibus intrantibus aves mote non sunt; set quia ob nimium garrutum se audire ad invicem non poterant, ait: Sorores aves, a cantu cessate, donec laudes debitas deo persolvamus. Quibus

L.G. A. 20.
(B. VI 1.)

41. *Cumque frater ille licet invitus eum rusticum, mercenarium, et inutilem diceret, subridens, et applaudens plurimum respondebat: Benedicat tibi dominus, quia verissima loqueris, talia enim decet audire filium petri de bernardone: sic loquens: . . .*

L.A. III U.
T.S. A. 12.
(B. VI 4, Spec.
39.)

42. Non solum *generali officio* resignavit, sed, propter maius obedientie, bonum *guardianum* singulare *expetiit*, quem specialiter coleret in prelatum; . . . cui pridem *obedientiam* sanctam promiserat: . . . usque ad mortem subditus ubique permansit.

L.A. III U. 3.
T.S. A. 129.
(B. VI 11.)

43. Ablatum quadam vice caputium fratri, qui sine obedientia solus venerat, *in magno igne proci i iubet*. Nullo autem excutiente caputium, verebantur enim patris vultum parumper commotum, iubet illud sanctus detrahi flammis nichil lesionis adeptum . . .

B. VIII 9.

¹ Fol. 85.

statim cessantibus, tacentibus finitis laudibus licentiam cantandi dedit et statim cantum suum more solito resumpserunt.

45. Invitatus devote a quodam milite dixit ei: Frater, meis monitis acquiesce et peccata tua confitere, quia cito alibi manducabis. Qui statim acquiescens domum suam disposuit et penitentiam salutarem accepit. Cum ergo ad mensam intrassent hospes, subito expiravit.

46. Cum quandam avium multitudinem reperisset et eas velud rationis participes salutasset, dixit: Fratres mei volucres, multum debetis laudare creatorem vestrum, qui plumis vos induit, pennas ad volandum tribuit, aeris puritatem concessit et sine vestra sollicitudine vos gubernat. Aves autem ceperunt versus eum extendere colla, protendere aulus, aperire rostra et in illum attente respicere. Ipse quidem per medium earum transiens tunica contigebat easdem nec tamen aliqua de loco est mota, donec licentia data omnes insimul avolaverunt.

47. Cumque apud castrum Almarium predicaret, propter garritus yrundinum ibidem nidificantium au⁽¹⁾diri non poterat. Quibus ille: Sorores mee yrundines, iam tempus est, ut loquar et ego, quia vos satis dixistis. Tenete silentium, donec verbum domini compleatur. Cui continuo obediētes protinus continuerunt.

¹ Fol. 86.

T.S. Mir. 4.

46. Prope Bevanium . . . in quo diversigeneris avium maxima Multitudo convenerat . . . et eas velud rationis participes more solito salutavit. . . . dicens: *Fratres mei volucres, multum debetis laudare Creatorem vestrum et ipsum diligere semper, qui plumis vos induit et pennas tribuit ad volandum. Nam inter creaturas omnes liberas vos fecit et aeris vobis contulit puritatem. Non seminatis nec metitis, et sine vestra sollicitudine vos gubernat. Ad hec avicule suo modo plurimum gestientes ceperunt extendere colla, protendere alas, aperire ora et in illum attente respicere. Non sunt mote de loco, donec signo crucis facto ipsis licentiam et benedictionem dedit. . . .*

**T.S. Mir. 4.
B. XII 4.**

47. Ad quoddam castrum nomine Alvianum semel predicaturus accessit. Congregato populo et indicto silentio, *propter yrundines nidificantes in eodem loco multumque perstreptentes penitus audiri non poterat.*

Audientibus omnibus, locutus est eis dicens: *Sorores mee yrundines, iam tempus est ut loquar et ego, quia vos usque modo satis dixistis. Audite verbum Dei,*

48. Transeunte aliquando viro dei per Apuliam, in via bursam magnam reperit denariis tumescentem. Quam socius videns accipere voluit, ut pauperibus erogaret. Sed ille nullatenus permisit dicens: Non licet, fili, alienum auferre. Set cum ille vehementer instaret, Franciscus paululum orans iubet, ut bursam tollat, que iam colubrum pro pecunia continebat. Quod videns frater timere cepit, set obedientia volens implere mandatum bursam manibus capit et inde magnus serpens protinus exilivit. Et ait sanctus: Pecunia servis dei nihil aliud est quam dyabolus et coluber tortuosus.

49. Cum frater quidam graviter temptaretur, cogitare cepit, quod, si aliquid scriptum de manu patris haberet, ipsa protinus temptatio fugaretur. Set cum rem sibi nullatenus auderet aperire, quadam vice vocavit eum vir dei dicens: Porta mihi cartam et atramentum, quia laudes quasdam dei scribere volo. Quas cum scripsisset, ait: Accipe cartulam hanc et usque ad diem mortis tue custodias diligenter, sta-

L.A. III E. 3.
T.S. A. 53.
(B. VII 5.)

tenentes silentium, donec sermo Domini compleatur. At ille, tanquam rationis capaces, subito tacuerunt. . . .

48. *Transeunte aliquando viro dei cum socio per apuliam juxta barum, invenit in via bursam magnam denariis tumescentem, que funda negotiatorum vocabulo nuncupatur. Monetur a socio sanctus et instanter inducitur, ut bursa tollatur e terra et pecunia pauperibus erogetur; attollitur pietas in egenis et in erogatione ipsius misericordia commendatur. Recusat sanctus id penitus se facturum et commentum affirmat fore dyaboli: Non licet, inquit, fili, alienum auferre, . . . sed nondum quiescit frater, . . .*

. . . . Recedens inde quantum iactus est lapidis, orationi sacre incumbit: rediens ab oratione iubet fratrem levare bursam, que, ipso exorante, pro pecunia colubrum continebat. . . . bursam manibus capit et ecce, serpens non modicus de bursa exiliens, dyabolicam deceptionem fratri monstravit; et ait sanctus ad eum: *Pecunia, servis dei, o frater, nihil aliud est, quam dyabolus et coluber venenosus.*

L.A. II A. 18.
T.S. A. 37.
(B. XI 9.)

49. . . . unus de sotiis, magno desiderio, cupiebat habere de verbis domini remarcabile scriptum manu ipsius breviter annotatum. Gravem enim, qua vexabatur, temptationem, non carnis sed spiritus, credebat ex hoc evadere, vel certe levius ferre. Tali desiderio languens, pavebat rem aperire patri sanctissimo; sed cui homo dixit, spiritus revelavit.

Quadam enim die vocat eum

tinque omnis temptatio ab eo recessit.

50. Idem quoque frater, dum sanctus infirmus iaceret, cogitare cepit: Ecce morti appropinquat pater et quam plurimum consolari si post mortem possem habere tunicam patris mei. Post modicum sanctus vocat eum dicens: Tibi trado tunicam istam et post mortem meam ipsam habeas pleno iure.

51. Cum apud Alexandriam Lombardie cum quodam honesto viro hospitatus fuisset, ab eo rogatur, ut propter evangelium observanciam de omni apposito manducaret. Qui cum eius devotionem assensiret, ille accurrens caponem septennem preparat manducandum. Manducantibus illis, infidelis quidam amore dei helemosynam petiit. Mox vir dei audiens, benedictum membrum caponis sibi transmittit. Reservat infidelis datum et in crastinum, cum sanctus predicaret, ostendit dicens: Ecce quales carnes comedit iste Franciscus, quem ut sanctum honoratis. Nam mihi hoc in sero tribuit. Set cum

beatus Franciscus, dicens: *Porta mihi cartam et atramentum, quoniam verba domini et laudes eius scribere volo, que meditatus sum in corde meo. Allatis protinus que petierat, scribat, manu propria, laudes dei et verba que voluit et ultimo benedictionem fratris, dicens: Accipe tibi cartulam istam et usque ad diem mortis tue custodias diligenter. Fugatur statim omnis illa temptatio; . . .*

50. . . . Nam tempore, quo infirmus iacebat in palatio apud Assisium, dictus frater cogitavit apud se dicens: *En morti appropinquat pater et quamplurimum consolaretur anima mea, si post mortem haberem tunicam patris mei. Quasi cordis desiderium oris petitio fuerit, post parum statim vocat eum beatus Franciscus dicens: Tibi trado tunicam istam; accipe eam, ut tua de cetero sit, quam licet ipsam feram, dum victito, tibi tamen cedat in morte. . . .*

51. . . . Cum enim apud Alexandriam Lombardie, verbum dei predicaturus, accederet; et a quodam viro, timente deum fameque laudabilis, devote fuisset susceptus hospitio, rogatur ab eo, ut propter sancti evangelij observantiam, de omni apposito manducaret, annuit benigne hospitis devotione devictus. *Accurrit ille festinus et caponem septennem studiose homini dei preparat manducandum.*

Sedente ad mensam pauperum patriarcha et familia iocundante, extemplo adest ad hostium filius belial, omni gratia pauper, rerum opportunarum simulans paupertatem. Proponit, sagaciter, amo-

L.A. II A. 19.
T.S. A. 38.

L.A. III G. 6.
T.S. A. 63.

membrum caponis piscis ab omnibus videretur, velud insanus ab omni populo increpatur. Quod cum ille didicisset, erubuit et veniam postulavit. Redieruntque carnes ad sui speciem, postquam rediit prevaricator ad mentem.

rem dei helemosynam expetendo et voce lacrymabili, propter deum, sibi postulat subveniri. Recognoscit sanctus nomen super omnia benedictum et dulcius sibi melle; gratissime membrum suscipit avis apposite ac pani superpositum petenti transmisit. Quid plura? Reservat infelix datum ut sancto inferat obprobrium.

In crastinum populo congregato, sanctus more suo predicat verbum dei. Irruit subito sceleratus ille et membrum caponis ostendere nititur omni plebi: Ecce, garrit: qualis est Francischus iste, qui predicat, quem honoratis ut sanctum; videte carnes, quas mihi sero, dum comederet, dedit. Increpant illum pessimum universi et velud demone plenum omnes obiurgant; piscis revera omnibus apparebat, . . . Erubuit tandem infelix et facinus deprehensum, penitentia diluit, coram omnibus veniam postulavit a sancto, exponens quam habuit nephariam voluntatem. Redeunt carnes ad suam speciem, postquam rediit prevaricator ad mentem.

52. Dum quadam vice¹ ad mensam sederet et de paupertate beate virginis et filii eius collatio fieret, protinus vir dei a mensa surgens singultus ingeminat dolorosos et perfusus lacrimis super nudam humum reliquum panem manducat.

L.A. III DD. 3.
T.S. A. 160.

52. Sediti namque ad prandium die quadam paupertatem beate virginis commemorat quidam frater et christi filij eius inopiam replicat: protinus surgit a mensa, singultus ingeminat dolorosos et perfusus lacrymis supra nudam humum reliquum panem manducat.

53. Sacerdotalibus manibus, quibus conficiendi dominici corporis sacramentum est collata potestas, magnam volebat reverentiam exhiberi. Unde et sepe dicebat: Si sancto cuiquam de celo

L.A. III DD. 4.
T.S. A. 161.

53. Sacerdotalibus manibus, quibus de christo conficiendo tam divina collata auctoritas est, magnam volebat reverentiam exhiberi; frequenter dicebat: Si sancto cuicumque de celo venienti et pauperculo alicui sacerdoti simul me con-

¹ Fol. 86.

venienti et pauperculo alicui sacerdoti me contingeret obviare, ad sacerdotis manus osculandas cicius me conferrem et sancto dicerem: Expecta, sancte Laurenti, quia manus huius verbum vite contrectant et ultra humanum aliquid possident. Miraculis in vita sua multis effulsit. Nam panes ei ad benedicendum oblatis multis infirmis attulere salutem. Aquam in vinum convertit et inde eger quidam gustans protinus sanitatem recepit et multa alia miracula fecit.

54. Cum vero ad dies iam appropinquaret extremos, longo infirmitate confectus super nudam humum nudum poni se fecitque omnes fratres ibidem assistentes ad se vocari et manus singulis inponens omnes in presentibus benedixit et instar cene dominice singulis panis buccellam divisit.

55. Invitabat, uti moris sui erat, omnes creaturas ad laudem dei. Nam et mortem ipsam cunctis terribilem et exosam hortabatur ad laudem eique letus occurrens ad suum invitabat hospitium dicens: Bene veniat soror mea mors! Ad extremam igitur horam veniens dormiit in domino.

tingeret obviare, prevenire honore presbyterum et ad manus eius deosculandas citius me conferrem; dicerem enim: O, specta sancte Laurenti, quia manus huius verbum vite contrectant et ultra humanum aliquid possident.

L.A. III HH.
T.S. A. 171.
(B. XIV 4 and
5, Spec. 88.)

54. Cum enim ad dies iam appropinquaret extremos, . . . confectus namque infirmitate illa tam gravi, que omni languore conclusit, super nudam humum se fecit nudum deponi, ut hora illa extrema, in qua poterat adhuc hosti irasci, nudus luctaret cum nudo. . . . a principio, in finem dilexit eos. Fecit enim fratres omnes assistentes ibidem ad se vocari et . . . fratribus, extendit frater eos dexteram suam; et incipiens a vicario suo, capitibus singulorum imposuit. . . . benedixitque in illis.

L.A. III HH.
T.S. A. 172.

55. . . . Invitabat etiam omnes creaturas ad laudem dei; et per verba, que olim composuerat, ipse eas ad divinum hortabatur amorem; nam et mortem ipsam cunctis terribilem et exosam hortabatur ad laudem, eique letus occurrens ad suum invitabat hospitium: Bene veniat, inquit, soror mea mors. . . . Et cunctis in eum christi completis mysteriis, feliciter volavit ad deum.

56. Cuius animam quidam frater vidit in modum stelle similis lune in quantitate soli in splendore.

L.G. B. 8.
T.S. A. 172.
(B. XIV 6.)

57. Minister fratrum in terra laboris nomine Augustinus in hora autem ultima positus, cum iam diu amisisset loquelam, subito clamans dixit: Expecta me, pater, expecta, ecce iam venio tecum. Querentibus fratribus, quid diceret, ait: Non videtis patrem nostrum Franciscum, qui vadit ad celum. Et statim in pace obdormiens patrem secutus est.

L.A. III HH. 1.
(B. XIV 6.)

56. Unus frater ex discipulis eius fame non modicum celebris vidit animam ipsius sanctissimi patris quasi stellam, lune immensitatem habentem et solis claritatem pretendentem . . .

57. Minister fratrum in terra laboris tunc erat frater Augustinus, qui in hora ultima positus, cum diu iampridem amisisset loquelam, audientibus qui astabant, de subito clamavit et dixit: Expecta me, pater, expecta. Ecce jam venio tecum. Querentibus fratribus et admirantibus multum cui sic loqueretur, audacter respondit: Nonne videtis, inquit, patrem nostrum Franciscum, qui vadit ad celum? Et statim illius anima carne soluta patrem est secuta sanctissimum.

58. Cum quedam domina, que beato Francisco devota exstiterat, viam universe carnis fuisset ingressa et clerici et presbyteri feretro exequias celebrantes astarent, subito mulier se erigit super lectum et unum de astantibus sacerdotibus vocat dicens: Volo, pater, confiteri. Ego enim mortua fueram et duro eram carceri mancipata, quoniam peccatum, quod tibi pandam, nondum confessa fueram, set orante pro me Francisco¹ ad corpus mihi redire indultum est, ubi illo revelato peccato veniam merear. Statimque, ut illud tibi manifestavero, in pace cernentibus vobis quiescam. Confessa igitur et absolucione recepta, mox in domino obdormivit.

T.S. Mir. 7.
(B. Mir. II 1.)

58. . . . mulier quedam . . . sancto Francisco peculiari devotione inheserat, . . . viam universe carnis intravit. . . . Conveniunt clerici nocte ad exequias et vigilias cum psalteriis decantandis; circumstat utriusque sexus orantium multitudo. Et ecce subito cunctis cernentibus erigit se mulier super lectum, et unum de astantibus sacerdotem et patrum suum vocat, dicens: Volo confiteri, pater, audi peccatum meum. Ego enim mortua sum et duro eram carcere mancipanda, quoniam peccatum, quod tibi pandam, nondum ipsa confessa fueram. Set orante, inquit, pro me sancto Francisco, cui devotissima semper fui, redire ad corpus nunc indultum est mihi, ut illo revelato peccato veniam merear. Et ecce vobis videntibus, postquam illud tibi detexero, ad promissam requiem properabo

¹ Fol. 87.

59. Cum fratres de Nucera
 plaustrum quoddam a quodam
 viro mutuo peterent, ille indignatus
 respondit: Ego potius duos
 ex vobis cum sancto Francisco
 excoariem, quam plaustrum
 meum vobis accomodarem. Set in
 se reversus, semetipsum redarguit
 et blasphemie penituit, ira dei
 formidans. Moxque filius eius
 infirmatur et ad extrema deducitur.
 Qui filium suum defunctum
 videns in terra volutabatur et
 fleus et sanctum Franciscum in-
 vocans dicebat: Ego sum, qui
 peccavi, me flagellare debuisti.
 Redde, sancte, iam devote pre-
 cant, quem abstulisti impie blas-
 phemanti! Mox filius eius sur-
 rexit et planctum prohibens ait:
 Cum mortuus essem, sanctus
 Franciscus per quandam viam
 longam et obscuram me ducens
 in quodam tandem loco me in
 viridario pulcherrimo collocavit
 ac deinde dixit mihi: Revertere
 ad patrem tuum, nolo te amplius
 tenere.

T.S. Mir. 7.
 (B. Mir. II 3.)

60. Pauper quidam cuidam
 domino debebat quandam pecunie
 quantitatem rogat, ut sancti
 Francisci amore sibi terminum
 prolongaret. Cui ille superbo
 respondens: Tali, inquit, te loco

T.S. Mir. 11.
 (B. Mir. V 2.)

Trementer ergo sacerdoti tre-
 menti *confessa, absolute re-*
cepta, quiete se in lecto collegit
 et in Domino feliciter obdormi-
 vit. . . .

59. Cum fratres de Nuceria pete-
 rent quoddam plaustrum a quodam
 viro Petro nomine, quo aliquan-
 tulum indigebant, stulte respondit
 eis dicens: *Ego potius excoariem*
duos ex vobis cum sancto Francisco,
quam accomodarem vobis plaus-
trum. Penituit statim hominem
verbum tante blasphemie protu-
lisse; et percutiens os suum,
misericordiam precabatur. Time-
bat enim ne ultio sequeretur,
. . . . Infirmatus est statim filius
eius nomine Gapharus, et pauco
spatio lapsa, spiritum exalavit.
. . . . Volutabatur per humum, et
sanctum Franciscum invocare
penitus non cessabat; et dicebat:
Ego sum qui peccavi; me flagellare
debuisti. Redde sancte iam peni-
tenti, quem abstulisti impie blas-
femanti. . . . Ad hec verba sur-
rexit puer; et planctum prohibens,
causam retulit sue mortis: Cum
mortuus essem, inquit, venit bea-
tus Franciscus et duxit me per
viam obscuram et longam valde.
Deinde posuit me in quodam
viridario tam ameno, tam delec-
tabili, quod totus mundus ei
comparari non posset. Reduxit
me postea per eandem viam, et
dixit mihi: 'Revertere ad patrem
tuum et matrem tuam. Nolo enim
te hic amplius detinere.' . . .

60. In Massa Sancti Petri
 cuidam militi debebat pecunie
 quantitatem pauperculus quidam.
 . . . Misereri sibi orat supplici-
 ter, et dilationem querens amore
 sancti Francisci, . . . Nam cer-

recludam, ubi nec Franciscus, nec aliquis poterit te iuvare. Moxque illum vinculatum in carcere obscuro inclusit. Paulo post sanctus Franciscus affuit et fracto carcere ruptisque vinculis hominem incolumem reduxit ad propria.

61. Quidam miles operibus et miraculis sancti Francisci detrahens, cum quadam vice luderet ad taxillos; vesania et incredulitate plenus circumstantibus ait: Si Franciscus est sanctus, ix veniant in taxillis. Mox in eis senarius triplicatus apparuit; et usque ad ix vices quolibet suo iactu ter senos accepit. Set insanium addens insanie ait: Si verum est, quod Franciscus sit sanctus, cadat hodie gladio corpus meum! Si vero sanctus non est, evadam incolumis. Ludo finito, ut eius oratio fieret in peccatum, cum nepoti suo inferret iniuriam, ille gladium arripiens in viscera patrum transfixit, protinus interfecit.

62. Vir quidam erare sic perdit, uti nullatenus¹ se movere posset, sanctum Franciscum talibus vocibus inelamabat: Adiuva me, sancte Francisce, memor devocionis et servitii tui, quod tibi impendi. Nam in asino meo te portavi; sanctos pedes tuos, manus osculatus fui, et ecce morior doloris huius durissimo cruciatu. Moxque ille sibi apparens cum parvulo baculo, qui tau in se figuram habebat, locum doloris tetigit et fracto apostemate sanitatem protinus recepit et semper

vicose respondens: *Tali te, ait, loco recludam et tali retrudam carcere, ubi nec Franciscus nec alius poterit te iuvare.* Temptavit quod dixit. Carcerem adinvenit obscurum, in quo hominem vinculatum coniecit. Paulo post affuit sanctus Franciscus et fracto carcere ruptisque compedibus, illesum hominem reduxit ad propria. . . .

T.S. Mir. 7.
(B. Mir. X 6.)

62. . . . *vir quidam erus perdiderat sic ex toto, ut nullo modo progredi vel movere se posset.* Positus itaque in angustia vehementi et auxilio desperatus humano, cepit nocte quadam, ac si presentem cerneret beatum Franciscum, talem coram eo assumere materiam querelandi: *Adiuva me, sancte Francisce, recoleens meum servitium et devotionem tibi impensam. Nam in asino meo te portavi, sanctos pedes tuos et sanctas manus osculatus fui.* Semper tibi devotus, semper be-

¹ Fol. 87.

signum tau super locum remansit. Hoc signo sanctus Franciscus suas literas consueverat consignare.

63. Cum in castro Pomareto in montanis Apullie quadam patri et matri unica fuisset defuncta et mater sancto Francisco devota nimia tristitia fuisset absorpta, apparuit ei sanctus dicens: Noli flere, quia lucerne tue lumen quod deploras extinctum, mea est tibi intercessione reddendum. Mater igitur sumpta fiducia corpus extinctum, non permisit efferri, set sancti Francisci nomen invocans et mortuam filiam apprehendens eam incolumem allevavit.

64. In urbe Roma, cum puer parvulus de fenestra palatii cecidisset et penitus expirasset, beatus Franciscus invocatur et vite protinus restituitur.

65. In civitate Suessa, cum quedam domus corruens quendam invenem extraxisset et cadaver iam in lecto posuisset ad sepeliendum, mater beatum Franciscum tota devotione, qua poterat, invocabat. Ecce circa mediam noctem puer oscitavit et sanus surrexit et in laudis verba prorupit.

nevolus extiti; et ecce morior doloris huius durissimo cruciatus. . . . Vocatus ab eo venisse se dixit, ferens remedia sanitatis. Tetigit locum doloris cum baculo parvulo, qui figuram tau in se habebat; et fracto mox apostemate, post consecutam sanitatem usque hodie signum tau super locum remansit. Hoc signo sanctus Franciscus suas consignabat litteras, . . .

T.S. Mir. 7.

63. In castro Pomarico, in montanis Apulie posito, patri et matri unica erat filia, . . . Iacet mater infelix ineffabilibus completa doloribus et absorta suprema tristitia, de hiis que fiunt nichil advertit. Interim sanctus Franciscus, uno tantum socio comitatus, visitat desolatum et placitis affatur colloquiis: Noli flere, inquit, nam lucerne tue penitus iam extincte lumen ecce restituam. Surgit extimpro mulier; et que sibi dixerat sanctus Franciscus omnibus manifestans, non permisit extinctum corpus alibi deportari. Et conversa mater ad filiam, invocans sancti nomen, eam vivam et incolumem allevavit.

T.S. Mir. 7.
(B. Mir. II 6.)

65. Incivitate Suessa . . . quandam domum diruit et subverlit, etc. . . . Sicque ponentes cadaver in lecto, cum nox esset, ad sepeliendum eum diem crastinum expectabant. Circa vero mediam noctem cepit juvenis oscitare et, calescentibus membris, antequam illucesceret dies, totus revixit et in laudis verba prorupit. . . .

66. Frater Jacobus Reatinus, cum in navicula parva fluvium quendam cum fratribus transisset et sociis iam super ripam positus postremo se ad exitum prepararet, revoluta nave ipse in profundum fluminis est dimersus. Fratribus igitur pro liberatione submersi beatum Franciscum invocantibus, ipso etiam corde, ut poterat, beati Francisci auxilium implorante ecce dictus frater per profundum sicut per aridam ambulabat et demersam naviculam capiens cum ea pervenit ad litus. Vestimenta autem eius madida non sunt nec aque gutta proximavit ad tunicam.

T.S. Mir. 10.
(B. Mir. IV
3).

66. *Frater Jacobus Reatinus, cum navicula residens vellet fluvium transvadare, sociis primo positus super ripam, postremo se ad exitum preparabat. Sed modica illa navis, rate per infortunium revoluta, rectore natante, frater submersus est in profundum. Invocabant fratres extra positi affectuosis vocibus beatum Franciscum et, ut filio succurreret, lacrimosis precibus compellebant. Submersus etiam frater, de ventre gurgitis nimis immensi, cum ore non posset, corde clamabat, ut poterat. Et ecce, auxiliante sibi patris presentia, per profundum sicut per aridam ambulabat; et demersam naviculam capiens, cum ea pervenit ad litus. Mirabile dictu. Vestimenta eius madidata non sunt, nec aque gutta proximavit ad tunicam.*

The question at once arises, what is the literary value of this document? To me, it seems to prove almost beyond a doubt, that the view, already propounded, in my critical introduction to the Franciscan texts of Thomas of Celano and recapitulated at the commencement of this paper, is absolutely correct. To my mind we have here evidence of the most important kind. Let us examine it in detail.

The original of this work is without doubt a production of the thirteenth century, and was doubtless written either just before, or soon after the terrible Council of Paris, or possibly a little later, at the request of Jacobus de Voragine, by someone well versed in Franciscan affairs.

There can be little or no doubt that the work is taken almost entirely either from Thomas of Celano's

own works or Bonaventura's version of them. I do not think, however, that the author of this MS. made much use of the writings of Bonaventura, for when we remember that Bonaventura's work was practically gathered from the 'Legenda' of Thomas of Celano, and that he did not hesitate to quote from the latter, in most cases verbatim, we are not surprised to find a great similarity between the work of Bonaventura and the 'Legenda Anonyma;' nor does it take the careful reader long to discover that the similarity is always greatest when the quotation in this MS. is clearly taken from the works of Celano.

In other words, to all intents and purposes, though the Bonaventuran text may have influenced the writer of the 'Legenda Anonyma,' yet the real basis being that of Celano, the work of Bonaventura need hardly be considered in this relationship.

The dissimilarities of this work both from the 'Speculum Perfectionis' and the 'Tres Socii' are too great for it to be possible for us to suppose that there was ever any real connection between their writers and the author of the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

Thus we are left with only the works of Celano to compare with the new MS. It seems to me necessary as a further precaution to eliminate the 'Miracles.' Let us suggest for a moment that the 'Miracles' constituted a separate work and that the 'Legenda Antiqua' and the first half of the 'Tractatus Secundus' are the same. Now, if they *are* the same, then we shall of course expect to find not only that the first half of the MS. in question, which for the most part does not contain extracts from the 'Miracles,' absolutely agrees with these

two books, but also that the 'Legenda Anonyma,' being an extract from the works of Celano, will after eliminating the 'Miracles' either be drawn from the 'Legenda Gregorii,' or will contain passages that appear both in the 'Legenda Antiqua' and also in the first part of the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

If on the other hand this does not prove to be the case, and there are passages in the 'Legenda Anonyma' which are *not* found in the 'Legenda Antiqua' and yet *are* found in the 'Tractatus Secundus,' or that there *are* extracts from the 'Legenda Antiqua' which are *not* found in the 'Tractatus Secundus,' then we shall be forced to the conclusion that the writer of the 'Legenda Anonyma' was in possession of both documents. This is just what does occur.

The further we examine the work in question the more evident does it become that the compiler was acquainted not only with all the works of Celano (I mean the three texts, the 'Legenda Gregorii,' the 'Legenda Antiqua,' and the 'Tractatus Secundus,' together with the 'Miracula'), but also with Bonaventura's version of them. If it be asked, Who could that author be? There are few names that it would be more reasonable to suggest than that of Bernard de Bessa, through whose hands must have passed the Celano MSS. and who probably took no small share in assisting his employer, St. Bonaventura, to compile his work. I have, however, asked myself, Could this be the missing work of Giovanni di Ciperano? The former, however, seems the more probable author.

"Mais revenons à nos moutons." I have made a

careful comparison between the text of the 'Legenda Anonyma' and those of the writings of Thomas of Celano, the 'Speculum Perfectionis,' the 'Tres Socii,' and the 'Legend of Bonaventura.' The time at my disposal, however, has been too short for me to have been able to make anything like an exhaustive comparison, but the results obtained are sufficiently clear for us to be able to form certain definite conclusions.

Comparative Table.

Section.	'Legenda Gregorii.'	'Legenda Antiqua.'	'Tractatus Secundus.'	'Tres Socii.'	'Speculum Perfectionis.'	Bonaventura.
Introd.		I A. { 7 1	A. { 8 1			
1		I A. 1	A. 1			
2		I A.	A. 1	4-		
3		I A. 3	A. 2	10-		I 6-
4		I A. 4 *	A. 3	{ 11- 12-		
5		I A. 4	A. 3			I 5
6		I A. 5	A. 5	{ 13- 14- 16- 20-		II 1 -
7	A. 5					II 1 -
8		I A. 6 *	A. 7			
9		I A. 6	A. 7	23-		
10				25-		III 1 -
11	A. 8					II 5-
12	{ A. 11 A. 13					
13	A. 14					
14		I A 10	A. 11	{ 52- 53-		
15		II A. 1 *	A. 19		102-	XI 10 -
16		II A. 3	A. 22			XI 8-
17		II A. 7	A. 27			XI 6-
18		II A. 21 *				VII 12 +
19		II A. 16 *	A. 32			
20		III C. 1	A. 45		20	
21		III K. *	A. 65		17	
22		III K. 1	A. 66			
23		III K. 9	A. 78			VII 6 +
24		III M. 6	A. 89			VI 9-
25		III M. 7	A. 90			

Section.	'Legenda Gregorii.'	'Legenda Antiqua.'	'Tractatus Secundus.'	'Tres Socii.'	'Speculum Perfectionis.'	Bonaventura.
26		III O. 1 *	A. 97			V 4 -
27		III P.	A. 99			
28		III P. 2	A. 102			
29		III P. 2 *	A. 101			VI 6
30	B. 3 -					XIII 3 -
31			Mir. 2			Mir. I 6 -
32			Mir. 2			
33		III T. 7 *	A. 124		43	
34		?	?	?	?	
35		III Y. 6	Mir. 4			
36		III Y.	A. 139			
37		?	?	?	?	
38		III A. 87	A. 86			IV 9 +
39		III Y. 1 *	Mir. 3		115 -	V { 8 9
40			Mir. 3			V 10
41	A. 20					VI 1 +
42		III U.	A. 126		39	VI 4
43		III U. 3	A. 129			VI 11 +
44						VIII 9 +
45	?	?	?		?	?
46			Mir. 4			
47			Mir. 4			
48		III E. 3	A. 53			XII 4 +
49		II A. 18	A. 37			VII 5 -
50		II A. 19	A. 38			XI 9
51		III G. 6	A. 63			
52		III DD. 3	A. 160			
53		III DD. 4	A. 161			
54		III HH.	A. 171		88 -	XIV { 4 - 5 +
55		III HH.	A. 172			
56	B. 8		A. 172			XIV 6 -
57		III HH. 1 *				XIV 6 +
58			Mir. 7			Mir. II 1 -
59			Mir. 7			Mir. II 3 -
60			Mir. 11			Mir. V 2 -
61	?	?	?	?	?	?
62			Mir. 7			Mir. X 6 -
63			Mir. 7			
64	?	?		?	?	
65			Mir. 7			Mir. II 6 +
66			Mir. 10 -			Mir. IV 3 +

NOTE.—* indicates that the passage in the 'Legenda Anonyma' is at any point of difference more like the 'Legenda Antiqua.'

° indicates that the passage in the 'Legenda Anonyma' is at any point of difference more like the 'Tractatus Secundus.'

+ indicates that there is a strong resemblance between the passage and the corresponding paragraph in the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

- indicates that there is only a general resemblance between the passage and the corresponding paragraph in the 'Legenda Anonyma.'

From even a cursory study of the foregoing table it will become evident that for all practical purposes neither the 'Tres Socii' nor the 'Speculum Perfectionis' have anything to offer us. As might be expected, in certain cases they cover some of the same ground, but the language is not the same, except at one point, section 33, where, however, it will be seen that the real version followed is that of the 'Legenda Antiqua.' We have thus limited our studies to the three works of Celano and that of St. Bonaventura. On further examination there appears to be only one passage for which the 'Legenda Anonyma' is indebted to Bonaventura, but even that passage is not of such a character as to make anyone willing to assert that it must have been taken from this author alone. I frankly admit, however, that there are many passages which, without being in any way copies of Bonaventura's work, give me the impression that the compiler was so familiar with those writings as to fall into the Bonaventuran style, which adds force to the argument in favour of holding Bernard de Bessa as the author.

We thus have left only the works of Thomas of Celano, which are without a moment's doubt the principal source from which this interesting work has been drawn.

We now ask, What does our analysis of the 66 paragraphs of this anonymous work tend to show?

Six of the paragraphs are extracts from the 'Legenda Gregorii,' that is to say paragraphs 7, 11, 12, 13, 41 and 56.

Thirty-four paragraphs are found both in the

'*Legenda Antiqua*' and the '*Tractatus Secundus*,' and on examining these still more critically it would seem that there are twelve passages in those paragraphs which point to the influence of the '*Legenda Antiqua*' and three which seem to be drawn especially from the '*Tractatus Secundus*,' thus leading the student to feel that the compiler of the work was at least in possession of the '*Legenda Antiqua*' as we know it. But we have stronger proof. There are certainly two paragraphs, viz., 18 and 57, which do not occur at all in the '*Tractatus Secundus*,' and if we decide to treat the '*Miracula*' as a separate work, there are two further similar passages in paragraphs 35 and 39.

Turning to the other side of the question we recognise at once that apart from the differences in favour of the '*Tractatus Secundus*' already mentioned there is one paragraph, 56, which does not occur in the '*Legenda Antiqua*,' but is found only in the '*Legenda Gregorii*' and the '*Tractatus Secundus*.' I do not know to which we are to attribute the passage, but the strong influence of the '*Tractatus Secundus*' is seen in the numerous extracts from the '*Miracula*.' Paragraphs 31, 32, 40, 46, 47, 50, 59, 60, 62, 63, 65, and 66, twelve passages, are obviously taken direct from the '*Tractatus Secundus*.'

Without, therefore, waiting to identify further passages, we have before us a document of the highest literary value, the work of a composer of the later part of the thirteenth century, who gives a life of St. Francis in as concise a form as possible. To do this he evidently quotes from documents

which are now well known to us, and we are able to show that his quotations are real quotations, and not only the gist of what the earlier writers have said put into his own language.

The writer of the 'Vita Anonyma' has given us a work copied almost exclusively from three writings of Thomas of Celano—the 'Legenda Gregorii,' from which he quotes six times, and, excluding the doubtful paragraph 56, there are no fewer than fifty-one quotations from the remaining two works, viz. the 'Legenda Antiqua' and the 'Tractatus Secundus.' Of these fifty-one, at least two are found *only* in the 'Legenda Antiqua,' and twelve others are taken exclusively from the 'Tractatus Secundus.' In other words, all three works are quoted in such a way as to prove without any serious question that these three works were all independent of each other and all known to the writer of the 'Vita Anonyma.'

I need hardly say what a comfort it is to me to have been able to bring this corroborative evidence to bear on the bold departure that I took in re-naming the works of Thomas of Celano in the recent work which I have seen through the press.

The obligation to give to each work the title which is accorded it by the contemporary writers was forced home upon me as soon as I went deeply enough into the subject; but to venture to upset the accepted view of any matter has always been fraught with difficulties, and in this case the large number of quotations in the old style used by innumerable writers made me dread to complicate their references by a new style. Still Truth and Fact were

the more important considerations. It was not, however, till after submitting the proofs of my Critical Introduction to such men as Dr. Collins (Bishop of Gibraltar), Professor Little, and the President of the Society of Franciscan Studies in this country, that I dared to make the necessary correction in the nomenclature of the texts produced ; but the '*Vita Anonyma*,' which I have the honour of bringing to the notice of men of letters for the first time to-night, through the medium of this Royal Society, is at least to me, and I trust it will be to you, more than a vindication of the somewhat difficult position that I was forced to take up in editing the works of Thomas of Celano.

Here we must leave the subject for the present ; but only for the present, for I feel convinced that scholars will now be disposed to consider the whole question of this literature, in an even more truly historical and critical spirit than has been the case in the past. May they elucidate more and more, for there is nothing that the disciples of the Little Brother of Assisi, the man of Simplicity and Truth, would wish for more sincerely than to be able to get at the real Saint, more saintly for being human, more charming and inspiring for the absence of the hiding veil of tradition which has tended to obscure him from us in the past.

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